

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability; to every one according to his needs.

VOL. XXXI.

OCTOBER, 1901.

No. 6.



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"MY BUNKIE."

A PAINTER OF THE WESTERN FRONTIER.

BY GUSTAV KORBE

I REMEMBER very well the circumstances under which "My Bunkie" burst upon the art world and made a struggling artist famous overnight—nor do I remember a case in which fame, so suddenly acquired, was better deserved or has been better sustained. It was at the private view of the National Academy of Design exhibition, held at the American Fine Arts Building in New York winter before last.

The Academy is a somewhat conservative body—to painting, in this country, what the New York Philharmonic Society is to music. One looks to its exhibitions more for evenly sustained merit, the conservation of the well-established canons of art, than for the novel or the protesting. The latter fall more within the province of

the Society of American Artists or the "Ten." Therefore, as I strolled through the galleries, glancing, not very interestedly, it must be confessed, at the products of safe mediocrity, with here and there a painting which disclosed a sufficient mastery of accepted form to lift the work above the ordinary, I was surprised to see a comparatively small canvas wholly different from the rest of the exhibition. On the line? Yes, actually on the line! An Academic hanging committee—and Academic hanging committees usually are considered just about fit to hang themselves—had recognized the merits of this spirited canvas and hung it where diplomatic motives might have prompted the placing of some influential N. A. What is more,

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"A HOT TRAIL."

they had given it the position of honor in all the galleries instead of relegating it to the "Chamber of Horrors," and, as I stepped up to it for a closer inspection, surprise was swelled to astonishment when I read the announcement, in gilt letters on a small tablet, that it had been awarded the artistic coup of the year in New York—the Thomas B. Clarke prize. A quick turning of the leaves of my catalogue. Ah! "'My Bunkie'—Charles Schreyvogel." Who was Schreyvogel? Schrey-

vogel? I had attended many exhibitions in New York, but the name was wholly unfamiliar. Yet "'My Bunkie'" could not be the work of a novice. And how thoroughly American it was, and how fine of the Jury of Award that its members should have chosen just that picture for the highest prize they had to bestow! It was such a holding out of the hand of fellowship to a newcomer who had absolutely nothing to commend him save the strength and spirit of his work—points which in

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"HOW KOLA!"



past years had seemed none too highly esteemed by Academicians—as the National Academy of Design has rarely known. “My Bunkie” American? There were the Western plain, Uncle Sam’s troopers, and their ancient enemies, the redskins. A handful of cavalymen were having a running fight with Indians. One of the troopers, dismounted by a bullet, had been caught up by his “bunkie” and was being drawn up on the latter’s mount. Everything was on the gallop. The free, nervous action of the horses was superbly reproduced. The strain on the soldier who was dragging up his wounded comrade, all the more of a drag because of his wound, was clearly shown. The poses of the others were admirable. But the great points of the picture were its immense nerve and its “atmosphere.” At a glance it could be told, even by a person who had never been on the plains, that “My Bunkie” was true to life. This new interpreter of life on the American plains had a style of his own. But who was he? People admired the picture and then asked themselves the same question I had asked myself, “Who is Schreyvogel?”



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"THE SCALP-LOCK."

Just then I saw the secretary of the National Academy, Harry Watrous. Of course he would know all about him. “You are about the hundredth person who has asked me,” he said. “But I can’t answer your question. I never have heard of the artist, we even have not his address to send him word that he has won the

Clarke prize. Unless he strolls in here to see how ‘My Bunkie’ looks, he won’t know about the matter until he reads it in the newspapers. We have no means of communicating with him. I have asked every artist whom I have met here to-day for information concerning him, but they know as little as I do. All that we are sure of is that the man’s name is Charles Schreyvogel and that he has painted a great picture.” As a matter of fact, he did

not see his picture at the exhibition until he read in the newspapers next morning, under such headlines as “Unknown Artist Leaps Into Fame,” of “My Bunkie’s” success.

Yet “My Bunkie” came very near not being sent to the Academy at all. Its history, before it made its painter famous, really is pathetic and is an index to the struggles Schreyvogel has passed through



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"DEFENDING THE STOCKADE."

in his career. After he had painted it he tried to dispose of it among the lithographers, and one firm offered to buy it for a small sum for a calendar. The artist was glad enough to let it go at that, but the lithographer declined it after all because it would not reduce to the right size. It was a great disappointment to the artist, for the sum offered, though small, would have been welcome. But what a fortunate misfortune it turned out to be after all, though not immediately! Mr. Schreyvogel, finding it still on his hands, obtained permission to hang it in a restaurant on the East Side of New York city. He hoped it would be seen there and find a possible purchaser. Then some of his friends, who heard of the approaching Academy, urged him to send it there. He hardly thought it worth while, but finding that it was hanging in a dark corner of the restaurant where it could hardly be seen, he allowed himself to be persuaded to send it to the exhibition. He did so, hardly expecting even to have it accepted, and, behold, it turned out to be the picture of the year. Fortunately, his success has come to him before it was too late. He is forty years old, so that, happily, he still has his career

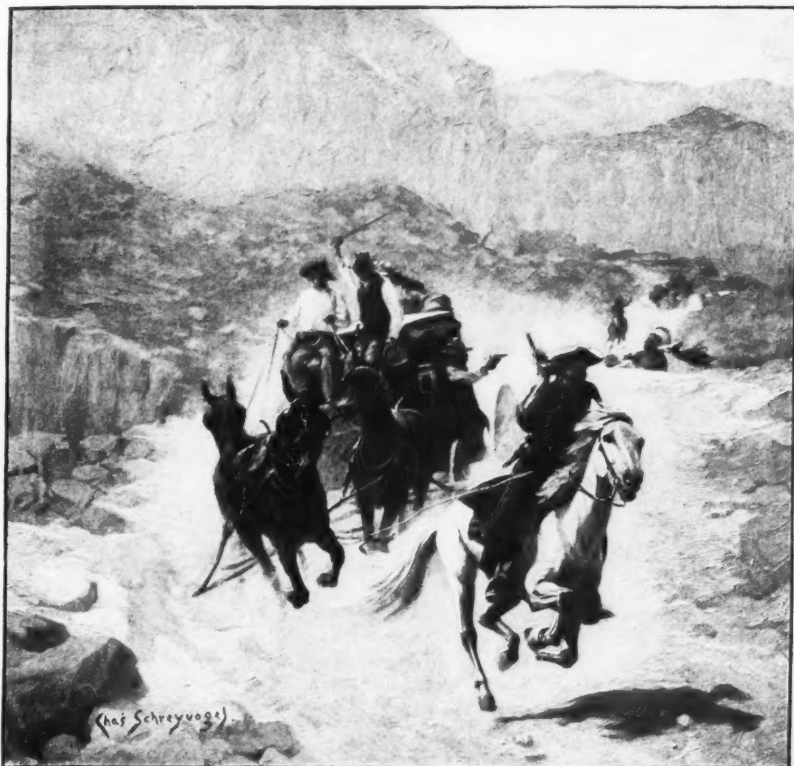
before him, and doubtless he will utilize every opportunity to advance in his art. For, although he had a hard row to hoe before he made his "hit" and is a graduate neither of the art school nor of the studio, his life having been a strenuous fight for bread and butter, neither his struggle nor his suddenly obtained success has in the least spoiled him. If there is one personal characteristic about him more charming than any other, it is his modesty.

This man who paints the West—Uncle Sam's troopers sweeping the plains, the mail-coach dashing through the mountain defiles, the Indian grimly standing his guard or on "A Hot Trail"—was born on the East Side of New York in January, 1861. Until eight years ago, when he was thirty-two years old, he never even had a glimpse of the life he longed above all else to depict. Sitting in his studio in Hoboken one day, not long after "My Bunkie's" success, he told me that as a lad his impulse was not only to draw and paint, but to draw and paint Indians, cowboys and soldiers. "I used to dream of shooting Indians and painting them," were his words. "But," he continued, "my parents were averse to my becoming an



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"STANDING THEM OFF."



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"THE STAGE-COACH."

artist. They thought all artists were bound to starve—and they were not far wrong." This little comment, "They were not far wrong," was the only touch of pessimism in his modest talk about himself.

But, while his parents had such a poor idea of art as a profession, they did not wholly ignore his temperament and so they compromised between his ambition to be an artist and their own practical ideas of life, and let him go to work with a die-sinker. (Was it not St. Gaudens who started the same way?) With the die-sinker he remained until he secured a job with a lithographer, which was more in the line of what he wanted to do, besides stimulating his sense of color. He was greatly encouraged by an older fellow-workman in the establishment. This man was August Schwabe, who some three years ago exhibited at the National Academy a fine

cowboy's head. He and another friend, Doctor Fischer, enabled young Schreyvogel to go to Germany, where he studied three years under Marr and Kirschbach. This was in 1887. In 1890 he came back, and in 1893 went, for the first time, to the land he had been dreaming of—the West.

He spent most of the summer at Ignazio, the Ute reservation in Colorado, but also made a brief visit to Arizona. He brought back with him many sketches and casts—for Mr. Schreyvogel is an excellent modeler and makes casts of horses, soldiers and Indians from life, using these as well as his life-sketches in completing his paintings. The result of this Western visit was a series of pictures which, since the success of "My Bunkie," have become famous. There is immense spirit in all of them, for they reflect with admirable fidelity the strenuousness of Western life.



Copyright, 1900, Charles Schreyvogel.

"THE LAST DROP."

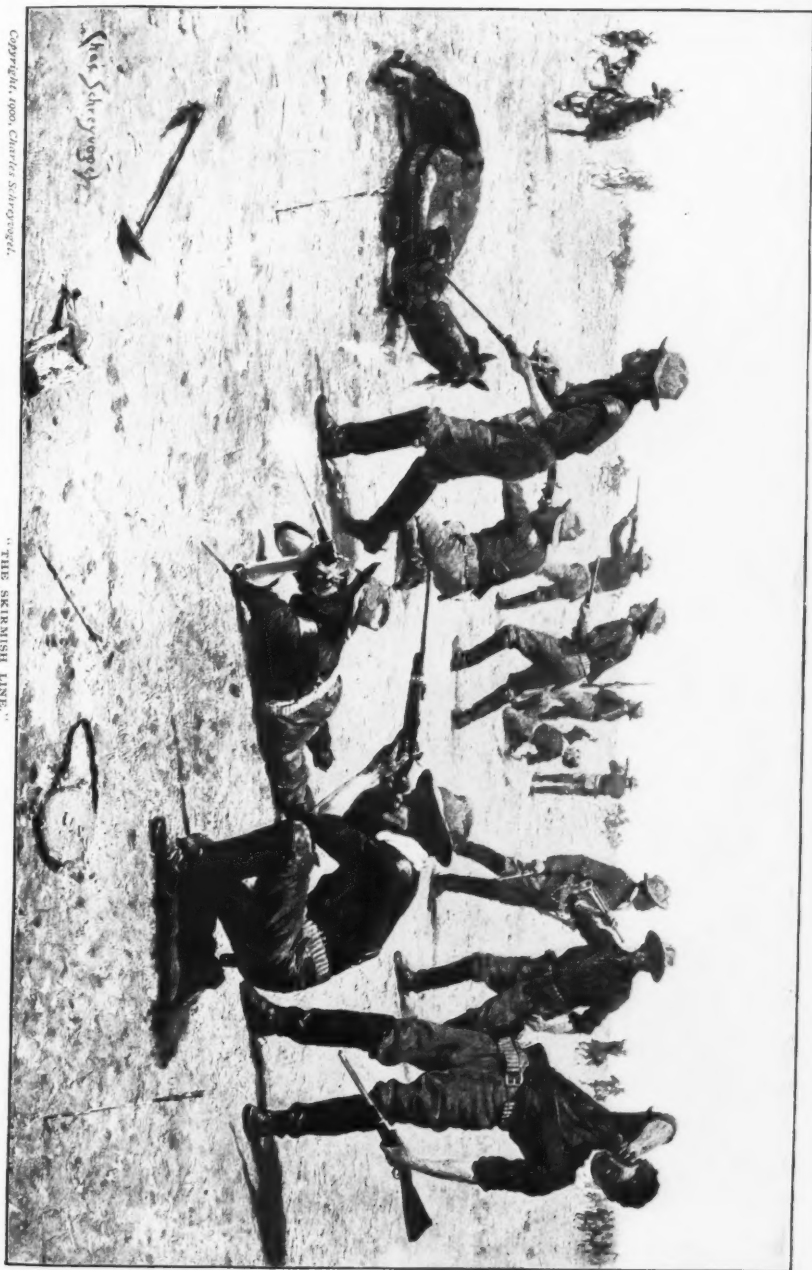
At times the painter of "My Bunkie" has found it difficult to obtain Indian models. Among the Utes a superstition prevails that in painting a picture of them the artist at the same time obtains posses-

sion of their souls. The artist got around this superstition by presenting them with prints of his sketches, which allayed their fear, for they regarded them as equivalent to the return of their souls.



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"A FRIEND IN NEED."



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"THE SKIRMISH LINE."

One of the most unique features in Mr. Schreyvogel's method of working is that he does all his painting in the open air—on the roof of his studio in Hoboken, with the Palisades for a background. Their ruggedness, he says, is not unlike that of

Two winters ago, one of his models nearly froze to death. He was a soldier in the regular army and was supposed to be wounded. Accustomed to obey orders, he lay in the same position so long that Mr. Schreyvogel was obliged to drag him below



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"THE DISPATCH-BEARERS."

the Western mountains, and he finds that he can utilize portions of them in his canvases. He says that the walls of his studio would hamper him, so, no matter how bitterly cold the weather may be, he takes his easel up on his roof.

and rub him down with alcohol a long while before he recovered sufficiently to leave.

"How-Kola," the Indian cry of surrender, is the title of one of the artist's latest pictures. The trooper, dashing for-



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"AN UNEXPECTED ENEMY."

ward and only just in time refraining from killing the prostrate foe who cries "How-kola!" is full of superb swing and onrush.

The picture was painted from an incident related to the artist by the trooper who participated in it. The words mean, "Stop, friend!" The trooper who told the story was found almost frozen to death in a blizzard by an Indian and brought to the reservation in time to save his life. A few years later, there was an Indian fight.

The troopers routed the Indians and as they were winding up, an Indian fell. The soldiers were pellmell upon him. As the leading trooper was about to shoot, the Indian, recognizing him, shouted, "How-kola!" and was saved by the man he himself had rescued.

"My Bunkie" also was painted from an actual occurrence. Since it received the Clarke prize, the artist has had medals awarded him at Paris and Buffalo. What a happy contrast to the old days!



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MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.

BEAUTY ON THE LONDON STAGE.

BY GEORGE H. CASAMAJOR.

BEAUTY, and its why and wherefore, are problems for the subtle psychologist, over which, it must be admitted, he has not been entirely successful. "An indescribable something" is not, at the best, a very satisfactory or convincing definition, but one for which we can find a claimant in every camp. The common mortal is content to revel in and pay homage to beauty and not bother his head as to why he does so. Indeed, he has not always been constant in his devotion to its human form. To the Greek mind the indescribable something was inherent in the male figure, doubtless because the man represented training and vitality; in the modern and Christianized world, through the proper apotheosis of womanhood and by a process which is most interesting but too long to be recounted here, it is sought for in the female face.

Whatever this facial beauty may be, it must be nourished by mental activity. It may exist to a great degree in the face of a peasant girl of sixteen, but a disastrous result of ten years' aging is inevitable. The woman has long since taken up the burden of a sordid physical existence, one in which there is an entire absence of mental culture

and occupation, and the once lovely face is now dull, vacant and old.

On the other hand, beauty is best preserved on the stage, for of all their sex, its women lead lives of the greatest mental and physical activity. We shall cease to marvel at Madame Bernhardt's physical

preservation if we but stop to consider what her mental life has been. An actress is never a day older than she looks. She has not to conform to the conventional measurement of time when, in her life and work, she may daily quaff of the only true fountain of youth.

The stage will at times be weak or deficient in some important element—the temper of the people and the times have much to do with this—but it never lacks beauty.

The modern world has no

taste for tragedy, and therefore we do not now find a great number of tragic actors producing the works of living tragic writers. It may be pertinent to inquire where are the Mrs. Siddons, the Edmund Keans or the Edwin Booths of to-day; but it is scarcely necessary to ask where the stage beauties are, for in every age since their sex has graced the drama—even when, in the struggle for respect and recognition, they



MISS HULDA MOODY.



MISS ETHEL MATTHEWS.

were treated as social outcasts—some of the most charming and beautiful women of their time have been associated with the theater.

In England more than any other country is the profession of acting a hereditary one. That land may some day possess a dramatic peerage as well as an aristocratic one. The names of Kean, Irving, Sothorn and Boucicault have endured for more than one generation, and some of these will doubtless be further perpetuated. A third generation of Terrys is now treading the boards.

But no one on the living London stage can claim a more distinguished dramatic lineage than Miss Winifred Emery, for her great-grandparents were well-known actors of the last century, her grandfather was the greatest character actor of his day, and her father is still affectionately remembered for his matchless interpretation of characters from Dickens' works. Miss

Emery is a veritable child of the stage, for she appeared as far back as 1875 in pantomime at the Princess' Theater in Oxford Street. She returned to the boards of the Princess' in after-years as an important member of Wilson Barrett's company, having meantime gained experience and technique on several London stages. American playgoers will remember her as a member of Henry Irving's company in the tours of 1883 and 1887. Even as long ago as that, Miss Emery's great emotional charm was recognized, and she could be counted on to invest her rôles with rare touches of delicacy and refinement.

Her parts range from Babbie in "The Little Minister" to that curious product of the Parisian world, "Frou-Frou."

It would scarcely be fair to compare her with Aimée Desclée, who, in a proper environment, has left a pattern of Gilberte for all time, but Miss Emery's interpretation won the approval of the most exacting critics, who were equally satisfied with her



MISS MARIE STÜDHOLME.

work in "Lady Windermere's Fan" and in "Clarissa Harlowe," and assigned her a leading place among the *comédiennes* of the day.

Of late years Miss Emery has been associated with the Royal Theater, Haymarket, of which her husband, Cyril Maude, is co-manager with Frederic Harrison, and to which she will shortly return after a long and severe illness. In the hands of these young men this theater has had phenomenal luck for a city of hazardous dramatic enterprise, but no greater stroke of good fortune has come to them than that it fell to their lot to produce Mr. Barrie's comedy with Mrs. Maude as Babbie.

There is a belief in the London theater world that no season will pass without a new star appearing on the horizon of stageland.

In this article of faith there is held out to each struggler the hope that his or her turn will come next. Martin Harvey with "The Only Way" is a case in point, and the history of the stage records no such sudden rise to fame and the accompanying fortune as that of Miss Irene Vanbrugh as Sophie Fullgarney in "The Gay Lord Quex." Scarcely less than Irving's return to the boards, was this the dramatic event of 1899. The present season has wit-

nessed no such brilliant achievement, but it has lifted three young women quite out of the ranks and into the set to which we must look for the future queens of the stage, among whom they will reign for their charm and beauty as well as for their talent. I refer to Miss Lily Brayton, at Her Majesty's, Miss Eya Moore at the St. James' and Miss Grace Lane with the

Kendals in "The Secret Orchard."

Miss Brayton did not bring to Mr. Tree's unequaled production of "Twelfth Night" any lack of acquaintance with Shakespearean heroines. Her passion for the poet was an early one, and she had committed to memory his leading female rôles while yet in her teens. When she went on the stage it was under Mr. Benson's management, and no living Eng-



MISS NINA BOUCICAULT.

lishman has a greater enthusiasm for the bard of Stratford. Four years of his tutelage prepared the way for the present triumph. Miss Brayton has given us the most charming Viola seen in many a day, and one that has been unquestionably a labor of great love. She is masculine with the Countess and feminine with the Duke, an interpretation that is less of a psychological enigma than that of many a more celebrated artist. In complexion Miss Brayton



MISS HILDA HANBURY.

is dark, of a coloring that is rare in England.

The St. James' Theater has always held a place apart in the dramatic life of the metropolis. From its position, it is largely patronized by the wealth and fashion of the West End, an element that cannot be said to sympathize largely with the development of British drama along strictly British lines. Thirty years ago, when the temper of the public was decidedly against foreign interference in dramatic affairs, a French company could find no room or welcome in London except at the King Street playhouse. Under Mr. Alexander's management, the St. James' has become distinctly a theater of manners, not so much of England as of the world. Here a truly cosmopolitan element pervades, here one hears the purest English spoken—and to the cultivated American it may be parenthetically remarked, no strange intonations fall upon the ear. In such an atmosphere one does not look for exuberant popular enthusiasm and success, but Mr. Alexander has had of late even worse luck than usual in holding interest in his plays. Wise people might have told him that he needed

a mascot, and whether he sought one or not he found it in Miss Eva Moore, whose brilliant acting in the play by her husband, Mr. H. V. Esmond, "The Wilderness," has largely helped to make it a conspicuous success.

"The Wilderness" barely escapes being a problem play, and Miss Moore has a difficult but wholly possible phase of human experience to portray. The story is of a young girl marrying for money and afterward falling in love with her husband, when the enormity of her action comes cruelly home to her. The transformation of Mabel Vaughan is worked out with great intensity. There is an immense amount of vitality and nervous force in the girlish figure, which enable Miss Moore, even in the midst of hard work, to enter heartily into the pleasures of life. She is very fond of driving, is an experienced wheelwoman, but if any one should ask where her greatest interests are she would reply, "In my home and in my work." And the home she presides over, in reality ruled by a young son, is truly worthy of her interest. It is a delightful house in old Chelsea and possesses that rarest attribute of London residences, a comfortable



MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER.

lawn. It was once the home of a famous actress, Madame Vestris.

The readers of *THE COSMOPOLITAN* are familiar by this time with the dramatic possibilities of the character of Gioja—known in the play as Joy—in Egerton Castle's "Secret Orchard." The critics have not been altogether kind to those concerned in the stage production, but a universal exception has been made in favor of Miss Grace Lane. It is agreed that she alone of the cast interprets the author's conception rightly, and that when she shall have acquired more experience she will attain a place in the front rank of her profession. She has indeed a charming personality, and an emotional manner that has surprised every one.

It would not be fair, while speaking of reputations made in the present season, to omit recording that Miss Nina Boucicault has made a sure place for herself in the group of English comédiennes. The daughter of the greatest dramatic genius of his day—a man who at the age of sixteen wrote "London Assurance" and who, to the end of a ripe old age, stood unrivaled in his particular line of acting—it is not remarkable that Miss Boucicault should have thus established herself. She has found her proper milieu in "Lion Hunters," a faithful translation of Pailleron's famous comedy, "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie," in



MISS MABEL LOVE.



MISS MARGARET FRASER.

which her undoubtedly pretty face and slender figure have been an unusually appropriate fitting for the part of the sixteen-year-old Suzanne de Villiers, the youngest heroine of the modern drama. Miss Boucicault is the cleverest ingénue now on the English stage, but unfortunately her physical resources are slender, a serious limitation to success on the stage.

While the London playgoer has constantly new

favorites to worship, he has the departure of old friends to deplore. At the Gaiety, Miss Rosie Boote has renounced a peerage of that bewitching stage for a peerage of the realm. There are times when second-sight is desirable, and what the young Marchioness of Headfort would probably like to know most at the present moment is whether at the coming coronation she will take her place among the marchionesses of the Three Kingdoms. No one has a better right

to do so, but she says she will not be there unless she shall be treated as a marchioness by her sisters. This is a problem at which a less tactful woman than Lady Headfort might well shudder. The manner of conquest of her own sex will have to be a very different one from that by which with "Maisie, she's a daisy," in "The Messenger Boy," Miss Boote sang and danced herself into the hearts of the male sex in general and into the heart of a young Irish lord in particular. It will be one in which physical charm is not going to play any part, but those who know Lady Headfort best have little doubt that, like the subject of her favorite song, she will "get right there."

Lord Headfort made a cruel invasion of the Gaiety beauty when, true to his name, he had his way and married Miss Boote, and the ranks of the Gaiety have been further depleted by the temporary absence of Miss Grace Palotta, now win-



MISS JULIA NEILSON.

ning praise in Australia. But The Temple of Beauty in the Strand is by no means stripped of all ornament. There is still left the Australian beauty, Miss Maie Saqui, who is reaping the fruits of experience gained since a mere child, and rapidly coming to the front as a leading member of the company. There is Miss Margaret Fraser, and there is the stately and handsome Miss Marie Studholme. And the number is always receiving additions.

The latest comer is Miss Evie Greene. When Louis Varney's poetic but unappreciated opera, "L'Amour Mouillé," was produced at the Lyric early in 1899, the part of the hero was intrusted to Miss Greene, until then a stranger to the London stage. Her spirited acting and singing, her bright face and handsome figure, elicited an unusually hearty welcome from even the conservative critics and she was at once in the public eye. At the production of "Florodora," later in the year, she came naturally in the part of Dolores, and now at the conclusion of its long run she is going from the Lyric to the Gaiety.

A visit to the other London home of light opera—Daly's—will discover another beauty in Miss Hilda Moody. She has the principal part in "San Toy," and good looks are not her only gift. She is one of five sisters of a Cornish family, four of whom are well known on the concert and operatic stage.



MISS ELLEN TERRY.

To her powers Miss Moody brings an enormous fund of vitality and healthy spirits, which are by no means exhausted on the stage, and in consequence she is an ardent devotee of all sports and pastimes.

We are accustomed nowadays to find in the stage a substitute for the pulpit and the platform, and for this modern development no one is more responsible than Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Nature has fitted her admirably to portray the victims of social experiments, and she has wrung from Mrs. Tanqueray and Mrs. Ebbsmith more than any other living actress has got out of them. Mrs. Campbell's beauty is of a kind such as no photograph can give any idea of. It is only when her face is lighted with fervor and intensity that it can be seen how beautiful she really is, and the impression is heightened by the wonderful movements of a lithe, graceful figure. It is real poetry of motion. Mrs. Campbell's talent has not reached full maturity; her work shows constant improvement. Now it is her voice and again her acting



MISS SARAH BROOKE.

that in each new piece astonishes the public. There was as much charm in the modulation of her tones as in the grace of her movements when, in a recent production of "Pellens and Melisande," she depicted Maeterlinck's strange, unearthly heroine.

It is entirely probable that the status of Mrs. Tanqueray and Mrs. Ebbsmith will some day be settled for all time, when

MISS GRACE PALOTTA.

these unfortunate creatures of fate will cease to interest and trouble us, and Mr. Pinero has a surer claim to immortality with "Sweet Lavender." The character of Minnie Gilfillian, full of sterling worth and beauty, is built of some of the simplest traits of human nature, and Minnie Gilfillian cannot be dissociated in the British mind from Miss Maud Millett. One look at her sweet, ingenuous face is sufficient to show that problems of passion are no concern of hers. She was the original Eva Webster in "The Private Secretary," and



MISS LILLIAN HANBURY.



MISS GRACE LANE.

MRS. LANGTRY.

MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT.

MRS. CAMPBELL.

from the petulant, flirting, tennis-playing English girl she came to be the creator of the more serious and noble-minded heroine of "Sweet Lavender." Miss Millett has not acted since her marriage except in revivals of this play, but there are rumors of her return to the stage, and the playgoers rejoice, for no actress of recent years has so completely won their hearts.

Another welcome return has been that of Miss Ethel Matthews, who, after two years' absence, resumed her work the past winter in the Criterion revival of "Mamma." Miss Matthews is distinctly one of the great ornaments of the London stage. She is undeniably beautiful, is tall and of stately bearing. The gods have been kind to her in every way. Her presence breathes refinement. She was once a budding authoress—an expression often misapplied, but in this case quite apt, for her literary career ended at the age of seventeen, not before she had written acceptably for several children's magazines. Then the stage lured her from the study. She played first with Mr. Hawtrej, with whom she has been the greater part of her professional life. Off the stage, Miss Matthews finds time to gratify her taste for reading. She is also fond of driving and is a first-class whip, but her favorite sport is one rare among

women—shooting, at which she has no little skill.

Of a distinctly French type of beauty is Miss Sarah Brooke. One would scarcely believe her an English girl, but she is all that, though born in India, where her father was stationed. She obtained her training for the stage under the celebrated Sarah Thorne, and has played with the principal actor-managers of London. Miss Brooke is a woman of great culture, and apart from her work she occupies herself preferably with reading and music.

The lack of tragic actresses in England is regarded as ominous for the future of the stage, for the influence of tragic rôles is a stimulus to all forms of dramatic art. The list of English tragediennes is indeed pitifully small, and when Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Marion Terry and Mrs. Kendal have been mentioned, the name of a fourth does not come readily to the pen. Among the comédiennes there are several who may some day become followers of the tragic muse, and Miss Julia Neilson is one of them. She has given evidence of her powers in this direction as Constance in "King John," and as Hypatia in the play from Kingsley's novel. She was trained for the operatic stage after the development of a fine voice caused her to give up the



MISS EVIE GREEN.

MISS JESSIE BATEMAN.

MISS LENA ASHWELL.

MISS LILY BRAYTON.

study of the piano. Finally dramatic talent asserted itself, and she owes much of her rapid advancement to five years of work with Mr. Tree. She was the original Drusilla in "The Dancing Girl," and played the misguided Mrs. Ebbsmith with John Hare in America. Now, with her husband, Fred Terry, she has reached the great ambition of the London player and is an actor-manager.

One of these days Miss Jessie Bateman will find her opportunity and then there will be a new star among the *comédiennes*. There are few more attractive women on the stage than Miss Bateman, who is of Quaker parentage and has trodden the boards since a mere child. There is one thing that she always sought, and that is experience, having once preferred to undertake a difficult tour in South Africa to playing comfortably in London, because it held out the opportunity to play many and varied parts. Of this she is sure some day to reap the benefit. When she went to America to play in "A Brace of Partridge," many were the offers to remain, but England wanted her back. She is now in America again, with Mr. Hawtrey and his curious and interesting play, "A Message from Mars."

The roll of beauty is growing, but it cannot be closed before mention is made of Miss Lily Hanbury, a cousin of Miss Neil-



MISS MAIE SAQUI.

son's, who possesses a dramatic power not below her kinswoman's and has a like degree of beauty and splendid stage presence; of Miss Lena Ashwell, who, Clement Scott says, is to England what Annie Russell is to America, and who was the original Mrs. Dane of "Mrs. Dane's Defense"; of Miss Evelyn Millard, who has power and style as well as good looks, as she proved by her performance as the heroine of "The Adventures of Lady Ursula" and of "Miss Hobbs"; of Miss Marie Tempest, whose piquant beauty has suited perfectly her charming Nell Gwynne and Peg Woffington; of Miss Lettice Fairfax, well known on both sides of the Atlantic; of that truly Eastern beauty, Miss Constance Collier; and of Miss Mabel Love, whose admirers have always been legion at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, or at the music-halls.

Some one has said, "No doubt the profession of being beautiful is in itself an art initiatory to the higher histrionic art." This must have been written of Mrs. Langtry. She was first a professional beauty but sheer pluck has made of her a professional actress, and she now has been twenty years on the stage. She was once asked how she intended to spend her old age.

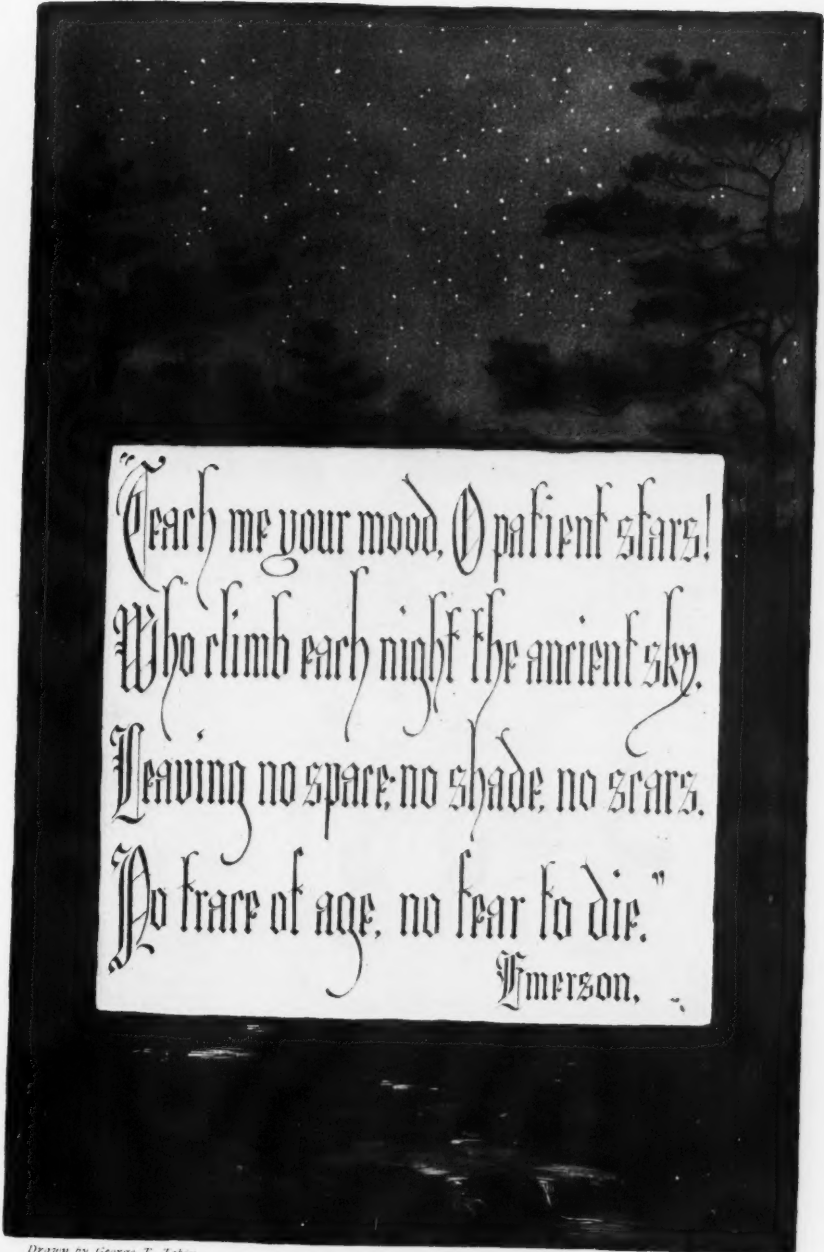
"Playing ingénues," she replied.



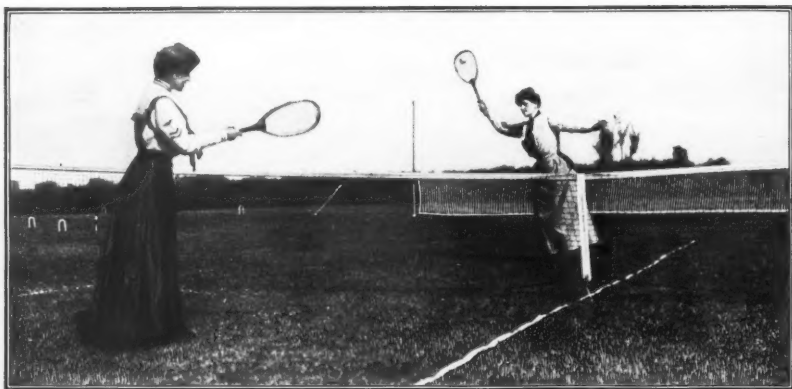
MISS WINIFRED EMERY.



Drawn by George T. Tobin.



Teach me your mood, O patient stars!
Who climb each night the ancient sky.
Leaving no space: no shade: no scars.
No trace of age, no fear to die."
Emerson.



MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL PLAYING TENNIS.

ACTRESSES AT LEISURE.

BY BURR MCINTOSH.

IF the multitudinous admirers and friends of many of our best loved players have derived any real pleasure from the photographic reproductions of them in their summer haunts, then has love's labor not been lost.

A year ago last June, about the time that the luckier members of the dramatic profession were laying aside everything possible which was associated with their business (for many so regard it), the unfortunates were preparing to tide over, or fill in the time, until they should once more be able to forget themselves in the guise of others. Being of the "tide overs," for once aspirations and

thoughts turned into the right channel. If the newspapers are daily filled with glowing accounts of how many dinners are eaten, gowns are worn and foolish things done by the higher society of the general world, why should it not be of equal interest to the theater-loving public to know of the doings of those to whom we are indebted for many of our happier moments, and to be able to carry in mind a definite idea of the daily surroundings of those in whom we are chiefly interested? Because of pleasant associations, I could write frankly to those originally sought, and expect equally characteristic replies. The first requests were addressed to Misses



MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL CATCHING A MEDICINE BALL.

Julia Marlowe, Maud Adams, Mary Mannerling, Annie Russell and Ethel Barrymore. Others, equally interesting and dear to their friends, were afterward sought. A generous reply from Miss Marlowe was the first received, and several days later found us in the Grand Hotel in the Catskills. By ten o'clock the following morning, after a drive of a mile and a half from the station to Highmount, we were ready for operations and she for the "ordeal." It was an ideal spot. On one side a small lake,

into which projected a rustic covered pier—the favorite nook. From the shaded veranda on another side views to the north, east and west as far as the eye could reach were visible. Photographs of all of these spots were made. In many Miss Marlowe was surrounded by friends, whose companionship is most enjoyable to her, both in moments of work and rest. Our

subject meekly and cheerfully sat and "looked pleasant" in quaint wooded spots or out under the rays of a very ardent sun. Next summer it may be a happy pleasure to again photograph my summer mascotte (she being my first subject) in entirely new surroundings, as Miss Marlowe is now having built a home in which will be reflected her own thoughts, both architectural and botanical.

During the posing of one of the photographs, with a despairing look, she said:

"Doesn't this all seem terribly vain, to take for granted that people care to know where I am or what I'm doing?" At the time it really seemed plausible, at least, to agree, but a momentary look into the ground glass, which reflected to full advantage the face which has held so many hearts captive and the smart, light blue gown which added so much to the general effect, caused plausibility and politeness to waver, while a further and closer scrutiny showed that if eyes are truly the "mirror

of the soul," those that were about to be perpetuated should not be closed to the world or its desires.

I had intended to pass the next day at Ontonagon Park, where Miss Maud Adams was enjoying the all-too-brief vacation, but a telegram received that night precluded the possibility. In a characteristic letter Miss Adams explained why I could not go to



MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL AT FAR ROCKAWAY.

add photographs of her and her surroundings to the desired collection. In her opinion, the public really cared to know nothing of her private life. The strange part of it all is that she is thoroughly imbued with this belief, as is proved by her daily life throughout the year. To her few privileged friends she is the essence of girlish genuineness, but her books, music and work are very satisfactory companions. It is to be hoped that Miss Adams will change her views before next summer,

and that scenes in her mountain home, as well as in the ideal place on Long Island, will be reflected, with her as the central interesting figure in each.

In the matter of summer homes, emergency often demands much, and truly "necessity is the mother of invention." Without their seeking, many of my most charming sisters have had homes thrust upon them, and photographs have been reproduced in which they have appeared amid surroundings which must often have caused

them to recall the man who sang that he "dreamt that he dwelt in marble halls." More as a sheer mark of friendship, to enable me to add to the collection, than for a desire to appear in strange surroundings, Miss Annie Russell is shown at Great Neck, Long Island. In reply to an earnest request to allow me to photograph her in her summer home, she wrote:

"I am back in New York, and unfortunately have no summer homes with me. I just left one in the Maine woods to which I am very devotedly attached. I shall be too busy with rehearsals to go there, but if you can bring it, or another one here, I shall be only too happy to spend a few hours in the woods, because, frankly, I prefer them to New York in August." A reply to a hurried letter to a friend at Great Neck said that everything would be waiting. The next day Miss Russell went to her new summer home. She was met at the station

by her new four-in-hand and driven to several picturesque spots, which had formerly belonged to Ex-Mayor Grace, Paulding Farnham and others. We all thought they belonged to these gentlemen at that time, but have since learned, from various periodicals, that they were all the property of Miss Russell. Next summer, should the fates still be propitious, the attractive home which has been chiefly built by "A Royal Family" will be added to the list.

But the owner of the oldest and most

historic home of all of the alleged ones is Miss Mary Mannering, who as Janice Meredith continuously occupies—in summer time—the old historic Putnam house at Greenwich, Connecticut. The inspired thought came to me that it would be well to have Janice visit this truly famous house and there be photographed in various interesting poses.

Having secured her consent, Miss Mannering accepted the invitation of friends, who fortunately



MRS. EDNA WALLACE HOPPER IN CENTRAL PARK.

lived near by, to be their guest. The exigencies of the case demanded that all of this should be done on Sunday. Consequently, while the church bells were pealing forth their invitation to enter the portals, we descenders prepared for our unholy mission. About eleven o'clock, for the first time in history, the properly garbed person of Janice Meredith was seen in the village of Greenwich. The Putnam estate could only be reached, unseen by the



Copyright, 1900, by Burr McIntosh. MISS MARY MANNERING AT GREENWICH.

curious, by way of the intervening fence. It was soon discovered that at least a dozen palings would have to be dislodged from their ancient positions, if Janice's spreading gowns were to pass through unscathed.

A modern stepladder was resorted to. It has since occurred to my artistic sense that a highly interesting photograph could have been made of Miss Meredith as she stood upon the top railing, awaiting the shifting



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MISS MARY MANNERING.

on the front porch, beside the old barn with "Joggles" and many others were taken. But possibly the most attractive of all were those taken later in a simple white gown while on the veranda, or lawn, of what has since been often described as "Mary Manning's summer home at Greenwich, Connecticut."

It has been my pleasure to photograph Miss Ethel Barrymore in many attractive poses, but not at "her summer home." This was to have been, while visiting her uncle, Mr. John Drew, but the requirements of an active, extremely popular, social life rendered this impracticable. It may still be but a hope deferred.

A charming day was spent last June at Miss Lillian Russell's summer home at Far Rockaway. In the good, wholesome manner in which she does everything, Miss Russell devoted the major portion of the day to the task of being photographed. She had already enjoyed two hours of active exercise before our arrival at eleven o'clock. When she appeared, it was in a pink creation which would have caused a throb of delight to permeate the coldest heart. It was in this gown that many of the most effective photographs taken that

of the ladder from one farm to the other. But like many other bright pictures, it lives only in memory. The next half hour was indeed interesting, as Janice stood in the doorway, through which General Putnam had made his exit to mount his horse, prior to his famous leap over the rocky ledge, less than three hundred yards distant. Later, photographs

day were posed. After luncheon, scenes on the tennis court, with the hand ball, medicine ball and hoeing in the garden were perpetuated, but none were more fetching than those taken while driving in the various well appointed traps.

Mrs. May Robson Brown, whose last name proves that she is a happily wedded woman, is another who can rise to an emergency, whether the occasion be a new part or a new home. Theater-goers all bow to her cleverness in the former, and they could not but do so in the latter, could they have seen the avidity with which she recently embraced a summer home. Her answer to a letter of inquiry read in part: "I left my last summer home when a mere child. I have had many others since—at least I felt that I owned several—but in my latter days, I realize that I have none. But I know of one that I can borrow for a day!" The result was that a visit was made to the country home of a friend, who is also an excellent photographer. I have since seen photographs of Miss Robson in the act of being the "woman with the hoe," also pushing a lawn-mower, shelling peas, paring potatoes, mowing hay and other games. Each part was evidently played with as great finesse as any with which we are more familiar. But next year we are promised a sure-for-true home sitting.

There is no photograph smarter than that of Mrs. Edna Wallace Hopper looking for precaution's sake at the saddle-girth before mounting her horse for a gallop in the Park. She has no summer



MISS MAY ROBSON.

home, but only because of not being able to occupy one. Formerly New Yorkers who were detained in the city had to rely solely on roof-garden shows for theatrical amusement. Now, however, there is an increasing demand that a few, at least, of the winter's successes should remain to while away the evenings of the business man who cannot leave town. Therefore, "Florodora" tried

to supply the demand for a light musical farce, and its success during the summer months compelled Mrs. Hopper to remain in the city continually. There is very little to attract the actress who is forced to seek amusement in a hot city whence most of her friends have long since fled. Central Park, however, offered a solution of the problem of what to do with her leisure hours, and daily rides helped to break the monotony.

Riding is also the favorite enjoyment of Miss Viola Allen, and the villagers of Great Neck, her former summer home, were so accustomed to seeing her riding in the village that they forgot to crane their necks except when Miss Allen could not resist a gallop, and a touch of the whip would send her speeding through the quiet lanes with a cloud of dust to mark her going.

There was a time, not so very long ago,

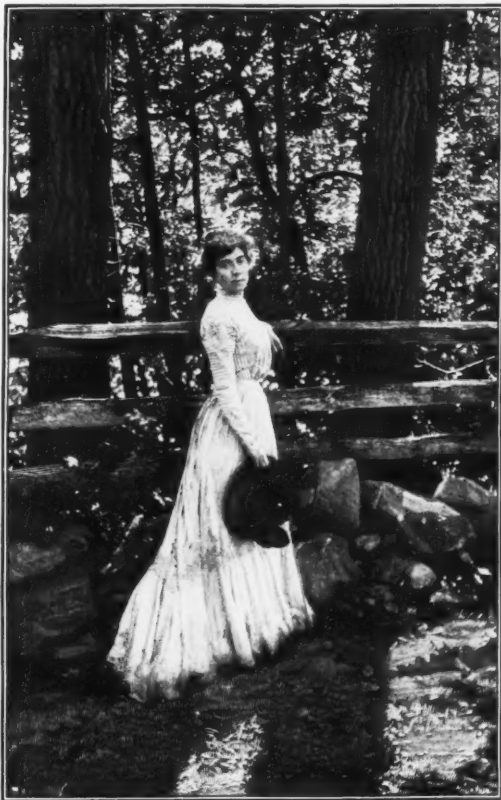
when the profession of acting was viewed with such horror by people whose criticisms were often, it is to be feared, dictated by narrowness or a desire to advertise their own righteousness that an actress could not easily have gained admission to the house of anyone in respectable society. Indeed, it is not difficult to recall the violent philippics against "The Little

Church Around the Corner" when it declined to join with other well-known churches in refusing an actor or actress even a Christian burial.

Now, however, members of the profession who have made their mark are not only tolerated but welcomed into society, for they are of necessity, for the most part, well-read and by nature excepted in some way from the class of everyday average society people. They usually possess wit, either of their own or borrowed from one of the many plays with which they are

conversant, and society, chronically half bored, is always eager for the much-sought leaven. At Southampton Mr. and Mrs. Richard Mansfield are among the most popular of the summer colony. At Easthampton Mr. John Drew and his niece, Miss Ethel Barrymore, who often visits him, have been warmly welcomed.

Indeed, it may soon become a problem for



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MISS ANNIE RUSSELL AT GREAT NECK, LONG ISLAND.

the actress how to avoid too onerous social duties and yet enjoy the resorts most frequented by society. For the elite who condescend to make "first calls" on a new-comer resent most bitterly the failure on the latter's part to deposit her card within three or four days at the older resident's door. But actresses, like other people, have different tastes and to many society in the summer does not appeal at all. It is for the sake of complete change and rest that Miss Annie Russell hides herself deep in the Maine woods as soon as she can conveniently leave town for the summer.

Actresses have not a great share of



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MISS JULIA MARLOWE AT HIGHMOUNT.

and struggle necessary to reach the top. It is pleasant, then, to think of them walking, riding, driving and playing the games at which the camera has caught them during the brief respite their profession allows.

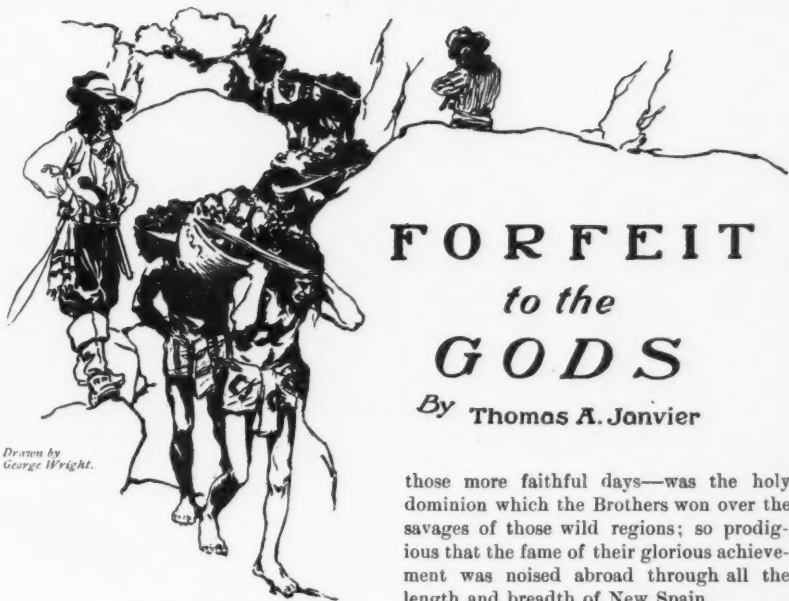
leisure and vacation at best, for the theater remains open until the hot weather drives the audiences out of town and long before the city is comfortable once more rehearsals begin again. Moreover a great share of the summer day must be given to studying parts.

Those who think of the career of an actress as easy and restful would be rudely awakened were they forced to pass through the arduous apprenticeship

FLOOD TIDE.

BY PRUEBE LYDE.

IMPERIOUS Love: alas, poor fools, we chide
 And strive against thy sovereign power in vain;
 Even as the king that once rebuked the main,
 Bidding its crested billows stay their pride:
 Our feeble dykes against their foaming tide
 We slowly build, with toiling, patient hand
 Up raise each petty barrier of sand,
 Deeming the ebbing sea will thus abide.
 Then, my beloved, with a sudden glance,
 A sigh half checked, a foolish, tender word,
 A meeting of our trembling hands, perchance,
 Light touch at which the inmost heart is stirred—
 Backward the conquering flood of passion rolls,
 Deep, deep engulfing our defenceless souls.



*Drawn by
George Wright.*

FORFEIT to the GODS

By Thomas A. Janvier

PART FIRST.

I.

THRICE in the course of the three centuries of its existence the town of Santa Clara del Cerro Verde had bloomed into prosperity; and thrice had it withered dismally, and thereafter fallen into decay.

First of all, its bloom was Heavenly. This was when the Brothers of Saint Francis—to whose Rule the blessed Santa Clara herself was vowed—founded there a mission station for the cure of Indian souls: planting their little church and convent close beside the great spring which gushed unfailingly from the mountain-side and at once created and preserved the abundant verdure whence came the mountain's name. And they chose this place partly because of the abundance and the sweetness of the waters; but most because the spring was the abode of a malignant spirit—much worshiped by the heathen of those parts—which needs must be conquered and cast out utterly before the pure Faith Christian could pervade that land. In that good fight God gave to his servants the victory. Prodigious—miraculous they called it in

those more faithful days—was the holy dominion which the Brothers won over the savages of those wild regions; so prodigious that the fame of their glorious achievement was noised abroad through all the length and breadth of New Spain.

And then there bloomed prosperity of another sort—an earthly prosperity which presently triumphed over and crushed utterly the Heavenly—when the vastly rich mine, named also in honor of Santa Clara, was opened in the Cerro Verde high above the gushing spring. For a hundred years the stream of silver flowed forth constantly from the cavernous depths wherein the Indians toiled. In those days the chief concern of Spanish taskmasters was to get as much work as possible out of Indian bodies; and scant was the care that then was given to the well-being of Indian souls. Then it was that the great Church of Santa Clara was builded, and beside it the greater convent—replacing the little church and the little convent which had been reared by willing, humble hands to God's glory when the good Brothers first had won there the conquest of pagan hearts by love. These later Brothers, their successors, dwelling luxuriously in their new fine home and ministering pleasantly in their beautiful church, called these edifices thank-offerings for God's goodness: which euphemism no doubt gave cause to the devil for many a comfortable chuckle when he made his frequent visits to the

town of Santa Clara del Cerro Verde and beheld there how well his work was going on.

Thanks to the plentiful supply of water from the great spring, mining was an easy matter—until the spring itself made mining impossible. At first, and for a long while, the workings were far above the spring; but by the end of a century the main shaft was down to the spring's level, and the fight with the water fairly had begun. Through nearly the whole of another century that fight continued; but the water gained always, and long before the mine actually was abandoned the output had become the veriest trifle: some beggarly ounces a day only, as the galleries one after another, before the water flooded them, were robbed of their supporting pillars of ore.

Through this dismal time of slow decadence the town of Santa Clara lost year by year from its store of riches, and came at last to utter poverty. For a while the Brothers paid back in alms to the needy a part of the harvest which they had garnered during the years of fatness past and gone; and then they also were as poor in fact as they had been always under the vow of their Order, which forbade them not merely the possession of money but even to touch money with their hands. The great houses in the town stood empty, the little hut of adobe on its outskirts melted away into the earth again: of all those who had toiled and bustled there not ten score remained. 'And among the Indians, to whom the wreck of the mine brought release from cruel labor in its depths, was happiness. These, holding fast to their ancient faith, believed firmly that their god dwelling in the spring had helped them to a good deliverance; and the farther belief grew up among them that he who succeeded in opening the mine again would pay his life to their water-god in forfeit for his victory.

II.

For a long, long while the blight rested upon Santa Clara: even until after the Revolution that changed the Vice-Kingdom of New Spain into the Republic of Mexico. And then arose a new prosperity—when an English Company was formed to clear the

mine by pumping and so to reach the great treasure that it still contained.

This period of revival, though brilliant while it lasted, was painfully short. Nothing whatever was taken out of the mine—not even the water; but a great deal was taken out of the pockets of the English shareholders. While this yield continued, Santa Clara enjoyed flush times. The houses were full once more, money was plentiful, there were dances every night, there were bull-fighting and cock-fighting to one's heart's content on Sundays, and there was a genial abundance of gambling and drunkenness all the time. The convent had its share of the good luck and the lean Brothers grew sleek again—for a good part of the heretic money, being paid in wages to the faithful, found its way to the sacerdotal coffers which so long had been bare; and by judicious monte-playing—in which game, as the Brothers conducted it, there was but a small element of chance—many individual sacerdotal pockets were well lined.

After all, though, this revival of prosperity was but a flash in the pan. The huge pump—brought from England at a cost that would have made it worth its weight in pure silver had it been lucky enough to reach the mine—never was set agoing. A half of the work only was accomplished when a revolution broke out, and a stop was put for a while upon all communication between the coast and the interior. The Company's pack-train, bringing up coin and the remainder of the machinery, was captured almost within sight of Tampico. Nobody ever knew whether the captors were Government troops or Revolutionists; nor did it make any practical difference. The essential fact was that every dollar of the coin was carried off, and that the machinery—apparently in a mere spirit of playfulness—was tipped into the Pánuco River. A little later, another party—these avowedly were Revolutionists—came up to the mine and looted the Company's storehouse and drove off the Company's horses and mules.

Had these several misadventures occurred earlier in the period of English occupancy they might have been tidied over. Unfortunately, they came toward the end of the third year, when the English share-

holders had their backs well up because two extra assessments already had been levied and not one of the promised twenty-five per cent. dividends had been paid. They were in no mood to listen to their chairman's statement of fresh misfortunes which made a fresh call on capital necessary if work were to go on. Instead of agreeing to the proposed assessment, they arose in their wrath and appointed an investigating committee charged with the duty of sending a mining expert to Mexico to look over the situation on the ground.

The expert went to Mexico, and he had a pretty rough time there. When he arrived at Vera Cruz another revolution was in full blast, and he was warned that to attempt to go up from the coast to the capital was much the same thing as signing his own death-warrant. Being an Englishman with a duty to perform, he naturally went ahead. Somewhere near the Puente Nacional he was captured by Revolutionists; in company with these, was captured by troops of the so-called Government and came close to being shot as a Revolutionist along with them; was set free, after a couple of hideous months in a Mexican prison, with orders to return to the coast at once and leave the country; was caught on his way down by one set of robbers, who took away what few valuables the soldiers had left him, and by another set who stripped him and were for killing him because only his clothes were left to steal; and so came again to Vera Cruz in his shirt and drawers. When he got back at last to England, and had discharged a public duty by writing an indignant letter to the "Times," he was not able to make a report of any especial value upon the property which he had been sent out to investigate—inasmuch as at no time in the course of his exhilarating travels had he been within four hundred miles of it. However, his inability to make a report was not a matter of much consequence one way or the other. Six weeks before his return to England, the company in whose interest he had made his lively journey had definitely collapsed.

And so, for the second time, Santa Clara del Cerro Verde saw plenty depart from it, and poverty come in plenty's place. Once more it became desolate. Even in the

convent only a dozen or so of the Brothers remained: old men who clung to the abode that for years had sheltered them, and a few young men to whom the vow of their Order was real. In the end, these Brothers were rewarded for their faithfulness. When the Laws of the Reform closed the convents and sequestrated all church property to the state, the Convent of Santa Clara was suffered to abide unclosed. Doubtless this concession was less the result of clemency than of indifference. The building was without value; and little was to be feared in the way of sedition from a few old men—the youngest well on toward sixty—living far aside from the world's interests and activities in a ruined mountain town.

In truth, a more utterly ruined town than this then was—its houses almost all abandoned, its few inhabitants bitterly poor, its great mine water-logged—scarcely could have been found in the whole world. And yet, out of the slough of misery into which they had fallen, the fortunes of Santa Clara del Cerro Verde were destined once more to rise.

III.

When the New York and Cerro Verde Mining and Reduction Company (Limited) took hold of the Santa Clara property the most brilliant possession of that largely hopeful corporation was its prospectus.

To say that the author of this prospectus was Maj. William Brashar is to say a good deal. The Major was a rare hand at such compositions; and on this particular prospectus, as he himself frankly put it, he had "slung himself." He went well back for a start, and presented the ancient history of the mine in parallel columns of Spanish and English and in a fashion that was fetching to a high degree; skilfully using this bilingual arrangement in order to get in the romantic touches which would have been out of place in a paper supposed to have been composed (as it actually had been) in the plain Saxon tongue.

Having a lively imagination, and being well up in Mexican mining history, the Major made a very pretty story—telling how the devoted Franciscans had founded the mission of Santa Clara and how nobly

they had carried on their self-sacrificing labors among the savages; how the vein of silver had been discovered by a shepherd searching for a lost sheep high up on the mountain-side; how the mine instantly had begun to yield enormously, and how the shepherd (who, by the way, was made out of the whole cloth) became incalculably rich and built the still existing magnificent Church of Santa Clara as a thank-offering; and how the enormous yield of silver went on uninterruptedly for more than a hundred years.

And then, getting away from Spanish and from his own unacknowledged quotation marks, the Major became soberly and severely practical. With a fine frankness he expressed doubts as to the accuracy of the Spanish account that he had quoted, and with an especially excellent ingenuousness advanced the opinion that the statements therein given of the output of the mine should be reduced by at least one-third. "But even with this conservative underestimate," the Major wrote, "it would be perceived that the property unquestionably was one of the richest ever developed in Mexico"—and as he had taken the simple precaution to make his first set of figures big enough to stand the reduction suggested in his second set, this assertion on the face of it could not be assailed.

Having thus established an effective point of departure, the Major came down at a single leap from the first quarter of the eighteenth century to the first quarter of the nineteenth—and there handled with a masterly skill the episode of the English Company that was formed to work the mine in the year 1823; that never did work it; and that went to bits in the year 1827 with a net loss of more than seventy thousand pounds. This material was not the most promising stuff in the world to put into a prospectus, but the Major managed to count with it handsomely. From the prospectus put out by the English Company when it was floated—in its own way a fairly good specimen of long-bow literature—he quoted figures in regard to the mine which were far in excess of his own. Thence he proceeded to show that an absolute confidence in the value of the property had been manifested by a cash sub-

scription of upward of seventy thousand pounds to be applied to its development; and went on to point out—this was done with a light but firm touch, and with a neat allusion to the well-known conservative financial methods of the English—that the promise of dividends "at or exceeding the rate of twenty-five per centum per annum" indicated clearly the valuation of the property even at that period (the conditions being now entirely changed by the advent of the railroad) when the cost of transportation was almost prohibitory and exorbitant prices had to be paid for fuel. In conclusion, he stated with a severe brevity that the unfortunate collapse of the enterprise was due to the revolutionary disorders of the times; and then dilated at a considerable length upon the existing peace and prosperity in Mexico under the sway of a government at once able, honest and firm. Thus did the Major, by the judicious handling of the very unsatisfactory facts at his disposal, cast over the gloom of a most thoroughgoing financial disaster the glamour of an almost complete theoretical success.

With the shady past thus advantageously disposed of, the Major's treatment of the luminous present and of the brilliant future left nothing to be desired. But there was no bluster about his method, and each of his assuring assertions was either true or else not open readily to contradiction. As he declared with absolute accuracy, there was nothing in the way of exploiting the Santa Clara mine, of resuming the operations which had made it famous in the sixteenth century, but water. All the difficulties encountered by the English Company—bad government, high cost of transportation, lack of fuel—had been removed. Mexico now was as well governed as any country in the world. The construction of a railway made it possible to lay down machinery and coal within twenty miles of the mine. Almost the whole of the wagon-haul was across a level plain, leaving only a few miles of water-grade road to build up the cañon leading to the mine. A few months, possibly a year—it was best to be on the safe side and say a year—would be required in which to set up the pump and clear the mine of water. This preliminary work being completed, active mining

operations and the payment of dividends would begin.

But there was another phase of the enterprise, the Major continued, that made the investment an exceptionally promising one. This was the treatment of the tailings left from the work which had been carried on in the sixteenth century. Analysis of these tailings, the samples being taken from the surface of the heap, had shown an average value of ten dollars the ton. It was thought probable (but this was only a probability) that the refuse from the earlier workings—when very crude methods of extraction were employed—would assay as high as twenty-five dollars the ton. A close estimate of the quantity of tailings had been made by a competent engineer, and the result arrived at was between two hundred and twenty thousand and two hundred and twenty-five thousand tons. Taking the lower of these estimates, and taking also the lower estimate of value, it was evident that the Company was in a position to clean up ore to the value of four millions of dollars before the mine was even opened; and this work would be carried on as soon as the stamps were set up, and would be continued until the removal of the water made still more profitable operations possible. After that, possibly, the treatment of the tailings might be carried on at odd times. Making a conservative estimate of the cost of machinery, of transportation, of labor and of miscellaneous expenses, it would therefore be perceived, the Major stated—with a triumphant logic that was irrefutable, since it was the inevitable sequence to his own premises—that the net profit arising from this merely incidental asset very nearly would cover all preliminary expenses, including the purchase and installation of their entire plant.

In conclusion, the Major explained that of the capital stock, which had been fixed at five hundred thousand dollars—for prudential reasons the capitalization had been kept at a low figure—one-fifth was retained by the owners of the property and two-fifths had been subscribed by persons intimately associated with the enterprise from its inception. The remaining two-fifths were offered to the public strictly at par. In order to place this stock, he declared

with dignity, there was no need to discount it. As the shares were unassessable, and as the security was obvious—the ore in the heap of tailings alone representing, at the lowest estimate, four times the value of the capitalization—it self-evidently was worth its face value. Therefore it would be placed only at par. And as a parting shot he earnestly advised prospective purchasers, in their own interest, not to be tempted to sell out when the stock rose, as it almost certainly would rise shortly, to a considerable premium. This inconsiderate course would bring an immediate small profit, but in the long run it would entail a large loss.

What made Major Brashar's services as a prospectus-writer sought after was his judicious habit of literal truthfulness in every particular that could be checked off easily, combined with his discretion in drawing from the pure fount of his imagination only such statements as could not easily be disproved. In the effort above outlined he had excelled himself; but even more in the quantity of truth that he had left out than in the quality of truth that he had put in. Had he stated that the heap of tailings lay in a cleft in the mountains several hundred feet deep, out of which they would have to be hoisted or else carried for two miles along a road yet to be made, and that their value rested upon the unsupported assertion of the Mexican vendors of the property; had he stated that the water in the mine was fed constantly from a spring which in the rainy season poured forth a devastating torrent; and, above all, had he stated that on the stock subscribed for "by persons intimately associated with the enterprise from its inception" not a dollar had been paid—well, had he put these several facts into his prospectus the chances are that he might not immediately have unloaded upon a confiding public the offered two hundred thousand dollars' worth of shares. As he omitted them, and as he made a strong bid for popular confidence by offering his shares only at par, the successful floating of the Company at once was assured. The two thousand shares offered in the prospectus were placed in a week. Within a fortnight the Major, and his associates on the ground floor, benevolently permitted

an eager public to purchase rather more than half of their own holdings—and even would have surrendered the whole of them, had not a general break in the market suddenly stopped the demand. This operation, the share certificates having cost their vendors only what it cost to print them, was superior to the transmutation of metals. Indeed, it was so excellent a return upon a strictly vacuous investment that most of those who had profited by it, being satisfied, closed out their holdings of New York and Cerro Verde on a falling market and betook themselves to fresh woods of a speculative nature and to mining pastures new. But the Major himself hung on. He was of a sanguine temperament, and he believed that he saw his way to winning another rubber before he definitely abandoned the game.

IV.

It was an axiom with Major Brashar that in the lexicon of youthful mining enterprises—whether the same were or were not reserved by fate for a bright maturity—there should be no such word as fail.

His own statement of this spirited concept was less elegant than the foregoing, but it was not less strong. "It makes me tired," he said, "to be in with a lot of chumps who all the time are getting up on their ears and howling that the whole damn business is going to everlasting smash. That kind of a crowd would smash anything—if they had the chance they'd bust the bottom out from under the pyramids of Egypt. No, I want the men I work with, and the men that I start to working for me, to believe that we're dead sure bound to come out on top—same as I always do myself. Give me a crowd like that, and I'd back the outfit to build a pontoon railroad across the Atlantic Ocean—which is a thing that'll be done, some day, mark my words. All it needs is money and brains and backbone and the nerve to hold on. And for choice I'll always take my men young. A young man isn't all the time thinking about some other thing he did some time and wondering whether he hadn't better do this thing that same way. And because he's not hidebound he hits out fresh at whatever

he tackles, and he takes chances, and he hustles instead of sitting around giving himself good advice—and so he gets there, nine times out of every ten."

Holding fast to these energetic principles, it was only natural, therefore, that Major Brashar picked out a young man to be Superintendent of the Santa Clara mine. He had had his eye on this particular young man for a year or two; and because he had perceived his value he had been saving him until he could play him, as he put it, for all he was worth.

When the Major first fell in with him, in Tucson, Laurence Baldwin was working about as hopeless a mine as ever was operated even in Arizona. It had opened fairly well, but at fifty feet down the pay-streak began to pinch out and at sixty feet down was not to be found with a microscope. Even the Mexican miners wanted to quit work in disgust. Any ordinary man would have called off the gangs and sent his resignation East by telegraph. But Baldwin, not being an ordinary man, hung on. He had a notion that the vein had thinned just above an ore-chamber; and he wanted to give that ore-chamber a chance. When the pay-streak pinched out altogether, he received written orders from the President of the Company to abandon the mine. Instead of obeying his orders, he went down to Tucson—it was then that the Major met him—and telegraphed for conditional leave to sink another ten feet at his own cost. His terms were that if he did not make a strike he would stand the extra loss himself; and that if he did make a strike all expenses should be charged off and then he and the Company would divide. The President telegraphed back, tersely: "Sink to hell, on your own terms."

Baldwin did not go that far. He sunk seven feet—and struck an ore-body that cleaned up pure silver to the value of forty-three thousand dollars. He had to fight with the Company, of course, for his half. But he had his written orders to stop work, and his telegram and the President's answer were on file. His case was so good that even the Company's solicitor advised a settlement. Then the Company wanted to make him Vice-President as well as Superintendent—which was only a handsome



Drawn by George Wright.

"THEY HAD FREQUENT DINNERS TOGETHER, AT ALL OF WHICH THE MAJOR TALKED . . . FREELY."

way of offering to pay him two salaries—provided he would join in putting into the development of the mine all the money that had just come out of it. He answered positively that the mine now really was played out and that he would not have anything more to do with it. When he delivered this ultimatum there was some breezy talk for a while in the President's office; but the upshot of it was that he got a certified check for his share of the profits—rather more than nineteen thousand dollars—and his resignation was accepted. Then the Company put in a new man and went ahead in its scheme of continued development; and with such rapidity that inside of a year it had sunk all of its cash, and a good deal more than all of its credit, in a dry-rock hole that did not yield a dollar. Then the whole concern smashed.

It was when Major Brashar heard the result of this venture, the plucky beginning of which had impressed him strongly, that he marked down Boldwin for a useful man. "He's got sand," was the Major's mental commentary. "When I've got a job on hand that sand's wanted for, he'll do."

Having made his stake, Boldwin decided to go East for a while and enjoy himself. He had not been East for two years and he felt that he fairly was entitled, under the circumstances, to a holiday. For a man not yet turned of twenty-six, who had started in life with no capital but his profession, the situation was exhilarating. Three or four more strikes like the one that he had just made and his future would be secure. To safeguard this future, he put his money into solid securities only; keeping out a couple of thousand or so to pay for his proposed good time.

It is possible that some young men coming East flush after two years in Arizona would have distributed red paint over the city of New York with a liberal hand. But Boldwin's tendencies were not toward decoration of that pronounced sort and he took his enjoyment quietly. He settled down into snug lodgings, and made his quarters less like a camp and more like a home by laying in a good stock of books and by being a bit extravagant in the

matter of prints and water-colors. He went to the few plays that were worth seeing; did not miss a single opera; subscribed to the Philharmonic; saw all that there was to see in the way of pictures—and gave zest to this by no means irrational scheme of amusement by grinding through a course of metallurgy at the Columbia School of Mines.

In order to keep up his Spanish, he frequented an exotic little restaurant, known as the Casa Napoleón, where that language normally was spoken; and it was there that he fell in again with Major Brashar—who congratulated him heartily on his good fortune, and was as cordial as he well could be. For the time for using this "sandy" man had come; and the Major, who was something of a fatalist, hailed his opportune appearance as a good omen. They had frequent dinners together, at all of which the Major talked about his Santa Clara venture freely; and was especially careful—nicely estimating the means best suited to his ends—to be frankly confidential in regard to the difficult engineering work that had to be done: the building of the road through the cañon, the recovery of the tailings from the bottom of the ravine, and, above all, the doubtful issue of the struggle between any pump whatever and the Cerro Verde spring.

"It'll be tough work, damn tough work," he said, "to make things go. But I guess we can find a man who's got the brains and the nerve to do it—and whoever he is, he'll make his everlasting reputation as an engineer. Just let one of those water-logged Mexican mines get wrung out and started, and the business will set in with a rush. Everybody'll go at it at once, and they'll all be after the man who showed how the thing could be done. He can strike for the fanciest prices—and get 'em. And he can keep at it until he's made any sized pile that he thinks he wants."

It was with much complacency that the Major observed the effect which talk of this sort had upon Boldwin—the flush that came to his cheeks as he listened, and the eager look that came into his eyes. Once he asked—with an affectation of extreme carelessness—if the Company had any particular man in view for the job; and

the Major's easy, "Well, no, I can't say that we have. There's no hurry, and we're just looking around," did not seem wholly to satisfy him.

But that he asked the question entirely satisfied the Major. "He's all right now," this gentleman observed to himself, in the shady retirement of his inner consciousness. "I can have him when I want him—and he's the kind I want. His dander'll get up when he ketches on to the all-fired size of his contract, and he'll make the fur fly. He's not likely to pull the thing through—nobody is. But he's the hustling kind that don't tucker out easy and he'll think he's going to; and that'll make him sure to send up reports that'll keep things booming—until the time comes for knocking the bottom out of the boom."

V.

Probably Baldwin would have pressed more vigorously his claim to being the identical person for whom Major Brashar was looking had not a stronger interest just then engaged his thoughts.

This interest was named Helen Warden—who not only realized his (somewhat hazy) conception of what a wife should be, but supplemented it so pleasingly in so many different directions that he was disposed to regard her as quite too good to be true. And she, for her part—though he was far from guessing it—found a wonderful charm in this resolute young fellow: elate with triumph after his first victorious encounter with Fortune, and thrilling with a joyous confidence in his own ability to accomplish anything to which mortal man might set his hand. And the charm grew stronger when she perceived that with his strength was also tenderness; and that, for all his airy assurance of being able to conquer everything else, he was most becomingly humble in his hope of conquering her love. There was a thrilling pleasure, she found, in having this daredevil of a curly-headed, blue-eyed young giant so obviously afraid of her—and at the same time so obviously ready to defy lions and tigers, and extreme dangers generally, for the sake of winning even a small portion of her good will.

Under conditions so favorable to its progress, this particular case of true love

ran both smoothly and rapidly. It had its beginning in November, when he chanced to meet her at a reception—and was startled by finding her grown up into a young woman and quite different from the little girl whom he had not seen for seven years. It had its crisis in March—when he made a statement of his wishes that would have been wholly unintelligible to her had she been compelled to extract his meaning from his words. At a later date—it was during their month of honeymooning in the Catskills—Laurence expressed surprise that she had received what might have been a confused, and certainly should have been a rather confusing, declaration with such calmness that she was able to give him an immediate decisive reply. To which crude observation Helen replied with a fine air of superior wisdom: "You foolish boy! As though those honest blue eyes of yours had not told me everything at least a hundred times!"

It was in early September that they were married, and the autumn month that they passed in the Catskills was a season spent beyond the borders of real life in the region of the ideal. Together they found Arcady; and only now and then, when his thoughts turned to the opening that there was for somebody in the Santa Clara venture, did Laurence remember that there was such a thing as a working world. When these thoughts came they were unsettling, and he tried to stifle them; but for the life of him he could not help wondering at times who would be the lucky man. It was a good thing, he decided with much firmness, that the offer had not come to him. The mere thought of leaving Helen made him wretched; and had he gone to Mexico it would have been downright cruelty to take her along. The opening was a brilliant one, certainly; but he was glad that his chance for it—if ever he had had a chance for it—was past and gone. And having arrived at this definite conclusion, he would fall to thinking how he would have met and mastered the several difficulties of the situation, and then of the honor that would have come to him and of the fortune that he would have made—and would pull himself up short in the midst of regretting keenly that the case was closed. And then, one

morning, came a letter from Major Brashar formally offering him the position of Superintendent of the Santa Clara mine.

It was near the end of the month that the letter came, while they pleasantly were planning a jaunt northward by way of the Lakes and the Saint Lawrence to Quebec and Montreal. Having read it, he laughed a little—but not very easily—while he told Helen of the offer that it contained. "The Major's a good deal of a scamp," he went on, "and his record is shady; but this time he seems to be playing squarely and to have got hold of a good thing. I heard some talk about the property a couple of months ago from some of the men who have put money into it. They said that there certainly was an enormous fortune in the mine, and all they needed was a live man who would get it out for them. It looks as if they and the Major had concluded that I'm that sort of a man. The Major's shady, but there's not much about mining that he don't know; and the rest of the lot didn't seem to be especially fools, either. It's something of a compliment to have such an outfit ask me to take hold of such a job."

"And will you?"

Laurence was silent for a moment, and then answered slowly: "No, it won't do. It's all very well for them to offer me eight thousand a year and expenses—that's rousing big pay, you know—and a block of the stock besides. It shows they really want me when they make an offer like that—that they want me bad. But no, it won't do, Nelly. I'm not going off to leave you. I wouldn't close with them if they'd offer me the whole mine."

"Leave me? Why, of course you won't. What nonsense you are talking, Laurie. I'm going along!"

"By Jove! Do you really mean it? What a brick you are, Nell!" Laurence broke out enthusiastically. And then his enthusiasm suddenly left him, and in a very different tone he continued: "No, no, Nelly—I tell you it won't do. You might be able to stand Utah, or even Montana; but down in Mexico you never could get along at all. You'd be utterly wretched, child; and I'd be in a fever of worry about you the whole time. It's a big stake, of course. Offers like that don't grow on

trees. Eight thousand a year and expenses, and a block of stock that will be worth anywhere from a hundred thousand to half a million when I get the mine to going—and I *shall* get it to going, you know—is a pretty big thing. And I've always wanted the chance to tackle one of those old water-logged Mexican mines, anyway—with plenty of capital back of me, and full swing to run things in my own way. Getting one of those mines started up and paying again would be a splendid card for me. The country's full of them, and if I started up one——

"But this is all rubbish! Just wait for five minutes while I write to Major Brashar that he and his mine may go to Jericho—and then we'll get at the maps and timetables and settle this Canadian expedition out of hand."

"Laurence! It is only one month and four days since you promised to love, honor and obey me—what you really said, I know, was cherish, but it meant obey—all my life long. I don't suppose you'll quite live up to that always, but it is much too soon for you to begin to break your word. My orders, now, are positive. Sit down instantly at that table and write to your Major that you accept his offer and are ready to leave for Mexico immediately, and that taking me with you will be a part of your expenses—because you could no more go without me than you could go without your legs or arms."

Laurence half turned toward the table. There could be no mistaking the direction in which his desires tended. As he checked himself he said: "But I'm so afraid that you'll be miserable. You see ——"

"Not another word!" Helen interrupted with a commanding wave of her hand. "You have your orders, sir—act upon them! Perhaps, though, you had better leave out about the Company paying my expenses. Yes, leave that out. Write to the Major a dignified letter of acceptance. But let him see that you appreciate the compliment that they have paid you, and that you really are just as energetic and as prompt as they think you are. Tell him that you'll be in New York to-morrow morning—I'll begin to pack this minute, and we'll go down by the night train—

and that you'll be ready, if necessary, to leave New York to-morrow evening on your way to the mine.

"Oh, Laurie, what fun this is! I've always wanted to be ordered to make a very long journey in a very great hurry; and I've always wanted to go to Mexico; and I've always—well, not always, but it seems like always, don't it?—wanted to go flying off to the ends of the earth with you! It's like having a whole lot of delightful dreams all coming true at once. You dear, dear boy—how lovely it is that you have got such a place, and what a good time we are going to have! And, of course, we won't stay in Mexico forever. When you've made your half million—or your whole million, very likely—and everybody is talking about your splendid success as an engineer, we'll come away in a blaze of glory. And then we'll travel everywhere, absolutely everywhere; and we'll buy all the best books and pictures and hear all the best music in the world. How good and how dear of you it is to give me all this happiness! Not go, indeed! How can you—"

"Well, even if I am 'solid pluck' and also an 'angel'—don't you think a solidly plucky angel is rather a funny notion, Laurie?—you needn't try to squeeze all the breath out of my body. And you've absolutely ruined my hair!"

And then Laurence wrote his acceptance of Major Brashar's offer, and informed that gentleman that he would meet him to talk things over on the ensuing morning in New York.

VI.

Their departure for Mexico, while less precipitate than Helen had hoped for, was sufficiently hasty to realize her declared ambition to go off with a whiz. Within a week they were under way; and within a fortnight she was established temporarily under a matronly American wing at Zacatecas, while Laurence organized his staff and then went on to Santa Clara to begin work there and to make ready for her some sort of a home.

As it was necessary that the members of his force should speak Spanish, he had deferred getting it together until his arrival in Mexico; and he justly considered that

he was lucky in finding in Zacatecas the three men whom he needed—an assistant engineer, a bookkeeper and a storekeeper—all ready to his hand. The engineer, Harstairs, who gladly threw over his railroad work for this better-paid job, was a pleasant young Englishman, well up in his profession and also well-bred, to whom Laurence took kindly at sight. Kelton, the storekeeper, who had been doing mining work in the country for twenty years, was an American; a trustworthy man, but of melancholy humor and with a prodigious faculty for holding his tongue. The bookkeeper, Schlemmer, was a little round German whose personality did not count for much one way or the other; but he had a perfect knowledge of Spanish and a working command of English, and his recommendations were of the best.

Laurence felt quite reasonably elated by the ease with which he had got together so good an outfit; but he was not at all elated by the opinions upon the Santa Clara property which were presented to him freely by mining men. It was conceded that the working over of the tailings—if some economical way of getting them to the stamps could be devised—might prove fairly profitable; but the visionary estimate that made this refuse worth twenty dollars a ton was laughed to scorn. As to the draining and working of the mine, it was declared flatly to be impossible. The most hopeful opinion was that even if the mine could be cleared by steady pumping throughout the entire dry season, it certainly would fill up again as soon as the rains began. No pump that ever was put together, said these Job's comforters, could pump against the Cerro Verde spring in the season of rains.

Baldwin's enthusiasm was a little cooled by the discouraging consensus of opinion upon his undertaking; but, on the other hand, his fighting spirit was aroused. He had taken this big contract, he reflected, precisely because it was a big contract—and quite as much for the sake of glory as for the sake of cash. That it should get bigger on his hands was not a matter to complain about, but rather the contrary. Exactly in proportion to the size of the difficulties which he mastered would be the size of his success. And what did these

old-fogy Mexican miners know about modern mining methods, anyway? He'd show them what could be done with American machinery, and also what could be done by an American engineer! In a word, figuratively speaking, his back bristled and he went at the situation horns down.

But as he walked his horse at the head of his little party up the six miles of trail through the cañon, Baldwin admitted to himself that the size of one of the difficulties touched upon by his Zacatecas friends—that of making a wagon-road up to the mine—had not been greatly overestimated. This was the first piece of work that he had to attend to. The base of his supplies, including fuel, being the nearby railway, a wagon-road was a necessity; as it had not been in the time of the English occupation, sixty years earlier, when the only available fuel had been wood and when, the coast being the supply-base, the machinery had been sent from England in sections small enough to be packed in on muleback. The building of this road, he admitted to himself, would be a fairly tough piece of work; but still it would be entirely practicable. He had a good eye for location, and so had Harstairs. As they rode along they noted the lay of the land and located the road roughly. By bridging the cañon at one point, and by building a pretty stiff amount of retaining wall, they concluded that they could get a satisfactory grade without any serious rock-cutting.

As they rounded the last turn in the cañon and ascended a little crest, whence the trail dipped again downward to a broad plateau, the prospect that opened before them filled Baldwin with delight and astonishment. At their feet lay a park-like valley of such green loveliness as he had not seen elsewhere in Mexico, and in its midst was a town so considerable as to prove that Major Brashar had not drawn upon his imagination for his facts in regard to the vast yield of the mine in ancient times. Many of the houses were so large that they fairly were entitled to be called palaces; and above them all towered the great church, surmounted by two squat bell-towers and by a glittering dome of glazed tiles. But the chief charm

of this delectable valley lay in its abundant lush verdure, that everywhere made it glad. In the long-past season of prosperity channels had been cut through which the plentiful water had been distributed lavishly, and these still served in great part the purpose for which they had been made. Behind the convent that nestled beside the church, and behind the larger houses, were shady gardens in which flowers were growing by mere instinct of their sweet natures amidst fruit-trees all gone wild; along the streets were lines of shade-trees beside the water-channels; the little Plaza Major was a veritable bower. And beyond the town, rising high above it, was the great Cerro Verde: clothed in a delicious green downward from the level of the spring.

As he looked down upon all this green loveliness, after his ride of fourteen miles across a sun-scorched, cactus-covered plain and his six-mile scramble up the bare cañon, it seemed to Laurence as though he had come upon the Earthly Paradise. His spirits rose with a bound. Of one good thing he had there full assurance: whatever might be the difficulties before him, at least the home that he and Helen were to live in while his work went on would be as beautiful as Mexico had to give.

VII.

In spite of his spirits, the desolateness of the forsaken, ruined town chilled him a little as they rode down into it. What had been the houses of adobe were mere clay-heaps; and while the stone houses, many of them with beautifully carved façades, remained perfect so far as their walls were concerned, their woodwork was rotten and fragmentary and here and there a roof had fallen in. With a grim satire, which had in it also a touch of pathos, the lower windows of these broken dwellings were protected by iron gratings heavily but elegantly wrought. The only sign of human life that they saw as they rode onward to the Plaza was a bent old man standing in the doorless doorway of what had been a very stately mansion in its day. As they passed him he gazed at them wonderingly, but did not speak. Evidently his astonishment at the sight of strangers was too deep for words.



Drawn by George Wright.

"WRITE TO THE MAJOR A DIGNIFIED LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE."

Farther on they found a few houses in which were inhabitants—ragged sad creatures who came forth and clustered around them begging piteously—and when they halted their horses on the Plaza and looked about them they were encircled by a tatterdemalion little crowd.

Surrounding the Plaza were the noblest buildings of the town. On two of its sides were palace-like dwellings, stately still. On the third side was the Casa Municipal, once the home of the town government; and adjoining it was another massive structure that still was called the Caja Real—though the years of a long lifetime had vanished since within that bare coffer any of the King's treasure had been stored. Rising high on the fourth side of the Plaza was the rich façade of the church, a marvel of curiously involved churrigueresque stonework in the midst of which was posed the stone figure of the blessed Santa Clara above the high arched door; and beside the church was the long, low façade of the convent, also wrought richly, overtopped by a soft fringe of branches springing from tall trees growing in the garden beyond. Drawn forth by the rare sound of horses' feet, and by the babble of begging voices, two Brothers came out from the church and stood together, on the highest step of the flight leading up to its portal, in the slanting sunlight before the black shadow of the open doorway. The cowls of their blue habits had fallen back, showing the scant snow-white hair surrounding their tonsures. Each carried a staff, and as they looked down in a slow maze of wonder at the sight before them they leaned on these supports with the broken and weary air of old, old men.

The house which Baldwin and his party turned to enter after their momentary halt—that was to be their headquarters, as it had been of their English predecessors sixty years back—was the largest and the finest in the town. Originally it had been the home of the richest man in Santa Clara; and he had built it, a century and a half earlier, in the time of the mine's richest yield. It stood facing the church across the Plaza—a huge square structure of two stories, inclosing a great central court in which was a beautifully carved

stone fountain and from which a carved stone stairway led upward to the cloistered gallery that went about its four sides and gave access to its many enormous rooms. And in its rear—reached from the court by an arched passage, and from the upper floor by another stone-carved stairway—was a far-extending garden, once laid out with an elegant formality, that had acquired a new, fresh beauty by becoming through neglect a gentle wilderness.

Having been very solidly built to start with, and having been put in thorough order by its English occupants, the house was not anywhere seriously out of repair; and Laurence came upon one delightful suite of rooms—less coldly vast in size than any of the others, and commanding a lovely view westward of the green flank of the Cerro—that he instantly decided should be their home. From the fact that some pieces of English furniture still remained there—a stiff, square table, a stiff sofa matched by six stiff chairs, a footstool and a little work-table—he inferred that these rooms had been occupied by the English Superintendent; and from the footstool and the work-table that he had brought his wife with him; and he fell to wondering if they also were young and just married when they came there—and what had been their fortunes after the Company that sent them there had gone to bits. There was so much of melancholy in these thoughts, and they made the apartment so ghostly, that he was glad to hurry out of it; and to betake himself to the general inspection of the property that would fix his attention upon practical matters, and so would crowd these disheartening reflections upon the ill luck of his predecessor from his mind.

His round of the lower rooms of the house, though also a little ghostly, gave highly satisfactory results. They had been arranged by the English outfit for precisely the purposes to which he should put them and needed only a general cleaning to be ready for use. Even the desks remained in the room that had been the Company's office, and a yellow calendar for the year 1827 still was hanging upon the wall.

The old Mexican who piloted him through these desert chambers, a bowed

old man well turned of seventy, remembered the English very well; though at the time of their departure he had been only a monkey of a boy. They were caballeros, every one of them, this old Benito said. The Señor Superintendente once had given him a dollar, and his wife—who was fair and beautiful as an angel—had given him delicious little cakes many times. His mother, he added, had been their cook; and his father had been honored with the charge of the two splendid English horses on which they took their daily rides—until the Revolutionists came up to Santa Clara and carried off these horses, along with everything else of value on which they could lay their hands. But to Baldwin's eager questioning as to what had become of the Englishman and his wife Benito could give no satisfactory reply. He knew only that one morning they and all the others, mounted on scrubby Mexican ponies, had ridden away—the beautiful lady looking very sorrowful, and the tall Señor her husband in a great rage, and saying "Goddam!" to everybody, because his fine English horses were gone. And so these specters, so unexpectedly conjured up from the mists of the old man's memory, appeared only for a moment and then hopelessly were lost.

The afternoon was waning when Baldwin had finished his inspection of the building, but there still remained an hour or so of daylight; and this he devoted, taking Benito with him, to a survey of the situation immediately around the mine.

The shaft was a half-mile up the slope of the Cerro, and midway between it and the town was the spring. At the spring he halted; and as he perceived the astonishing volume of its discharge he realized more than ever that the contract which he had taken was a very big one indeed—and got but cold comfort from Benito's observation that, the rains being well over, it was not nearly at full flow. With what struck him as a wholly misplaced enthusiasm, the old man descanted upon the magnificent outrush of the waters in the rainy season, and upon the overwhelming force of the torrent which then poured forth—making a presentment of the case so disheartening that he was glad of the diversion when, dropping his voice a little,

Benito went on to tell of the oldtime Indian belief that the spring was the home of a spirit which never would suffer it to be conquered save at the price of its conqueror's life.

"Perhaps it is only a foolish fancy, Señor," Benito added; but doubtfully. "I had it from my father, who was half of the Indian blood. He believed it, and so did my mother; and I remember how happy they were because the good Englishman did not succeed in what he came here for, and so got safe away." And the old man spoke so seriously that Baldwin good-naturedly maintained his own seriousness, and gravely answered that it was most fortunate that so dangerous an issue between the powers of the flesh and of the spirit had not been joined. But as they turned away his desire to laugh left him. After all, he reflected, this superstition was only the formulation by simple minds of the conviction that the spring was too strong for living man to conquer it; and, now that he had seen it, he had an uncomfortable feeling that perhaps this might be true.

Presently, as they went on upward, they passed a section of iron pipe lying beside the path propped on two stones—a mere rust-eaten shell that had broken at its middle with its own weight. There it had been left, doubtless, one evening sixty years before. On the following morning its bearers were to have returned and carried it on upward to the mouth of the shaft. But that evening was the last of the life of the English Company. In the morning work was not resumed. Baldwin had expected, of course, to find things in the disorder that would result from a sudden stop; but this sharp proof of how very sudden the stop had been gave him a curious shock of pained surprise. It set him to thinking—just as the little worktable had set him to thinking—about the English engineer who had come to do, and who hadn't done, the very work that he himself had undertaken. No doubt that other man, when he came with his wife and settled down there, felt entirely confident that he would succeed. The rusted pipe, left for the night on the mountain-side and never picked up again, showed how completely and how suddenly he had failed.

The disorderly mass of rusted machinery that he found lying at the mouth of the shaft did not weigh upon Baldwin's mind nearly so heavily as the solitary outpost of ruin that he had first encountered. The state of affairs at the shaft was what he had expected to find there, and he was prepared to meet it practically. On the whole, the situation was better than he had hoped for. The incomplete pump, some pieces of which were in place while other pieces were lying on the ground, of course was worthless. Every part of it was eaten through with rust. Even the lack of the sections which the Revolutionists (if they were Revolutionists) playfully had tumbled into the bed of the Pánuco made no difference so far as its availability was concerned. But the squared stones set for its foundation could be used again, the walls of the roofless pump-house still were sound, and the space leveled on solid rock for the old arrastras would serve admirably for the stamps—all of which was so much clear gain.

The sun had set behind the mountain when Baldwin, having finished preliminary investigations, came out from the pump-house through the doorway which opened close upon the mouth of the shaft. In that uncertain light the shadow of the building fell heavily; so heavily that the unguarded opening seemed to be only a patch of shadow a little more dark—and he drew a quick breath as he thought of what would follow upon the misstep so easily made.

Advancing, he bent over the edge and tried to peer downward; but the blackness was dense, impenetrable.

"Guard yourself, Señor," cried Benito anxiously. "It is more than two hundred varas to the water; and beneath the water it is a hundred varas more."

Moved by a sudden impulse, Baldwin picked up a heavy fragment of stone, a half-hundredweight, and heaved it into the opening. As it whirled through the dead black air downward there was no sound for a long while save a low murmurous rustling. Then came a dull crash followed by a prolonged muffled rattle, as the stone struck against some projection and thereafter during its descent bounded from side to side of the shaft. And at

last, so softly as scarcely to be audible, there came up the hiss of a splash—that died away in faintest sibilant whispers until all was still.

As Baldwin turned away abruptly a shiver ran through him—one of those curious sudden tremors for which we account by the saying that strangers are walking on our graves. He was as destitute of nerves, ordinarily, as a man well could be; but on that particular day he unquestionably was nervous. It was the result, he concluded, of the excitement incident to taking possession of the ruinous kingdom that he had been sent to raise again to prosperity. Whatever the cause of his nervousness may have been, he certainly could not shake it off. Indeed, as he walked down the mountain-side in the twilight, it took a firmer hold upon him; and presently developed in his mind an utterly absurd fancy that for the moment was not in the least absurd to him but was very horrible and very real.

In some odd way it seemed to him that he himself was the stone which he had cast into the mouth of the shaft to fall six hundred feet through air and to sink through water half as far again; that he himself had vanished into the blackness; had struck against the projecting rock, and thence downward, mangled, bleeding, had spun back and forth between the jagged walls—and so, at last, had fallen into the water with that soft hissing splash whereof the echo seemed still to be whispering in his ears.

All this was hideously real to him—and more: for he seemed to feel the sharp reviving chill of the water as he plunged deep into it, and then its loathsome foulness as he rose again and struggled on its slimy surface; to hear his own hopeless cries for help whilst he held fast for a time to a rough outjut from the rocky wall; to feel a numbing coldness stealing over his body, and breeding in his soul the more searching coldness of despair; to hear the gasp that he gave as his hold at last relaxed, and the gurgle in which that gasp ended as the slime and scum closed over him—and then to feel himself slowly sinking, sinking, sinking, down through three hundred feet of water to the very bottom of the Santa Clara mine.

(To be continued.)

WHAT MEN LIKE IN WOMEN.

BY RAFFORD PYKE.

TO tell just what it is that men like in women is much more difficult than to set forth the qualities which women like in men. The explanation of why it is more difficult will seem to many persons paradoxical, and to others quite untrue. The reason, however, is simply this: that men are in the main more superficial than women in all that concerns the emotional life, and therefore they show more variation in their tastes and preferences. This remark obviously demands development; yet a little reflection will show that it is in accordance with the facts. Women, whether educated or uneducated, whether old or young, are very much alike in their psychology. They all possess as a sex the qualities of intuition and of sensitiveness, and a capacity for strong affection. In many women these traits may be latent or only partially developed because of an unfavorable environment; yet they do exist and can be awakened to an intensely vigorous life by the compelling touch of one who has the innate power of appealing to them. Hence, the very subtlety and fineness of a woman's nature—of nearly every woman's nature—makes it possible for one to state with much precision just what particular attributes in man will please her.

Men, on the other hand, for the very reason that their psychology is simpler, are less to be depended on. In the sphere of which we are now speaking, they are very much like children whose attention is continually diverted from one thing to another, who have little reason and no settled tastes, and to whom analysis and introspection are unknown. They are very much upon the surface; and superficiality is far more puzzling in its vagaries than is any definite combination of enduring traits, even though this combination be a complex one. To tell the truth, with probably eighty per cent. of all the men one meets, the attraction which women have in their sight is a sex-attraction pure and simple. This is why the choice which the average man makes in selecting for himself a wife is a choice dependent almost wholly upon the accident of proximity. He falls in love with a particular woman, first of all because

she *is* a woman and because circumstances have thrown her in his way. In other words, the usual man seeks his mate, as do the other animals, at mating-time; and the mate is chosen almost wholly at the caprice of chance. How different would be the world if women had the same free power of choice! How different will it be in the near future when they acquire that power! How much happier will be the marriages and how much more lasting, even though they may be fewer! For the casual man there are always many women; for the true woman there is only the one man.

Now just because, in the case of the great majority of men, the sex-attraction is the dominating motive, and because there is in this nothing which demands analysis, we may put aside from our discussion of what men like in women any reference to the eighty per cent. who do not count and whose crude tastes are wholly elementary; and we may rather turn to those who blend the strength of the man with the fineness of the woman, who have looked upon life with the gaze of perfect penetration, who can both deeply feel and fully understand, and who have mastered all the secrets of the supreme art of living. To know what these men like in women deserves a very careful study; for it will involve an exposition of what it is in woman that makes her the most glorious of all God's creatures.

In the first place, however, it is necessary to admit that with reference to one thing which is usually regarded as important to a degree, it is quite impossible to speak with any definiteness. This is the question of personal beauty. Every man will say that he admires a beautiful woman and indeed expects her to be beautiful; yet no two men are wholly in accord when they try to give expression to their conception of what feminine beauty is. In beauty there exists no absolute ideal, but every definition given will represent only the preference of a particular temperament. The artistic notion of beauty, based upon classic regularity of features, is, I think, coming to be less and less important every year; or if not less important theoretically,

at least less really cared for. What most appeals to the majority of men is a winsome face, a face that is very human in its suggestions—mobile, expressive, sympathetic, and made piquant by just the faintest bit of archness. For the rest, it would be absurd to say anything specific. To the man who is worth while, indeed, I think that beauty really counts for very little. There is even a kind of plainness that has a distinct attraction of its own, so that some of the greatest passions of which we possess any record have been inspired by women in whom even ordinary good looks were wholly lacking. The fact is that if a woman have the traits and attributes which I am going to enumerate, the man who cares for her will soon behold them all reflected in her face; and then that face will come to be for him supremely beautiful, the one face in the world, the face that will endure forever in his memory.

There is one thing, however, which appeals to every man of taste and of imagination, and that is grace. Awkwardness in a woman is very hard to overlook. Perhaps grace is admired the more by men because it is the last thing which they ever acquire themselves. But apart from this, a graceful woman charms alike the eye and the artistic sense,—in the slightest inclination of her body, in the ease and beauty of her every gesture, and in the sinuous undulation of her walk. And more essential even than grace is daintiness, an exquisite regard for all the niceties of daily life. A woman does not become dainty merely from taking thought. By care, by attention, by making it a subject of study, any woman may be made neat and wholesome, and she may surround herself with dainty things; yet all this will not quite be daintiness in the full meaning of the word. It is just as likely to make her finical and fussy, "old maidish" and impossible. In fact, nothing that contains an element of self-consciousness is ever wholly genuine. True daintiness is nature's gift. One is conscious of it, without defining it. In short, it is not so much a concrete, visible manifestation as it is an atmosphere surrounding its possessor with an exquisite refinement which we enjoy as we enjoy the faint and almost imperceptible fragrance of a

delicate flower. These things, however,—beauty and grace and daintiness—belong to the externals of our subject and are essentially superficial. Far more important are those which now demand consideration.

I suppose that the quality in woman which first attracts a man's more serious attention is the quality of responsiveness. Women know this by a sort of instinct, or at any rate they seem to; for every woman of experience tries to be responsive. Like daintiness, however, responsiveness, while it may be imitated, cannot possibly be acquired; for it depends not merely upon social amiability and social tact, but upon genuine sympathy and a very high order of intelligence. The woman who meets you for the first time and at once manifests an intense interest in the things that are supposed to be of interest to you; who smiles and utters little exclamations of surprise or wonder or delight at what you tell her; and who is so keenly alive to everything that you say or do—such a woman thinks she is responsive, but as a matter of fact she isn't. If you are a very limited sort of person you may be flattered by the show of interest, which may, indeed, be genuine interest. It is not, however, true responsiveness. The responsive woman is the woman of sure sympathy. When she meets you, she comes at once into complete intellectual harmony with you, not from any effort on her part but just because she is so sensitive to impressions, so instantaneous in her perceptions, and so marvelously certain in her understanding that she can feel everything just as you feel it, and for the time see everything precisely as you see it. And in all this she is so very different from the artificially responsive woman. She does not necessarily say much; there is no perpetual flow of words, no shower of exclamation points, no coruscation of brilliant smiles. Perhaps, indeed, she will say very little, if that happens to be her mood; but her responsiveness is just as perfect none the less. The kindling eye, the flushing face, the quick glance of comprehension, the eager clasping of the hands—this is enough. A man is always at his best with such a woman, for she inspires him and stimulates him to the full extent of all his powers.

She never flatters him in any vulgar way and she never means to flatter him in any way whatever; but her perfect understanding of his thought, his purpose and his achievement constitutes the subtlest flattery of all. And her instinct is unerring. She never makes mistakes. Whether she is familiar with a particular subject or whether it is wholly new to her, her quick intelligence serves her well. In the one case her criticism and appreciation are illuminating; in the other case, her very questions are wonderfully keen. The woman who laboriously tries to be responsive or who is unintelligently responsive is forever driving men to the verge of exasperation by missing the real point of everything; by looking at it through a sort of fog, or getting everything so utterly askew that the effect mentally is like that which is produced musically by a person who sings off the key. But the really responsive woman knows everything almost before the word is spoken. Her intuition runs ahead of explanation. Her eager mind, instead of following, flies along, as it were, hand in hand with yours. She flashes her thought into the dark places and they become clear as day. She is stimulating, exhilarating, inspiring; and in the fineness and completeness of her sympathy lies the key to the comradeship of souls.

Comradeship! How terribly that word has been abused during the past few years! A lot of shallow, prying, restless women, filled with an intense curiosity about life's secrets, but having no standards whatsoever to prevent them from becoming either pitiful or ridiculous,—these women have clothed themselves in the tawdry guise of a cheap Bohemianism, a frowsy, vulgar Bohemianism that bears no more likeness to true Bohemianism than the raucous squalling of a drunken beldame bears to the liquid, golden notes of a great lyric artist. But these uneasy women, knowing nothing better, and being, in their mediocrity, capable of nothing that is nearer the life of true significance, rid themselves of as many of the conventions as is possible and seek to cultivate what they have heard described as "the artistic temperament." Yet as it is not easy to cultivate that which one does not possess, these mock Bohemians attain at the most to an unnatural and

thoroughly discreditable *pose*. They never dream that Bohemianism in reality is a mental attitude and not a particular mode of living, and that the true Bohemian may be found as readily in the straitest sect of social Brahmanism as in the *cabarets* of the Quartier Latin or the studios of Washington Square. The most eagerly sought of all the privileges of Mock Bohemia is the privilege of "comradeship," of having numerous male friends with whom may be put aside ostentatiously the reserves by which social usage has recognized the difference of sex. To go where you please with whom you please; to say what you like to any one you like,—these things belong to "comradeship" as Mock Bohemia understands the word. What it all means is simply this: that these women, having neither the intelligence which could make all themes attractive, nor the temperament which could inspire and retain a genuine passion, nor the courage which could face the world and think it all well lost for love, delight themselves with verbal escapades. Passionless, prurient and cowardly, they profess a contempt for Philistinism and a devotion to frankness; and hence, in their talk with men they stick at nothing; while in their acts they draw back, not because of principle, but for fear of shame. Their pretense is that they are merely exercising a natural freedom which emancipates them from the fetters of sex. Actually, they are forever seeking the salacious, and exciting in themselves by its discussion with their "comrades" the vulgar sensations which are imperfect, to be sure, but wholly safe.

Now the man who is worth while loves nothing better than a woman comrade, one whom he can like intensely and with whom his friendship can be more unreserved, more satisfying and more tender than the friendship of man with man can ever be. Yet his idea of a comrade is not to be found among these insincere, promiscuous, tiresome, posing creatures, whose minds are commonplace, whose company is given to every comer, and whose whole mental attitude suggests a very slightly veiled effrontery, a latent leer. The true comrade, the one who makes life worth the living, is the woman who carries her external daintiness into her thought and the

expression of it; who is responsive because a strong appeal has been made to her temperament and to her emotions; who has sentiment without the mawkishness of sentimentalism; whose self-respect forbids her to be cheap; who discriminates, and is indifferent to the commonplace; who is frank without one false note, and fearless without folly; and who can be wholly natural and unreserved and yet not lose a shade of the respect without which neither love nor friendship can endure. This is the comrade for the man who is worth while,—a comrade with whom it is always a delight to be, one whose charm is never staled, and one whom every day brings closer to him by the infinite number of little interests, little memories and little understandings which they have in common. For he knows that what she gives is given just to him and not to every one; and he prizes it because it is all so exquisite and rare.

What mental gifts does a man best like in woman? Those that are essentially a woman's. There are women who profess to think and who delight to say scornfully that a man always prefers a woman whose mind is inferior to his own, lest she should rival him and show herself to be his equal. This is no doubt true of some men, but never of the man who is worth while. Unless a woman is in every way his equal, the attraction which she has for him can never be complete, but there will here and there be shown the lack of sympathy which comes from lack of knowledge. Yet while he wishes her to have an intellect in no respect inferior to his, he wishes it to be a woman's intellect. This is a proposition that so many theorists fail to understand; that the normal woman differs from a man in mind, precisely as she differs from him in body. It is absurd to speak of a man's mind as superior to a woman's. There is no question of superiority or of inferiority, but only a question of the difference between them. It is so extraordinarily odd that the theorists fail to note the significance of what Nature everywhere has taught. For Nature, wherever it is possible to be shown externally and physically, accentuates and stresses the fact that there is a difference between man and woman. Why assume for a moment that the same difference does not continue to

the end—throughout everything in their whole being? Indeed, the difference of sex is void of all deep meaning if it stops with what is purely physical and does not go further still until in every minutest phase—mental, emotional, and physical alike—it renders man and woman not the duplicates but rather the complements each of the other, each giving what the other lacks, in a union which makes them feel complete and whole at last. And so what man desires in woman is not a mind superior to his own nor yet inferior, but one that is the complement of his—one that is at the same time receptive and suggestive—in other words, a mind that mates with his precisely as a body mates with his. The subtleties of this mental mating are not to be here dwelt upon. Like every phase of the whole subject, they require a volume for their accurate analysis; and failing that, they may be left with just this passing mention.

If we declare that a man very dearly loves a woman to be dependent upon him, we shall give a text from which the strong-minded sisterhood will preach many a pertinent sermon. "Aha!" they will say; "see the tyrant peeping out at last!" But they will be wholly ignorant in this as they are in so much else. It is true that there are men who like dependence in a woman and who like to make her feel the burden of dependence, because of an innate love of bullying. But of men like these we are not speaking. The man who is worth while derives an exquisite pleasure from the dependence of a woman, because this dependence appeals to all that is generous and chivalrous and tender in his nature. That one he loves should look to him for everything—protection, maintenance and happiness—what else can be so thrilling to a manly man? To give is sweeter than to get; the appeal of a woman's weakness is more powerful than any other motive in the world. And this is not said especially of material things, since all that may be taken quite for granted. Where a man most loves to feel a woman's absolute dependence on him and where he loves to give the most, is in the myriad little things that belong to sentiment, the finest, truest sentiment which considers the slightest thought and word

and act as of infinite importance, because in some way it concerns that which is the most tremendous thing in human life. The dependence, then, that a man likes to recognize in woman is not a material dependence, but a spiritual one; and if he desires to give much, it is only because he has received so much. He wants her to depend on him, because in his soul he knows that he depends on her.

Finer than any other single trait in woman, because it is rarer, is perfect frankness, not in word alone, but in thought and act,—the courage of conviction, the splendor of sincerity. Women for countless ages have cherished a tradition which has now become a fixed belief with the vast majority of womankind, a tradition that it is a grave mistake to lay bare their whole heart even when they feel the deepest, and that a man's serious interest is more firmly held and endures the longer when he is kept in ignorance of how truly he is cared for. This feeling is at the base of every form of coquetry. It teaches women to play at indifference even when their very bones are turned to water and when their hearts are melting like wax before the flame of their desire. It makes them strive against their nobler instincts, in order to pique and puzzle and perplex. It bids them say 'no' when they mean 'yes,' and to hesitate and vacillate when they really have made up their minds beyond the shadow of a doubt. They have been taught to believe that a man values most that of which he is never wholly sure, and that he will think but lightly of what is given to him freely and frankly and without reserve. There is a certain element of truth in this, but it applies only to cheap men and to cheap women. To the man who is worth while, this very frankness and complete abandonment of self possesses a charm supreme above all other charms that woman ever shows. Coquetry is in itself so poor a thing, it is so universal, that it simply wearies one who has a wide experience of life. Every milkmaid can assume it, and therefore only the very usual man regards it as attractive. It is one of the many forms and symbols of caprice; and there is nothing that so quickly tires love as pure caprice when once it becomes a woman's second nature. It means continual exasperation, continual

disappointment, perpetual doubt, and an apprehension which in the end becomes indifference and coldness. The last thing that a woman will give up is her pride; but the man who is worth while knows that no woman ever truly, deeply, and passionately loves until her pride has become to her a thing of no account,—a thing to be trampled under foot with a fierce exultation in the thought that even this she is sacrificing for the one man of her life. Hence, while the tricks and small pretenses of the flirt, the insincerities and hesitations of the woman who still holds something back, may fascinate the man who does not count, they merely bore the one who is worth while.

Grace, daintiness—essential elements of "charm"—are what men like in women. Responsiveness that springs from an instinctive and intelligent sympathy; fineness of thought and delicacy of feeling; the interpretative and suggestive mind; the gentleness that appeals to strength; the sincerity that thinks no shame and that is loyal beyond even the appearance of untruth; and the frankness that gives all and asks all without fear,—these I think are the traits which render their possessors supreme among their sex. To have felt their influence is in itself enough to make life worth the living. They glorify friendship and they deify love. Indeed, unless in some measure they are all united, true love cannot exist, for true love is the love that lasts. The love that lasts is too divine a thing to be often met with in this imperfect world of ours; yet one must fain believe in it, because it sometime can be found. Springing first of all from the sympathy of two kindred souls and exquisitely blended with respect and reverence, made firm by single-hearted loyalty, and penetrated by the sacred mystery of passion, it is the greatest and most beautiful of all God's gifts. It draws its marvelous power from within, and nothing that is external can prevail against it. The passing years add strength and confidence. Adversity serves only to attest its truth. Not even death itself can daunt it, since love is life; and in the lowering presence of the grim Destroyer it rises undismayed, a rare and radiant spirit—triumphant, invincible, immortal.

THE JOKE OF THE SEASON.

BY CLARA MORRIS.

REGGIE DE BRETT'S sudden marriage in the South, a year and a half ago, had created a veritable sensation. At first people were fairly stupefied with amazement. Reggie, the pursued, the invulnerable, was married?

After a bit, two questions were asked: "Who and what was she?"—meaning the bride—and, "What would Kate Willoughby say?"

But, through a combination of disappointment, fury, strong hysterics and a loquacious maid, the second question was answered first and every one knew just what Kate Willoughby *had* said, and as that handsome termagant had a fluent and picturesque vocabulary, she had added greatly to the interest of the situation.

Every one realized that she had come an awful cropper, since James Willoughby was lying almost at the point of dissolution, and the general opinion had been fairly expressed by a young fellow who had slangily remarked: "If Willoughby does drop off, I don't see how Reggie is going to hedge. I fancy he'll have to make good and marry the relief!" And here was Cousin Kate's chance wiped out by this incomprehensible marriage.

And then young Gordon, the poet—who, though ten years his junior, was Reginald De Brett's closest friend—received a long, long letter inclosing a delicious miniature, with the request to take it at once to his jeweler and have it framed after the sketched design. Many were the "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" of the favored men who saw it—while the women cried, "A child like that to capture Reggie De Brett!" or, "No doubt it's idealized out of all resemblance to the original!"

In which they were wrong—for the picture was a very excellent likeness of Alma Lee Cary—or, to be exact, Mrs. Reginald De Brett. She seemed almost a reincarnation of the young creature Greuze had so often painted—with all her flowerlike delicacy of complexion—with the same low, wide forehead, the long, free sweep of eyebrow, the upcurling lashes, the purplish-blue eye, the almost babyish curve of cheek and the short upper lip that just revealed a pearly line of little teeth.

Mrs. Cary, who adored romance, sympathized with De Brett's sudden surrender to her daughter's charms; appreciated, too, his wealth and position, as any mother would, and helped on his courtship, wearing herself thin as thread-paper preparing for the rushed-on marriage, and when, for a stolen moment, out on the vine-draped veranda in the moonlight, De Brett had gathered his little bride in his arms and kissed her girlish cheek; when, with tears gathering in his eyes, he prayed—the first time in many a long year—that he might make her happy, it would have been hard for his gay friends in New York to recognize him.

Yet this seeming change was not so very wonderful after all. It was but a return to first principles—a resumption of his original character, when as a studious and thoughtful, even poetic, youth he had known what ambition was, had respected age, honored virtue and worshiped beauty; when, in spite of his wealth, he might have done something worth while, had not his half-brother Robert De Brett—ten years older than himself—taken him in hand, directly he came into his inheritance, and turned him by force of precept and example into what he called a man of the world.

And Bob De Brett had had two years of keen enjoyment in rubbing off the glittering dust from Reggie's butterfly wings. He had really taken some trouble to make the boy see in every fair maiden a probable Delilah, and in every splendid Delilah a veritable harpy; and he often declared that but for him Reggie would have been harnessed double with a two-year-old; but now—ah! it would take an unusual hand to bit and bridle that clever youngster.

Pursued in season and out of season, the time came when he sought protection in a friendship with Cousin Kate. They were both clever, both worldly-wise, and yet for a time they actually played at that laughter-stirring old game of platonic friendship—for, pray, when did ever man or woman see a sharp-edged tool without desiring to handle it? They are always so sure *their* fingers cannot be cut, though the sharp, pretty things may have wounded others cruelly.

And now here was Kate Willoughby, full of malice and all uncharitableness, hiding smarting, bleeding fingers beneath her violet-breathing laces, while with a clever assumption of grieved friendliness she declared that though she feared dear Cousin Reggie had made a mistake in marrying so very young a girl—and an outsider too, as one might say—still she had always been awfully fond of Reggie, and she would stand by him now and do anything she could for his young wife.

And though the women who listened smiled a little and said, "How clever, how very clever of Kate, to take it that way!" in their hearts they rather pitied the young girl, and hoped that Reggie would select for her some more loyal pilot.

The night before the home-coming of the bride and groom, Kate Willoughby was the hostess of a theater-party. She was one of the night beauties who are always at their best under artificial light, and her close princess steel-colored gown, netted over with silver embroidery, as it glittered against the dull-red lining of her long wrap, suggested a suit of armor; and malicious Lil Melton whispered to her companion: "Ah! it's war! You see Cousin Reggie has cast down the gauntlet and Cousin Kate, in full armor, takes it up!"

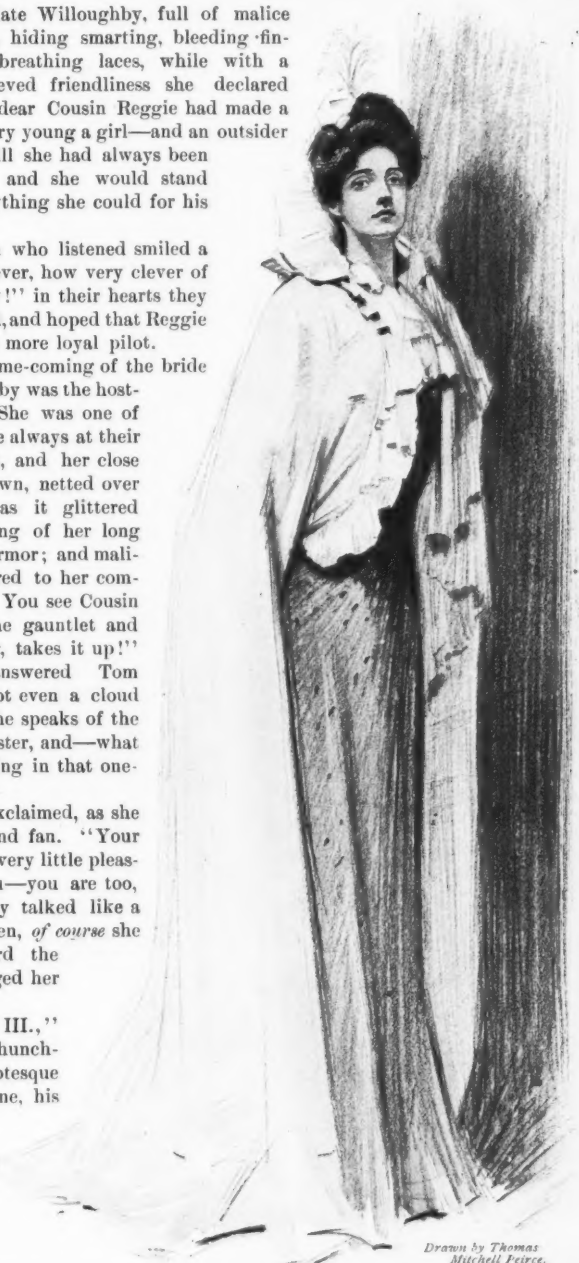
"What nonsense!" answered Tom Wentworth. "There's not even a cloud of war in sight. Why, she speaks of the De Bretts like—like a sister, and—what the deuce are you laughing in that one-sided, sneery way for?"

"Oh, you men!" she exclaimed, as she accepted her opera-glass and fan. "Your future wife, Tom, will get very little pleasure out of managing you—you are too, too easy. Kate Willoughby talked like a sister, did she? Well, then, *of course* she feels like a sister toward the young thing who has bagged her game!"

The play was "Richard III.," and at the close of the hunch-shouldered hypocrite's grotesque courtship of the Lady Anne, his contemptuously triumphant words,

"I'll have her—but I will not keep her long,"

made Mrs. Willoughby start violently. They seemed to have been shouted in her very ear.



Drawn by Thomas Mitchell Peirce.

"SHE FEARED DEAR COUSIN REGGIE HAD MADE A MISTAKE IN MARRYING SO VERY YOUNG A GIRL."

"I will not keep her long," she repeated. Her lips tightened, her eyes grew cold—she had caught a cue from the play. Reginald should not keep Alma long! But how should she work? And like a direct answer to her question came the words of the play:

"And I no friends to back my suit withal
But the plain devil and dissembling looks!"

Next day she welcomed Mr. and Mrs. De Brett, receiving Reggie with wounded dignity and Alma with a pitying patronage that made them both very uncomfortable.

To the great satisfaction of De Brett, his wife was much admired, partly because of her petite figure, partly because of her frank enjoyment of the courtesies extended to her—though some there were who declared the "pocket Venus" was a bit behind the times, and more than once Lil Melton, noticing in what red silence she listened, pulled up short in the story she was telling, remarking afterward, "It was like talking to a baby from Sunday-school."

From the first De Brett had been a little afraid that Alma had married him to please her adored mother. She was a shy little creature, and sometimes with a pang he noticed that she seemed freer, more fearless, with others than with himself. He loved her too well not to watch her closely and he had not been slow to discover that whenever Cousin Kate was in the ascendant, Alma's timidity toward himself increased. Therefore he swept her away "on a little furniture hunt" abroad, as he called it, and to his delight he found her turning to him with the confidence he longed for.

And now he was home again. He was a year and a half married, a lover-husband and—miserable! For two or three months he had been aware of his wife's changed manner toward him. Not only had her former timidity returned, but it had developed, it seemed to him, into absolute fear. If he looked long at her, the color rose hot in her cheeks. And now this morning he was striding up and down, up and down the library floor, repeating over and over again the words he had just seen in a letter to his wife.

She had not come down to breakfast—a thing that had occurred often of late—and in loverlike fashion he had taken the tray from the maid. Adding to the coffee and oranges—for Alma still clung to her

Southern habits—a lovely bunch of violets, he had softly entered his wife's room. She had been reading some letters and had fallen asleep again with one spread open under her hand. As he stole to her side, his eye had fallen on the well-known writing of Mrs. Cary, and almost unconsciously he read the words: "You see I can't, my child. But who or what on earth has given you such an idea of your husband? You must confide in him at once. It is an outrage to deceive"—Alma's fingers covered the next words. With trembling hands he placed the tray upon a small table near the bed and withdrew, and though he heard her waking exclamation, he hurried to the library, where he raged up and down, trying to understand the meaning of the words. What idea of him had his wife, then? Had Kate—? Oh, surely not that! "It is an outrage to deceive." Good God! That baby—only a year and a half out in the world! Had the secret corruption of some of these brilliant and beautiful creatures tainted already the wholesome honesty of her nature? What was it she should confide to him at once? He winced with pain at the thought that his beloved could take to her mother a trouble that she had not dared to confide to himself.

Rapidly he passed in review the men of their acquaintance, without finding any one to hang a suspicion upon—unless, perhaps, Brooke Otis, the man who had named her the "Pocket Venus" and who proclaimed her waltzing to be divine? True, she had favored him outrageously at all dances, but to her it meant no more than an honest enjoyment of his perfect step. No, it is not Otis! Doctor Lefevre— Ah, could it be? But that would be monstrous! He was older than Reggie's self, three or four years. He had known Alma in her babyhood. He always persisted in calling her by her old home name—"Lee." He had made his fortune in the North. He was retired now. He was—yes, he certainly was a very handsome man—a fine figure, a perfect manner, silvery, wavy hair, a Van Dyke beard and glowing dark eyes, and—and—why, come to think of it, he had been Alma's shadow lately! "The scoundrel! The double-dyed scoundrel!" raged De Brett.



Drawn by Thomas Mitchell Peirce.

"DE BRETT . . . WRAPPED ALMA IN THE FUR-LINED GARMENT OF IVORY VELVET."

He recalled Alma's radiant delight at finding in New York this old friend of her babyhood, and he felt again the jealous twinge that came to him when Doctor Lefèvre had called her "Lee" in first greeting. The longer he thought, the surer he became of Lefèvre's ill conduct.

Why, he thought, had he not married again? His wife had been dead five years. It was a doctor's duty to be married. As for himself, he had learned a lesson. He would immediately engage the services of some ugly but clever old crank and forswear the care of this handsome Lefèvre! Ah! he must have a speedy understanding with his wife! But how was he to bring it about? He could not say to her, "I read your letter as you slept." He knew he would simply wither before the reproach of those adorable eyes. Perhaps she would follow the advice of her mother and confide in him. Good heavens! what hideous suggestion there was in the term, "Confide in him"! And yet, would not Mrs. Cary be more likely to counsel deception, secrecy, if there were any serious fault in her daughter's conduct? "Oh, my wife!" he groaned, "if you would only end this suspense for me!"

He could not hide a certain change in tone and manner from Alma nor from the bright, ever-watchful eyes of Cousin Kate—who saw with joy the slight coldness in Reggie's manner. "Ah!" she whispered to herself, "he plays my game for me! I have done my best to frighten her, but just a little sustained coldness from him and she will herself suggest a visit home to mama, and then—oh, then!" She bit her red lips savagely and her eyes gleamed. "Only let me get them apart once, for ever so short a time, and I'll have my innings! Poor, sympathetic Reggie! I wonder what he would do if he knew that I have convinced his Alma that he has a shrinking horror of sickness, that ill health in another is absolutely repellent to him, and that a wife who could not steadily stand the racket of the gayest set in town would be a mortification hard to bear?" And here were the coldness in Reggie and the weariness and pallor of Alma—and Kate rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

It happened that Doctor Lefèvre was one of their guests at dinner that night. De

Brett thought he had never seen so small a woman carry herself with such dignity as did his wife, but was it the pale blue of her gown that drank up all her color, or was she pale—very pale? A pang of pity shot through him as he saw the frightened look leap into her eyes at sight of him. But she was brave and chattered lightly and brightly until some one asked if she were going to the Baileys' dance, and she answered, "No!"

"I think Cousin Alma would be cruel to herself to give him a waltz after the fainting-fit the last one produced," said Kate.

"What?" exclaimed De Brett, sharply, "Alma fainted? When? Where?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Kate confusedly; "I thought you knew."

"It was nothing," replied Alma lightly, though drops of moisture stood on her temples—"a mere dizziness."

"Oh!" again said Kate, "I'm glad—I was quite given to understand it was a prolonged faint, causing much anxiety."

"Ah, those three black crows are still in evidence," smiled Doctor Lefèvre, "and the Barrons' rooms are always as hot as Tophet—hence the story of a profound fainting."

Alma looked gratefully at him and declared her intention of going to the opera.

Watching, Reggie saw the quick frown of the doctor at Alma's words about the opera. He saw, too, the absolutely beseeching look in her eyes as she said: "You will look in on us, will you not, Doctor?—for I really must go to-night. Then I shall have seen and heard every Juliette in the company, tall or short, cold or warm."

The conversation became semi-musical then and quite general, but De Brett saw that while the doctor smiled down upon the lady on his right, his left hand gently pushed Alma's wine-glass into her fingers, and that she, obeying a glance from him, drank, and for a moment he sat in absolute blind rage, so perfectly evident was it that an understanding existed between them.

As an attendant was coming downstairs with Alma's wrap, she and the doctor stood waiting for it, and De Brett, approaching from behind some palms with the glove his wife had let fall as she passed from the drawing-room, heard the doctor say: "It must cease, Lee. It must, my

dear! If anything serious happens, what becomes of my reputation? And——"

"Your glove!" interrupted a cold voice, which went on quickly, addressing the attendant. "To me, Jayson!" and turning his back upon the doctor, De Brett himself with deft, experienced hands wrapped Alma in the fur-lined garment of ivory velvet.

As they drove to the opera-house, Alma tried to talk and act as usual, though the absence of the tenderness of which Reggie had ever before been so lavish wounded her cruelly.

Oh, she thought, if Reggie were ill or threatened with a



Drawn by Thomas Mitchell Peirce.

"DO I NOT UNDERSTAND NOW, DEAR?"

breakdown of nerves, how she would envelop him with love and tenderness! She would never, never draw coldly away from him. But she would be crying in a moment and that would make him hate her—"Oh, I beg your pardon—you said——?"

"I asked how often you see Doctor Lefèvre," came in cutting tones from the other corner of the brougham.

"How often? I don't know. About once a week—professionally, that is, and"—laughing forcedly—"almost every day socially."

"Where?" curtly demanded the voice from the corner.

"Where? Oh, par-ci, par-la," which was a most unfortunate little speech. Never could De Brett endure hearing her speak an unnecessary word of French—perhaps because Cousin Kate had used that language so very much in times past.

"Are your daily meetings so very complicated," he growled angrily, "that you require two languages to explain them? For heaven's sake, don't adopt the habit of injecting French into ordinary conversation—leave that to Kate Willoughby!"

"I might justify myself by saying that this does not seem to be an ordinary conversation," Alma answered, with quivering lips. "But I stand convicted of an error in taste—an error I shall not repeat."

But before the opera was over, such a mortal pallor had settled upon her face that De Brett insisted upon taking her home at once.

Reggie's anger melted before the evident suffering of his little wife. In the darkness of the brougham he drew her to him and pillowed her throbbing head on his shoulder, and she felt that for a few moments she was back in her paradise.

Next day, as De Brett returned from a morning canter in the park—a pleasure Alma had shared with him up to a few weeks ago—he saw a messenger hand in a letter.

"I'll take it," he said to the man, as he entered, and with it he went into the library. It was from Lefèvre—it was addressed to his wife, and was unsealed. He never stopped to consider right or wrong, he was a jealous husband and he acted like one. He drew out the letter and read:—

"MY DEAR CHILD: I told you last night this must cease, and now I am summoned hastily to the South on business, and truly I am not sorry for it."—"The coward," sneered Reggie, "he is glad to leave her to face the music alone."—"I have always been very weak in your hands, little Lee, or I could not have been induced to help on this foolish deception—for it is foolish, though if it goes a step further it may cause serious results.

"I heard whispers, child, the night you fainted—there were other whispers from those close to you, when you withdrew from your box last night. Believe me, your husband will never pardon you—not in his heart, at least—if these whispers reach him, if he hears what there is to hear from any one but you. Why have you listened to that woman? I do not believe one small word of her cruel statements. Go to De Brett, put your fears behind you, be a brave little woman and tell him your secret. If retirement follows—why, still be brave. Your mother and I will try to make it endurable for you.

"Hoping that before this day is done all will be well with you, beloved daughter of my best friend, I remain,

"Cordially yours,

"BURTON LEFÈVRE."

With a groan De Brett threw himself into a big arm-chair and closed his eyes. He was not utterly stupid, only partly so. He recalled Mrs. Cary's words, "Who has given you such an idea of your husband?" Now he added the words of the doctor, "Why have you listened to that woman?" And he asked: What woman? Who would be likely to make "cruel statements" about him? Who but Cousin Kate? Bah! how he loathed that word "cousin"! She was no cousin of his! Poor Alma! She had always been a timid, tender little thing. But how could this secret understanding with Lefèvre be explained? He turned his head wearily in miserable perplexity, and just then he heard the soft trailing of skirts across the floor, the tap of heels on the polished spaces between the rugs, and opened his eyes to see Alma before him.

She looked very fragile for all her loveliness, and De Brett frowned anxiously as he rose to offer her a chair. She refused it,

however, saying with a little laugh that she was too nervous to sit—though, if he pleased, she would like to speak to him.

For a moment they faced each other in silence, then De Brett coldly, curtly exclaimed, "Well?" At which Alma shrank back with a startled "Oh!" as if he had hurt her. While she stood there hesitating, one tremulous hand sought the support and comfort of the other, and as the little fingers locked and unlocked themselves, a great longing, difficult to restrain, came upon him to seize the little helpless members and cover them with kisses.

"I—I have not pleased you lately, Reggie," she began at last, "though I have tried hard—and, really, I have not actually missed more than one or two things, you know. I—I know how dreadfully it will vex you to have your arrangements all upset for the season—but, dear, I—I can retire quietly and mama will be glad to have me, you know. And you—you have often told me how you enjoyed a cruise."

"In God's name!" he burst out, "what are you talking about? Have you been making plans for the winter without reference to me? Do you really imagine that I shall permit you to pass months in the South?"

"Oh, Reggie!" she gasped, "you would not send me anywhere else? You could not be so cruel!"

"Send you!" cried he. "I'm not sending you anywhere, but you are calmly arranging a winter South without my company."

She wrung her hands helplessly. "He doesn't understand," she murmured. "Shall I have to tell him?"

"Alma," De Brett exclaimed, "will you speak out plainly what you have to tell me? What is this cursed secret?"

"Oh, not that!" she cried in a tone of keenest pain, "not cursed! Oh, Reggie—never, never cursed!"

She lifted her hands to her head to push back the heavy waves of hair. "A little patience," she murmured brokenly. "I'll speak, dear, in a moment."

The fleecy mantle had slipped unnoticed from her shoulders, and she stood for an instant upright with both hands to her head. Suddenly De Brett's fingers clinched the arms of his chair, he leaned forward, his eyes widening, his breath coming quick and fast.

"Alma!" he gasped—as the lovely, tear-wet eyes met his eager, entreating glance, a perfect flood of crimson swept over brow and cheek and throat. "Alma! My wife!" he breathed, "do I not understand now, dear?"

Her face faded to waxen-white, her small hands clasped themselves upon her breast, but she bent her head in assent. And Reggie slipped down upon his knees before her and lifted the hem of her gown to his brow and to his lips, before she swayed forward in the faint she could no longer struggle against. When she opened her eyes, she found herself cradled in her husband's arms.

"It was not a cursed secret—was it, Reggie?" she whispered.

"No, little one," he said. "No! it was a blessed secret—but we must stop all this racketing about now, and live more quietly, more sensibly."

"We?" questioned Alma, "we?"

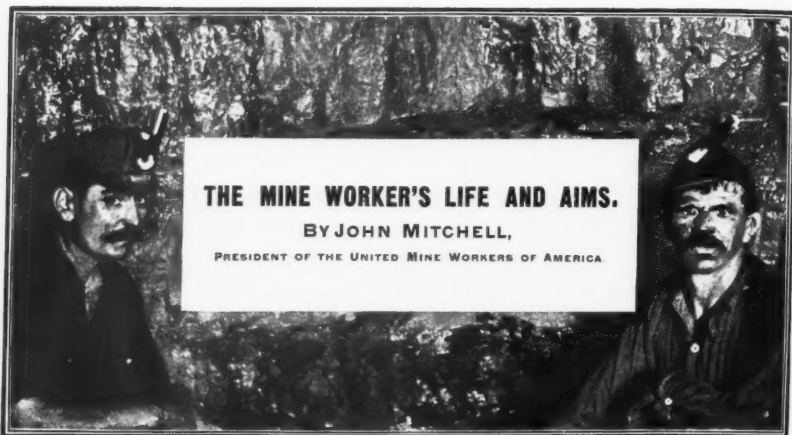
"Why, of course, sweetheart. We shall start next week for the South together. Did you suppose you were to be exiled alone?"

"Kate said so. She said you would be bored to dissolution—that ill health would revolt you, and that you would—would—loathe the baby!"

"Don't!" he said, "don't speak of that woman ever again if you can help it!"

And that is why the De Bretts are wintering in the South. That Alma should retire from society was of course natural, and perfectly correct—but Reggie, old invulnerable Reggie? That he should share that retirement, should content himself with walks and drives and boating, and a little home card-playing, was too bourgeois. The sensation created by his marriage is in a fair way to be eclipsed by the sensation of this retirement.

Whenever Gordon receives a letter from Reggie, the fellows at the club ask: "How does De Brett dress now? Does he wear floating Roman ribbons and cross-striped embroidered aprons or is he contented with a ruffled cap and a large white apron with shoulder-pieces?" and some one swears he will send him a Roumanian peasant's dress to wear at the christening. Meantime both men and women declare the De Brett retirement the joke of the season.



THE MINE WORKER'S LIFE AND AIMS.

BY JOHN MITCHELL,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED MINE WORKERS OF AMERICA

LITTLE is thought and less is known by the average magazine or newspaper reader concerning the lives, surroundings and environment of those who produce the originating motor power, the power which moves the wheels of commerce and industry and contributes so much to the civilization of the present day.

I refer to the four hundred thousand men and boys who delve in the bowels of the earth; removed from the sight of their fellow-beings; obscured from the rays of the sun; with hundreds, oftentimes thousands, of feet of rock between them and all that is dear to them; in a place which teems with dampness and danger; where not a day goes by without recording the death, by falls of rock, coal or slate, of more than one unfortunate miner; and where, at frequent intervals, by the explosion of gases which are permitted to accumulate in the mines, there are accidents by which the nation is appalled, humble homes are made desolate, wives made widows and children orphaned. These are the men that dig the dusky diamonds whose reddening glow cheers the hearthstone of the poor and rich alike, the product of whose labor is so essential to the welfare and happiness of society and to the progress of the world.

If all the conditions surrounding the lives of this heroic class of sturdy workmen were understood by the justice-loving

American people, they would not be surprised at the numerous strikes and suspensions which have from time to time interfered with commerce and industry, and on more than one occasion have threatened a complete paralyzation of the nation's activities.

It is impossible to portray in intelligible terms the exact conditions under which coal-miners work and live, because none but those who work in the mines can fully comprehend or realize the physical conditions prevailing there, as only those who work in them ever have opportunity for observation; and only those whose interests bring them into daily contact with mine workers or who are close students of statistical reports on coal-production are familiar with the startling truth that for every two hundred and seventy thousand tons of coal brought to the surface of the mine one employee's life is sacrificed, and five times that number are maimed and injured; in other words, of every four hundred and fifty men employed in the mines, one is killed and five are injured each year. This makes a total of nine hundred persons who yield up their lives each year, and of forty-five hundred who suffer serious injury. In no other industry in the United States are there so many fatalities in proportion to the total number of employees. But, sad and distressing as these facts may be, they are not the greatest source of discontent or complaint of this army of workers, for

whom life holds few charms and offers few opportunities.

A peculiar feature of the mining industry, and one which more than all others affects the interests of those employed in the production of coal, is the fact that nearly one hundred and fifty thousand more men are employed in the mines than are required to produce all the coal which it is possible for our nation to consume; that is to say that, while the consumption of coal at home and the export trade abroad amount, in the most prosperous year, to two hundred and fifty million tons, this enormous production gave only two hundred days' employment to the men

would fully relieve the mining industry of this apparent surplus of labor, for the reason that a vastly greater amount of coal is consumed in the winter months than at other periods of the year, and as bituminous coal cannot be kept in stock without deteriorating in value and quality, it follows that more coal must be produced in the winter season than in the summer; and consequently during these months all the workers are steadily employed. That this overplus of labor has disastrously affected the earnings of mine workers goes without saying; in fact, for many years prior to 1897 the tendency of wages was downward. The almost entire absence of combination



A COAL BREAKER IN THE PENNSYLVANIA ANTHRACITE REGION.

and boys at work in the mines. If the mines were worked three hundred days per year, they would produce at least one hundred and twenty-five million tons of coal more than is consumed at home or sold abroad. As a consequence of this abnormal condition, a miner is enabled to earn only about two-thirds as much wages as he would were he steadily employed; and as mining communities are, with few exceptions, isolated from the centers of industry in other lines, opportunity is not afforded the mine worker to employ profitably the one hundred days of enforced idleness due to the non-operation of the mine. Nor can any practical plan be adopted which

or organization among the workers made it possible for employers to depress the earnings of their employees almost uninterruptedly each year until, in the summer of 1897, the conditions of employment became so unbearable and the spirit of unrest and resentment so general that the bituminous, or soft, coal miners of the United States, having exhausted every peaceful measure at their command to secure redress for their wrongs, determined upon a suspension of operations in all of the states in which soft coal was mined. The date upon which the strike was to take effect was not even known to the miners themselves, they having instructed the officers of the then weak

and struggling organization (at a convention held in the spring of that year) to order a cessation of work at whatever time the officers believed to be most opportune, and the possibilities of success most promising.

July 4, 1897, will be a day long remembered by the soft coal miners of our country. A few days prior to that date, from the office of the national union of the miners, a proclamation was issued calling upon all men employed in or about the mines in the states of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, West Virginia, Kentucky and the western part of Pennsylvania to cease work and remain in idleness on and after Independence Day; and while the miners' organization at that time numbered less than eleven thousand members, one hundred and ten thousand men employed in the states named above threw down their tools, and the first great successful struggle for higher wages began. The contest continued until September 10th, at which time a conference between the representatives of the United Mine Workers of America and the owners of coal properties was held which resulted in a partial settlement advancing the earnings of the mine workers an average of twelve per cent. The following January, the miners and mine-owners of the central competitive coal-field, which embraces Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and western Pennsylvania, met in delegate convention in the city of Chicago and agreed that thereafter all disputes as to wages and conditions of employment should be adjusted by joint conference and conciliation rather than by resorting to the arbitrament of industrial war. The result was that an agreement was reached increasing the earnings of mine workers eighteen per cent, and reducing the hours of labor from ten to eight in the states just mentioned.

The Chicago conference of 1898 was followed by conventions in Pittsburg in 1899, Indianapolis in 1900 and Columbus in 1901. At the first two, further advances in wages and improved conditions of employment were secured for the mine workers; and it is a pleasure to record the cordial relations which now exist between these two forces, which were formerly so antagonistic. Both operators and miners concede that the adoption of this

humane and business-like method of adjusting all differences affecting conditions of employment is preferable to the old method of strikes and lockouts, with the consequent bitter suffering and loss of profits.

During the period in which the bituminous coal miners and operators were working out a solution of the labor problem, the anthracite, or hard, coal miners of Pennsylvania, one hundred and forty-two thousand in number, were suffering and chafing under the most humiliating conditions of employment conceivable. Wages were so low and employment was so irregular that parents were compelled to take their boys from school, sometimes when they were less than ten years of age, and put them to work in the breakers and the mines; and this, too, in spite of the fact that the laws of the state of Pennsylvania prohibit the employment of children at the mines until they have reached the age of twelve. For many years efforts had been made to organize the mine workers of the anthracite field, but owing to the struggle to establish equitable conditions of employment in the bituminous region, the miners' union was unable to concentrate a sufficient force in the anthracite district to bring about this result. During the years 1899 and 1900 further efforts were made in this direction, but the application of the blacklist, and the extreme poverty of the mine workers (which made it impossible for them to move to other fields should they be discharged), rendered the work discouragingly slow.

About this time it became obvious to the officers of the United Mine Workers of America that it would be necessary to inaugurate an aggressive movement in order to arouse from their lethargy the thoroughly subdued workers in the anthracite coal-fields. With this object in view a large force of organizers was assigned to work among the anthracite miners; and by constantly mingling with them and addressing meetings, sought to revive their hopes and rekindle in their hearts the spirit of resistance which we feared would be put to the severest test before the close of the year 1900. While this agitation among the workers was in progress, efforts were also being put forth, through the United Mine

Workers, to bring about a conference of representatives of the miners and the companies which operated the railroads and the coal-mines of that field. But, to our dismay, the operators, feeling sanguine that their employees would not engage in a strike should one be attempted, received our overtures with ridicule and disdain. Having no alternative but to abandon the field or engage in a strike which, if participated in by all of the producers of anthracite coal, would seriously affect the industry and commerce of the Eastern and New England States—provided it should

land—people differing widely in religious customs and observances, with racial characteristics and Old World feuds dividing them—speaking so many languages and dialects that one half scarcely knew what the other half said; yet one hundred and twelve thousand men and boys responded on the first day to the call for the strike; and this number increased day by day until, when the call for resumption of work was issued, one hundred and forty thousand were idle. These men, heretofore, had never known what it was to strike in unison; one section always working while



TYPICAL COAL-MINERS.

be prolonged for a period of time sufficient to consume the several million tons of coal then held in reserve by the anthracite operators—we decided upon the latter course; and on September 17th, the very eve of a presidential election, the most memorable struggle between capital and labor in the industrial history of our nation began.

With an organization of only eight thousand members in that field who were obligated to cease work upon the order of the miners' union; with a people the counterpart of which it would be difficult to find in any other section of this broad

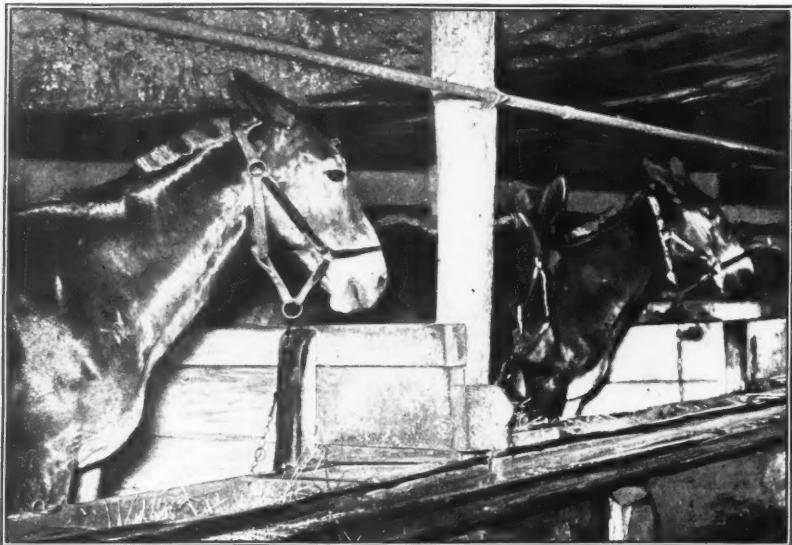
the other fought, thus making victory improbable because those remaining at work produced enough coal to supply the market and their idle brothers were ultimately starved into submission. But in this strike they seemed to be imbued with the single idea that in the struggle they must stand or fall together, and their devotion and loyalty to the organization and the principles it espoused were almost without a parallel.

No other industrial conflict of any magnitude has been characterized by such absence of rioting; it being a fact attested by the sheriffs of the several counties that

fewer arrests for lawlessness were made during the weeks from September 17th to October 29th, the day on which work was resumed, than for many months previous.

The successful prosecution and happy termination of this strike—the first ever won by the anthracite mine workers—secured for them an advance of ten per cent. in wages; a reduction in the price of powder and other supplies; the semi-monthly payment of wages in cash, and tacit recognition of their right to organize. Since the resumption of work, many further concessions have been obtained and the conditions of employment materially improved through

more than an animate machine. Prior to 1874 the miners were paid, by many of the companies, with scrip, which was exchangeable for provisions at the company store. The use of scrip was discontinued in 1874, but many of the companies still retained a system whereby payment was made in cash should the miner be so fortunate as to have anything coming to him after the house-rent, the bills for coal, for the grocer, the butcher and the doctor, had been deducted. The company paid the doctor an annual salary, and added the surplus collected from the miners to its profits. The general store was owned and



MULES STARTED IN THE MINE.

the instrumentality of their organization, which now embraces within its fold practically every man and boy employed in the mining industry in the anthracite region. And—what is, possibly, of greater concern and interest to the general public—hope and promise are held out that the same system which prevails in the bituminous fields, through which differences are adjusted without resorting to strikes, will also be adopted by the operators and miners in the anthracite district.

Until a comparatively recent date a careful system of espionage on the part of the company had made the mine worker little

operated by the company, although usually under another name than that by which the mining enterprise was known. In almost all cases the miners were compelled to choose between dismissal from employment and dealing at the company store, where prices were usually higher than at other establishments. By these means the men were rendered absolutely dependent upon the companies, often not receiving pay in cash from one year's end to another, and being deprived of all liberty of action in regard to their personal affairs. During the progress of the anthracite strike I was personally informed by a number of miners

that they had not received one cent of their earnings in cash for over eleven years. But, thanks to the work and the spirit of organization among the workers, many changes for the better have been made in this respect during the past few years; and, although these abuses still exist, they are much less common than formerly.

A trip through a mining town is very interesting, particularly in the anthracite field. First, most conspicuous and most important is the breaker, or tipple; next one notices the long rows of two- or three-roomed houses owned by the company or by some enterprising capitalist who finds the alluring disparity between outlay and income an incentive for investment in property of this character. These houses are often unpainted, and blackened by coal-dust and rains; but clean and shining within, the miners' wives being, as a rule, neat and tidy housekeepers. The only method of distinguishing one house from another is by the number placed above the door of each. In many of the towns these rows contain from ten to twelve houses and are built flush with the sidewalk, having a tiny back yard where there is, oftentimes,

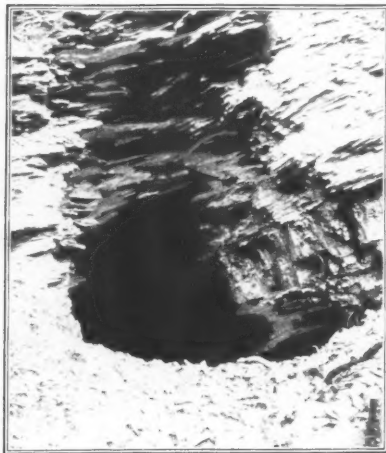


DRIVER-BOYS RETURNING MULES TO THE STABLE ON BEGINNING THE RECENT ANTHRACITE STRIKE.

a vegetable garden. Usually, in the larger towns, particular localities contain rows of six or seven double houses set slightly back from the walk, with a small front, side and back yard for each house; and evidences of thrift are often noticed in the vines trained above the door or over the porch which has been built by the miner on idle days. Flower-beds in front and side yards,



BREAKER-BOYS.



THE MOUTH OF A DRIFT.

and a garden in the back, make some of these places quite attractive. Again, rows of double houses are set down in bleak and barren spots where there is not the slightest trace of the verdure which clothes the side of the mountain near by. These houses are usually built two or three feet from the ground, and under them a shelter is afforded the chicken, the dog or the goat. Many of the non-English-speaking miners in the anthracite region keep goats. In the bituminous regions the miners who are able to afford it usually keep a cow, but the nature of the country in the anthracite districts, where the ground is rendered uneven by numerous cave-ins, makes it extremely perilous for cows to run at large; the nimble goat, however, is better able to avoid these dangerous places, and this, I presume, accounts for so many families owning goats.

The interior of the house of the mine worker, while barren of decoration, is usually scrupulously clean; and the few cheap knickknacks which serve as bric-à-brac evidence the desire of the wife to make home as attractive as possible upon the small sum at her command. The casual visitor is struck not only by the poor and unlovely aspect of the typical mining towns themselves, the pitiful endeavor to make the homes cheerful and comfortable, but also by the stoicism written indelibly upon the faces of the men and women one finds

there. Particularly is this true of the people of the anthracite field, where there are many who might well serve as models for Millet's famous French peasants; and more than one the hopeless dejection of whose countenance and bearing brings to mind Markham's touching poem, "The Man With the Hoe."

Of course, it is said by many that the mine workers are a shiftless, intemperate, illiterate lot, who are without ambition, who have no high and noble aspirations; but the many who say so do not know these people as I do; they do not pause to consider that practically all of these men and women have begun a life of drudgery at a very early age—at an age, in fact, when the children of the average American citizen are considered scarcely more than babies; that they have worked alone, away from the civilizing influence of contact with their fellow-beings, under such conditions and for such weary hours that neither thought nor time remained for recreation or for study. I know them to be as a class honorable and upright in the payment of their debts; I know that lack of honesty in matters of this kind means ostracism by their neighbors; I know that during strikes it is a common occurrence for one family to divide the last bit of bread in the house with a neighbor whose supply of provisions has become exhausted; and



A GROUP OF MINERS.

I know that the standard of morality among them will challenge comparison with that of any other class of people in our land. In my own experience I have many times witnessed acts of such heroism and self-sacrifice among them as to make the valorous deeds of our soldiers at home and abroad pale into insignificance by comparison; there are innumerable instances that can be cited in which mine workers, in the cave-ins which every now and then befall, have knowingly and willingly surrendered their lives in an effort to rescue their entombed fellow-workmen.

No words can more fittingly portray the sad story of the anthracite miner's life than an illustration accompanying this article. In the cut are seen several small breaker-boys, of tender years and frail physique, starting upon their careers as mine workers; and an old man who, with bent form and tottering steps, is ending his life in the very place and at the same employment in which he started when a lad. First, the boy of eight or ten is sent to the breaker to pick the slate and other impurities from the coal which has been brought up from the mine; from there he is promoted and becomes a door-boy, working in the mine; as he grows older and stronger he is advanced to the position and given the pay of a laborer; there he gains the experience which secures him a place as a miner's helper; and as he acquires skill and strength he becomes, when in the height of his manhood and vigor, a full-fledged miner. If he is fortunate enough to escape the falls of rock and coal, he may retain this position as a miner for a number of years; but as age creeps on



MINERS' WIVES AND CHILD.

and he is attacked by some of the many diseases incident to work in the mines, he makes way for those younger and more vigorous following him up the ladder whose summit he has reached. He then starts on the descent, going back to become a miner's helper, then a mine laborer, now a door-boy; and when old and decrepit, he finally returns to the breaker where he started as a child, earning the same wages as are received by the little urchins who work at his side.

Thus, in these few words, is told the simple story of an anthracite miner's life in its entire course from the cradle to the grave.

There is no incentive for ambition in the average miner's life. He cannot rise to places of eminence and wealth; only one in five hundred can even be given place as a foreman or superintendent, and these are positions which few miners care to hold. The work at the mines is wholly in charge of managers or superintendents the chief cause for whose retention and promotion is their ability to produce coal cheaply; and



MINERS' HUTS ON MINGO MOUNTAIN.

this has been usually accomplished by depressing the earnings of their employees, or insisting upon the performance of more work than men are physically able to do. I am of the opinion that the men who own the mines, those who hold the stock in the large companies and profit by this cheapness of production, do not know the means employed to secure it. They do not know the dangers which make a miner's life a daily sacrifice; they do not realize, as they bask in the comfortable glow of a coal-fire, that oftentimes the hearth of the man whose labor made their comfort possible is cold and cheerless because he cannot afford to buy enough of the coal which he has mined to keep his wife and babies warm.

As a people we are forgetful of the fact that every convenience we enjoy, every device that enhances our material comfort and ease, is purchased at the cost of infinite pains, and often of actual suffering, to others. We do not remember, when, by touching a button, the house or office is lighted or machinery is set in motion, that men have dug in darkness to furnish the power for the operation. We are unmindful of the fact, when the limited express or the ocean greyhound speeds us from ocean to ocean or from land to land, that those whose labor supplies the energy by which we are able to seek health or wealth or happiness in other climes, trudge from home to mine and from mine to home, year in and year out, too poor to avail

themselves of the facilities their toil has supplied; that they work belowground, scarcely seeing even the daylight beauties of the home neighborhood, with no opportunity to grasp the means of culture and refinement brought to our very doors from the Old and New World through their patient efforts.

If the great, sympathetic American public could see for itself, could know as I know the sorrows and the heartaches of those who spend their lives in the coal-

mines of our country, I am sure that they would give their unqualified support to every effort which is being made by the organizations of labor to ameliorate the conditions under which these men work, and to secure for them wages commensurate with their hazardous employment; thus enabling them to take the little

boys from the breakers and mines and place them, for a few years at least, in our schools, where they

properly belong, and where they may receive their birthright of education and enjoy the sunlight so needful to their physical development. To make this great movement a success we are bending our every effort, and we look with confidence to the American people for sympathy and support, for we are firm in the belief that any action which raises the standard of our citizenship confers upon our country a measureless blessing, the benefits of which will be increasingly apparent as the years go by.



BREAKER-BOYS CHEERING THE ORDER TO STRIKE.

FROM BREAKDOWN TO RAG-TIME.

BY CHARLES REGINALD SHERLOCK.

THE most genuine things that have been done upon the stage in the guise of negro portraiture are as far apart as 1830 and 1895. The attempt began with the breakdowns of Thomas D. Rice and George Washington Dixon and ends with the rag-time of May Irwin and Fay Templeton; as an example of fidelity to nature the "Jump Jim Crow" of sixty-five years ago is to be compared only to the modern "If You Ain't Got No Money You Needn't Come 'Round." In the main the intervening years have been filled with various forms of mimicry of the American negro that can be described in no other way than as broad caricature of the subject. You would look in vain in real life for the counterpart of the traditional darkey of the stage, as depicted so delightfully by a long line of negro minstrels, among whom performers like Dan Bryant, Eph Horn, Billy Birch, Charley Backus, Cool White, Nelse Seymour, Cal Wagner, Dan Emmett, Dave Reed, Sam Devere, Harry Stanwood, Hughey Dougherty, Billy Emerson, Lew Benedict, Milt Barlow, George Thatcher and George Wilson take rank as premiers. Amusing they were, beyond question, but

they sketched so roughly in burnt cork that their portrayals were as unreal as most of the theatrical "properties" which went along with them. It has been many years, indeed, since performers of the highest repute in negro minstrelsy have attempted to imitate even the dialect that still remains one of the distinguishing marks of

the race they represented. As a matter of fact, Dan Bryant—and who ever wore the sable mask with greater honor?—was never so happy as when singing "Shamus O'Brien" in black face and an Irish brogue! In costuming the different creations with which their fame was identified all these celebrities went to the farthest extremes, gross exaggeration being the invariable rule. With something akin to un-



From the collection of David Graham Warren.

AN OLD NEGRO MINSTREL POSTER.

nimity, negro delineation by the most famous performers has been distinguished by big feet and diminutive hats, trademarks that seemed destined to resist innovation for all time. Only with the advent of rag-time, four or five years ago, did this style of dress start on its way to the rag-man. So it happens that the stage copy of the genuine negro is to-day nearer the original in essential characteristics than any-

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FAY TEMPLETON.

peaked the nose of the negro of slavery days, has taken the kinks out of his wiry locks, and has holystoned his complexion, but the shuffle of the tarheel still remains, as do his ingrained love of song and dance, his heedlessness of life in general and his love of show in particular. In these traits, accentuated for theatrical purposes, he is being made visible to-day.

It is to be said, therefore, that the modern performer has ceased to seek the extreme and fantastic at the expense of truth, and is now going to original sources for his material. This is what was done at the beginning, or what may be termed the beginning, by Thomas D. Rice, whose "Jim Crow" was for so long a period the accepted type of the stage negro. Blackened faces had figured in the drama long before Rice's time—as far back as the date of a first production of "Othello"—but to him seems to belong the distinction of having brought the negro forward as a truthful picture. Rice, and Rice's predecessors in burnt cork, had "danced Juba" and executed breakdowns, in every description of motley wear, regardless of the actual quaintness of the droll people they pretended to represent. Rice found an old cripple of a nigger, doing odd jobs around a livery stable in Louisville,

thing that has gone before, for we have him in the modern form as New York knows him on Thompson Street, and as he disports himself in the colored colonies of other cities. Miscegenation, or something worse, has

and made him his own. By the closest mimicry he put "Jim Crow" on the stage, dressed in tatters as he dressed, shaking his palsied legs as he did and singing his very words:

"Wheel about, turn about,
Do jis' so,
An' every time I wheel about
I jump Jim Crow."

Rice seems to have originated the only real negro of his day. The cotton fields of Georgia, the sugar plantations of Louisiana, the wide acres sown with tobacco in Virginia, as well as the levees of New Orleans, of Natchez and of Memphis, swarming with black people, seem to have been fallow ground in the estimation of the actors

of fifty, sixty and seventy years ago. "Jim Crow" ran his course, and in quick sequence was followed by the "Dandy Jims," the "Spruce Pinks," the "Bone Squashes," all fanciful delineations of the negro, in so far as they avoided use of the better material at



DAN BRYANT.

hand. Except that the cars now set apart by law for the occupancy of colored folks in certain Southern States usually go by the name of "Jim Crows," this designation is only a memory. Even the fact that Joseph



MAY IRWIN.

Jefferson, the grand old man of to-day's stage, made his first appearance as a pocket edition of Rice's "Jim Crow," and with Rice, when the former was a toddler of three years, has not made the title more familiar.

After "Jim Crow," the stage seems to have returned to a negro representation that scorned the truthful picture, droll as the truthful picture ought to have been. But the fact is, we have had a traditional, not a real, negro on the stage. First of all, he has not dressed the part. After smutting their faces, the performers most famous in this line have done little else to keep up the illusion. May Irwin in rouge and rice-powder gives a better imitation, inasmuch as aside from the black face she is the beau ideal of somebody's "baby," or somebody who loves his "baby." Looking for the genesis of the art, we find that for whole epochs the "long-tailed blue" was the prevailing fashion. This



JENNIE YEAMANS SINGING A DARKY SERENADE.



Drawn by Archie Gunn.

"THE VAUDEVILLE ARTISTE."

garment got its name from a song that had its reign in 1838. Aside from the perennial use of tremendous soles and miniature hats, the rule has ever been to deck out the negro in pantaloons of red-and-white checks of titanic size and coats of outlandish pattern. Variations of these general forms have come down to us like heirlooms. There came a period along in the '50's when there was a break in these vain devices, the outcome of which was the introduction of a plantation darkey who wore "pants"—the costumers who made the garments cut the word as well as the gunnybag—held up by one suspender in a very precarious manner. This type of negro came as close to nature as the profession ever got. He was the shiftless, good-for-nothing nigger, whose companion-piece many years later was Topsy in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." With the advent of the darkey whose badge was the one suspender came a style of dancing that most resembled the dancing of the real negro. It was called the "Essence of Ole Virginny," and may be said to have reached its highest perfection many years later in the performances of Dan Bryant. The jig and reel in one form or another appear to have antedated the "essence" so-called, the



Drawn by Archie Gurne.
 "EVEN THE IRISH COME
 DIAN OFTEN TELLS A
 COON JOKE."

tion in every negro dance, was first exemplified by Rice as "Jim Crow." In that respect his dancing was typical of the negro race, even if its originator did draw his inspiration from a single source. Frank Brower and Murt Sexton, two performers of note in their day, had both danced "essences" as Dixon had danced to the song "Old Zip Coon," seven or eight years earlier. Old prints of Dixon in this specialty show him doing a step that must have been the foundation of the "essence," a dance that made work for the hands as well as the feet, the palms being held at right angles with the wrists, while the arms were extended in a sort of

widest departure from these dances having been in the efforts of those who "jumped Jim Crow." The rocking heel, which is an element of pedal mo-

pushing gesture. The essence had a long lease of life, due, no doubt, to its having been made a conspicuous feature of negro minstrelsy, in the regulation form of the entertainment, after it had been established as such by Billy Whitlock and Dan Emmett in 1843. Until their band was organized and made a bid for popular favor, the stage negro had been an unattached straggler whose individual efforts had been sandwiched between the acts of dramatic productions, chiefly as interludes to a bill of farces, but occasionally as a sugar-coat for a heavy dose of Shakesperian tragedy. In their new combination of talent, including Whitlock, Dan Emmett, Frank Brower and Dick Pelham (whose "Ginger Blue" is a pleasing memory), new possibilities were quickly developed, and one of the results was the gradual evolution of the half-circle in which, from that day to this, the "first part" of every minstrel performance is given. The



Drawn by Archie Gurne.

"HIS MELODIES ARE SUNG AND HIS STEPS EXECUTED BY THE
 VAUDEVILLE ARTISTE."



FRANK BROWER.

the older breakdown, for which Dan Emmett wrote a long list of songs. "Lucy Long" walk-around, if not the first, was among the first, and there followed "Old Dan Tucker," "Walk Along, John," "Chaw Roast Beef," "Early in the Mornin'," "I Ain't Got Time to Tarry," "High Low Jack," "Looz-yanna Lowlands" and others. The walk-around was always made the finale of the first part, and was usually repeated at the end of the show as a spectacle on which to drop the curtain. It was intended to be written in march-time, and to its spirited strains the whole company would circumnavigate the stage, in a dance-step that was little more than a jerky elevation of the legs below the knees, much like the "buck and wing" dances of the present day. It was as long ago as this—the walk-around being in highest estate with Bryant's Minstrels in the sixties—that the spitting of dance-time with the outspread palms on the knees was invented. To this manual accompaniment the breakdowns were often done. Cleverly executed, this tattoo will set the saltatorial nerves in motion as quickly as the catchiest music.

As the minstrel troupes multiplied in number, and new acts were demanded to enliven the programs, the clog-dancers

Christys (E. P. and George) are, however, credited with the eventual arrangement of the minstrel bill into acts in about the order that has since prevailed.

Next in historical succession came the walk-around—and as an accompaniment to it

came to the fore, and faithful representation of the negro drifted farther away from its moorings. The clog, danced in shoes with wooden soles, bore no earmarks of Dixie. The darkeys never did it. Half the battle in the clog-dance was a gaudy costume, consisting of a ruffled shirt, silken knee-breeches, spangled stockings and red leather shoes. By and by the dancers mounted high pedestals, on which, with marble slabs for a footing, they cut graceful capers. They tacked pennies loosely on their heels to make a little jingling accompaniment for the music, and when dancing in duets, trios or quartettes, devised steps which involved taps upon each others' heels. There was too much poetry of motion in this dancing to resemble in the slightest degree what the negro did, or could do, on his feet. The essential element of grotesqueness was entirely absent.

Female impersonation, of which the Only Leon and the Great Eugene were the best exponents; the banjo soloists, among whom Harry Stanwood and Sam Devere ranked highest, and stump-speak-



THE "ESSENCE OF OLD VIRGINNY."

ing—the droll philippics of Add Ryman, Billy Rice and Hughey Dougherty being of the first order—were having an inning in minstrelsy from the close of the war on. But the singing and dancing never lost its foothold as the best offering of the profession. Its



From the collection of
Kurt Tzen-on-Wendell.
BILLY EMERSON.



Drawn by Archie Gunn.
A VAUDEVILLE PAIR.

progressive members were sitting up o' nights trying to hit on something novel. All sorts of efforts were made to get out of the old ruts, but not until the specialty known as the "song and dance" was developed did the negro minstrels reach a milestone. Like the clog-dance, however, the best that could be said of it was that it was graceful and pretty. It did not go to original sources. It was like a revival of the "Dandy Jim of South Carolina," which Barney Williams, afterward the Irish comedian, did in 1838. It set the performers who went with the tide singing love-songs, and not a few of them were skilfully written and beautifully scored. Unusual chances were afforded men who had vocal gifts. Of these, perhaps Billy Emerson was the foremost. His singing of a waltz like "Love Among the Roses" was a grateful reminder to old theater-goers of the good times in minstrelsy when "Old Folks at Home," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "Way Down Upon the S'wance River," "Oh, Susanna, Don't You Cry for Me," and other songs as tuneful and plaintive, were made to suggest the melody of the wind soughing in the canebrake. It can be said

of the older minstrels that they did not often belie the name they took. They could sing. Emerson and Bobby Newcomb, too, were personifications of grace in their movements, and in the natty dress which the fashion of the specialty prescribed, they made pictures that are painted on the memory in fast colors. This dress was a jaunty silk or plush jacket, with bobtails and wide lapels, a flaring waistcoat and knee-breeches of the same material, all in bright color; silk stockings, usually striped in red or blue, and a nobby straw hat. The idea was to portray a very genteel member of the colored population.

Contemporary with Emerson and Newcomb, as well as a host of seconds in command, Delehanty and Hengler, who sang and danced double, did as much as anybody to popularize this style of entertainment. Their "Little Bunch of Roses by My Side" was a genuine treat of its kind. They struck on the little trick, everywhere copied in later years, of making their entrance to low music from opposite sides of the stage, backing in to a dance-step. After a time the exquisiteness of this form of song and



Drawn by Archie Gunn.
A BALLAD SINGER.

dance was relegated to the rear—though not absolutely—to be replaced by a modification of it, introducing a team in which one member appeared as a wench. This act was usually dressed in the traditionally grotesque way—big shoes,



Drawn by Archie Gunn.
A CHARACTER ACTOR.

little hats, checkered trousers—and immediately the musical value of the song went by the board. Of this kindred were "I Really Shall Expire," "The Yellow Gal That Winked at Me," "Big Sunflower," "Sally Come Up," and, loud-est-voiced of all, "Shoo Fly, Don't Boilder Me." This song is said to have been picked up on the Isthmus of Panama, where it was indigenous to the soil, by a negro who taught it to Billy Birch and his partner, Charley Backus, but its success was so great that it was soon appropriated by every mountebank who had a match and a cork to burn. The refrain of this tropical ditty became engrafted into the American tongue as a catch-phrase, and on one occasion in the House of Representatives was so viciously hurled at a party leader—noted as a parliamentary wit—who was interrupting a debate, that he staggered under the shock. Thus was the laugh of the country turned on "Sunset" Cox.

The song and dance lasted long enough to bear fruit. For example, there was an acrobatic song and dance, in which the dancer was elaborated by the performer throwing flipflaps in circus style. This was Charley Walters' device, and he came from the sawdust arena to do it. Other tumblers, looking for winter employment, followed suit, and in due course the minstrels and variety-halls were being recruited from the tented ring. It is of interest here to remark, possibly, that in the infancy of negro de-



From the collection of
Ernest Fenner Wendell.
COOL BURGESS.

lineation black-face acts were performed on the backs of circus horses, and that Robert Farrell, an equestrian, claimed to have been the original "Old Zip Coon." As an incident of the genteel song and dance, Charley Diamond per-



From the collection of Ernest Fenner Wendell.
A POSTER OF 1849.

formed it with a harp slung from his shoulder, to the delicate pickings of which he warbled and shuffled.

Much that has had the merit of newness has had a place in negro minstrelsy during the past twenty or twenty-five years. It is true, nevertheless, that the old-time brand of performance in black face has not undergone improvement, for its sphere of usefulness has been superseded by the variety-hall, and after that by the vaudeville houses. Now

and then only, during these years, have entertainments under the old name been given equal in rank to those remembered at the hands of Bryant, Buckley's Serenaders, Kelly and Leon, Lew Benedict, Sam Sharp-ley, Birch, Wamhold, Backus, Budworth and the rest. Across the stage have paraded long processions of "musical mokes," "knock-about" and "monologists," while the singer and the dancer have vainly sought restoration to their pristine glory. Performers like Lew Dockstader, George Thatcher and George Wilson, who have done a stint of work driving dull care off the face of the earth, pretend to sing, but as Billy Florence used to say of Bardwell Slote, "those who have heard them say they don't." We had glimpses of old-time



From the collection of Ernest Fenner Wendell.
THOMAS D. RICE, THE ORIGINAL
JIM CROW.



Design by Archie Dunn.

"FEW LIGHT OPERAS CAN AFFORD TO IGNORE . . . RAG-TIME."

minstrelsy in such things as Luke Schoolcraft's "Watermelon Man," Happy Cal Wagner's "Funny Old Gal from the South Carolina State," and Milt Barlow's inimitable mimicry of negro old age, but they have been as fleeting as summer clouds.

It began to look as if the negro delineator, like Uncle Ned, would have to "hang up the fiddle and the bow," for minstrelsy was of a truth on its last legs. Not a theater in New York was devoted to it, where once it held high revel. And yet the negro can never wholly lose his place on the American stage. Even where the old-time darkey has not been preserved, his melodies are sung and his steps are ex-

ecuted by the vaudeville artiste or the ballad singer, and even the Irish comedian often tells a "coon" joke. There are, moreover, but few light operas or plays which can afford to ignore the darkey lullaby or rag-time, and it is safe to say that while the negro may be slighted for a time he has left a lasting impress on the American stage.

The Mungos, Fridays, Gumbos, Sambos and Boneses of the old days are gone, but the American negro lives again in Mr. Johnson, Mr. Jackson and Mr. Washington, of Thompson Street, who were antedated no doubt by the advent of Harrigan and Hart's "Full Moons," who, with Johnny Wild

at their head, carried everything before them in Ned Harrigan's series of stage-pictures of New York life. With an ear thus attuned to darkey melody the stage was ready to listen, two or three years later, to a new herald of the South—the "mammy's" lullaby—which strangely enough had waited all this time for its deserved recognition, some desultory attempts of the long past to introduce it having come to naught. "Louisiana Lou" was in this class of song

one of the most noteworthy. Others as plaintively sweet followed, and it was not long before the whole country was crooning in the minor chords of this tender music. Our colored brother is with us once again, a type, too, claiming reasonable likeness to what he is in actual life. The remorseless processes of civilization have lifted him above

the level of his venerable ancestor, "Jim Crow," but he boasts the same distinction at last. He is real in many things. In the back streets of most Southern cities the eccentric evolutions of the buck- and wing-dancers have been known for years. Even the rag-time, that decidedly unique development of harmonies, is a child by adoption of the stage. As for the cake-walk, it had been a waiters' diversion in hundreds of hotels long before it was subjected to the

glare of the footlights, and introduced into ballrooms to relieve the monotony of the Virginia reel.

Who can say whether rag-time is not the much-vaunted music of the future? Verily it has a glorious past already, for was it not to the joyous acclaim of "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night" that the American victors in Spanish Santiago signalized the long-delayed end of tyranny in the West Indies, July 1, 1898? From the

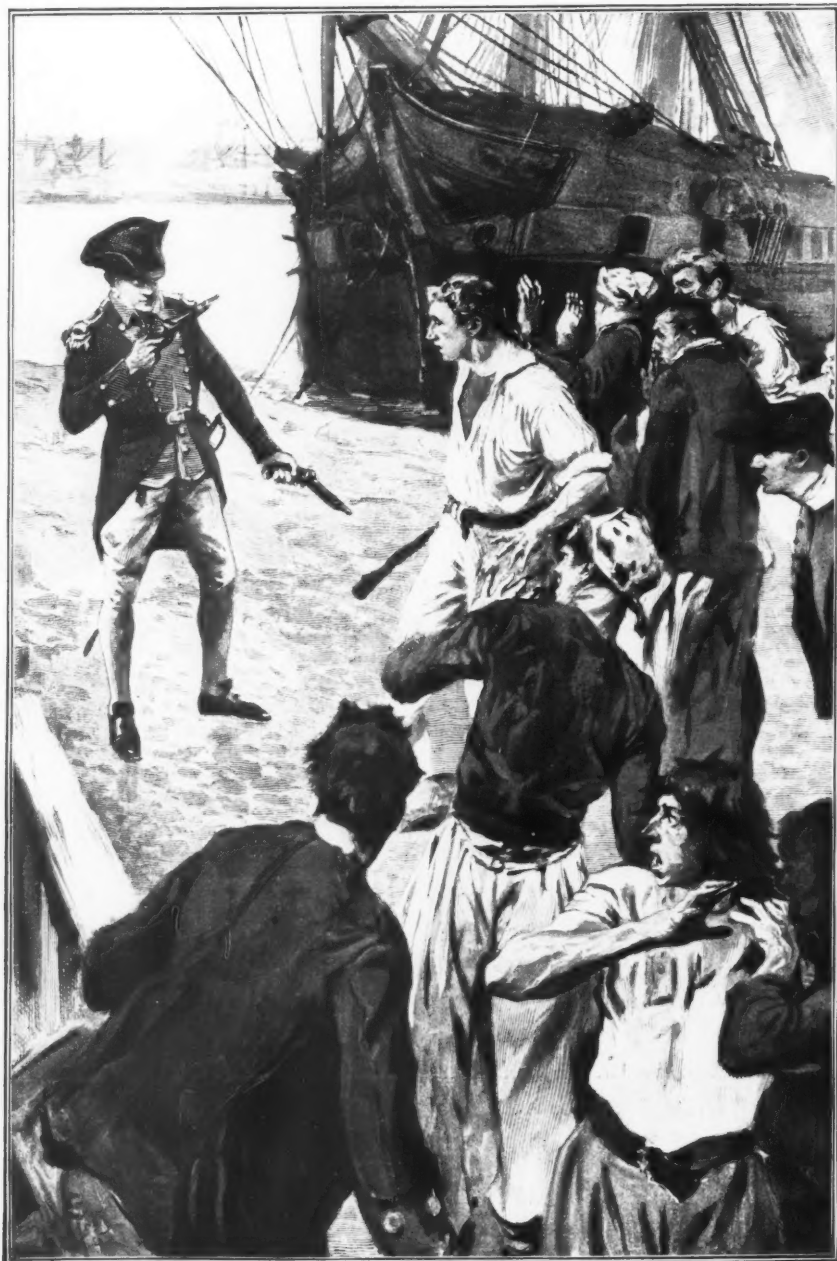
vauxorous Moor in the first "Othello" to the crap-playing "Mr. Nigger" in May Irwin's song is a far cry, but in the end the American negro has come into his own. And that he reads his title clear is proved by his determination to share the rewards of minstrelsy with his white imitators. The Georgia Minstrels were the most notable of the early or-



Drawn by Archie Green.

"WHEN CHLOE SINGS TO ME."

ganizations in which genuine black men replaced the usual white performers, and in these latter days the company of real "coons" and "yaller gals" and "pickaninnies" with its cake-walks and characteristic rag-time songs has almost a monopoly of the negro minstrelsy field. The real negro is on the stage himself in full feather, for the first time in his history the professional disputant of the white actor in the same line.



Drawn by George Gibbs.

JOHN PAUL JONES HELD AT BAY THE MEN OF WHITEHAVEN WHILE THEIR SHIPS AND WHARVES WERE BURNING.

The Daring of John Paul Jones.

By GEORGE GIBBS

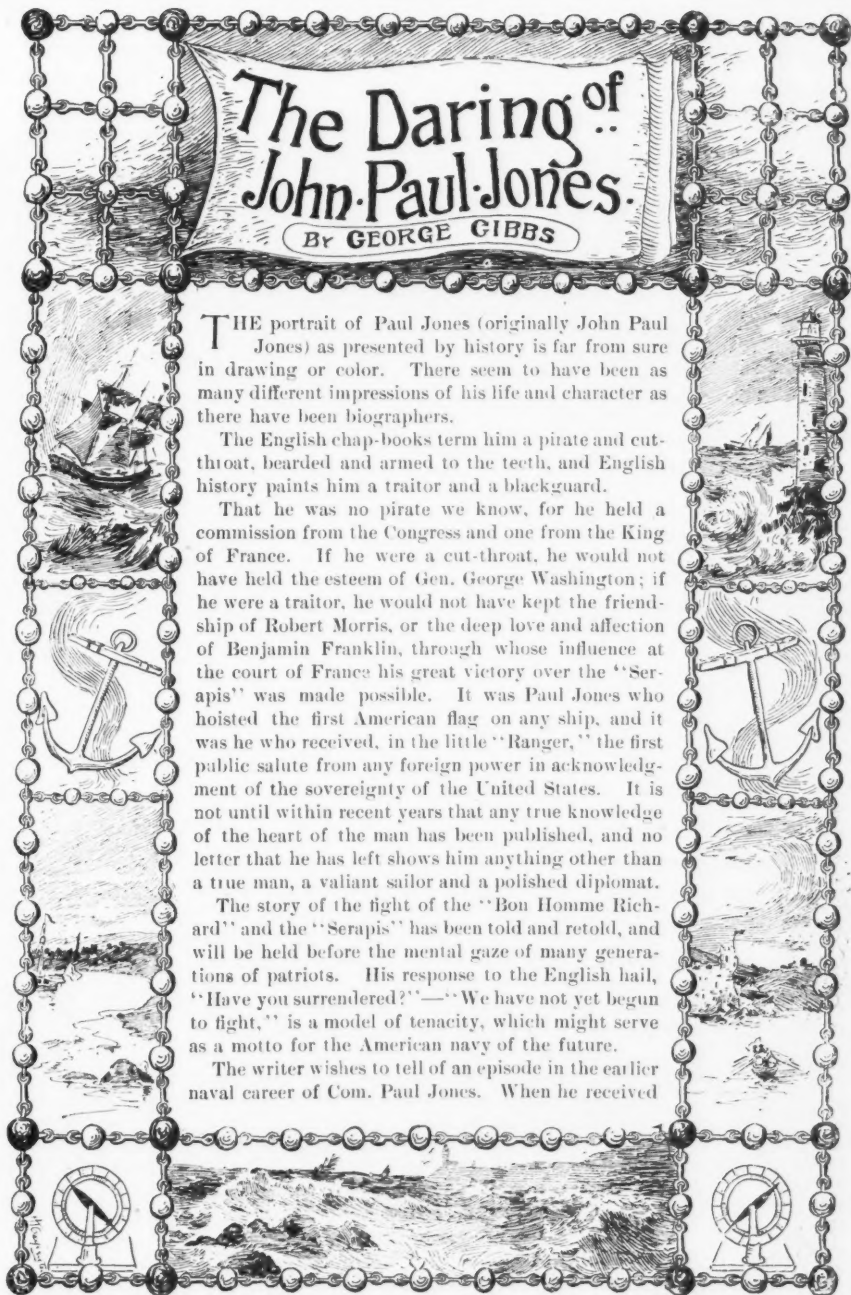
THE portrait of Paul Jones (originally John Paul Jones) as presented by history is far from sure in drawing or color. There seem to have been as many different impressions of his life and character as there have been biographers.

The English chap-books term him a pirate and cut-throat, bearded and armed to the teeth, and English history paints him a traitor and a blackguard.

That he was no pirate we know, for he held a commission from the Congress and one from the King of France. If he were a cut-throat, he would not have held the esteem of Gen. George Washington; if he were a traitor, he would not have kept the friendship of Robert Morris, or the deep love and affection of Benjamin Franklin, through whose influence at the court of France his great victory over the "Serapis" was made possible. It was Paul Jones who hoisted the first American flag on any ship, and it was he who received, in the little "Ranger," the first public salute from any foreign power in acknowledgment of the sovereignty of the United States. It is not until within recent years that any true knowledge of the heart of the man has been published, and no letter that he has left shows him anything other than a true man, a valiant sailor and a polished diplomat.

The story of the fight of the "Bon Homme Richard" and the "Serapis" has been told and retold, and will be held before the mental gaze of many generations of patriots. His response to the English hail, "Have you surrendered?"—"We have not yet begun to fight," is a model of tenacity, which might serve as a motto for the American navy of the future.

The writer wishes to tell of an episode in the earlier naval career of Com. Paul Jones. When he received



his commission from the Congress (dated May 9, 1771) to command a fine frigate, he sailed at once from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, for Nantes, France. A great disappointment awaited him there, for his news gave no signs of the frigate, and there seemed no prospect of the new command. After receiving the salute of the French fleet, under Admiral La Motte Piquet, he left Brest, determining secretly to sail for England in his little "Ranger," and by depredations and fires along the coast put an end to the town-burnings and ship-burnings by the British in the United States.

He took several prizes in the Irish Channel and sent them back with prize-crews to Brest. His first thought had been to capture the Earl of Chatham, who lived on St. Mary's Isle, and to hold him as a hostage for the good treatment of American prisoners. But he picked up a fisherman who told him that H.M.S. "Drake," a man-of-war of twenty guns, lay inside the harbor of Carrickfergus. He made up his mind to attack at once.

Jones' plan was to drop down quietly alongside of the Englishman before its crew could tumble out of their hammocks and to foul the "Drake" at her cables and then swing in alongside.

Unfortunately, through stupidity or misunderstanding of orders, the anchor was not let fall until too late, and the "Ranger," missing the chain, swung down half a cable's length on the Englishman's quarter. Fortunately, the anchor watch on the "Drake," thinking themselves secure against any attempt on an armed vessel in a fortified harbor, were unsuspecting, and no alarm was given. But the position of the "Ranger" on the lee shore was dangerous in the extreme, and it was only by the most expert manœuvering that Jones succeeded in working his ship up so that he could fill away again. He decided to postpone his attack on the "Drake" until after the burning of Whitehaven.

Whitehaven was a town of considerable importance. It had a population of fifty thousand people, and several hundred vessels of all kinds were in the port. Two forts commanded its harbor, but Jones believed largely in the value of the unexpected, and by three o'clock in the morning was making for the place with two cutters manned by fifteen men each, armed only with pistols and cutlasses. One of the cutters, in command of Captain Jones himself, made directly for the town, and the other, under command of Lieutenant Wallingford, pulled for the shipping docks on the opposite side of the harbor. Jones landed quietly, just as the first streaks of dawn were tingeing the east, and leaving one man in his boat, set out at a run for the nearest fort. Gallantly scaling the walls, the party fell upon the small garrison and made them prisoners, without firing a shot. After spiking the guns, Jones locked the English soldiers in their own guardhouse and set out at a run for the other fort, half a mile away.

But during all this time there was no sign of the work of Wallingford, not a spark of light or a cloud of smoke to show that that officer was doing his part of the work. Not until Jones had reached the other fort and spiked the guns, did he learn that Wallingford had abandoned the attempt because the match which he carried for the purpose had gone out.

It was broad daylight, and here and there were signs of activity in the houses near the docks. Captain Jones had no time for

revenge. He boarded a large vessel and with his own hands kindled a fire in her steerage. Upon the flames he threw straw and hatchway-gratings; a barrel of tar completed the work.

In the mean while the gathering of townsfolk had increased until the crowd had become a frantic mob which was now threatening the men and the landing-place. Seeing that he could do no more, Jones went ashore, and drawing his two pistols, went down to face fifteen hundred people! He was not a large man, but there was something in his face to supply the deficiency of majesty in stature. He swayed the mob with his pistols as the summer breeze moves a rye-field. He reached the cutter and easily held the infuriated people at bay until the fire was well started and his men were safely seated in their cutter. After that, he entered the boat and was pulled away.

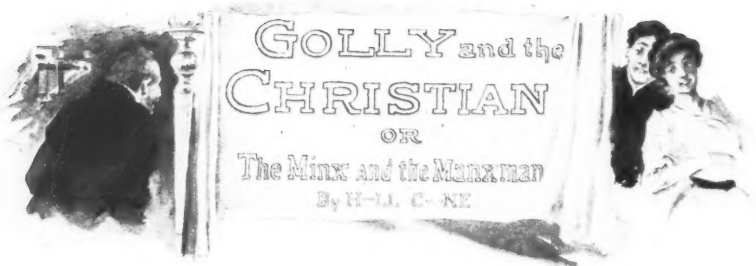
Not until then did those venturesome townsfolk send forth the ring of their metal. Two guns which the Americans had overlooked were brought down upon the dock, but the shot went wide and Jones, to show his contempt of such cannon-shot courage, fired only his pistol in reply. He reached his vessel to find that Wallingford had arrived, and setting sail was soon safely at sea. Since his failure to try conclusions with the "Drake," Jones had kept his resolution to meet the English vessel steadily in his mind. He was no mere burner of towns and attacker of villages. He sailed for Carrickfergus and soon, behind a neck of land, could see the tall spars of the Englishman.

Captain Burdon of the "Drake" sighted the "Ranger" at about the same time, but not being certain, sent an officer out in a boat to try to learn the character of the vessel. But Captain Jones skilfully kept the "Ranger's" stern toward the skiff, thus concealing the view of his broadside from the enemy. The English officer soon came alongside, and after he was induced to come aboard was taken below and made a prisoner. It was almost sunset before the ships came within hail. Then Captain Burdon ran up his colors, and mounting the nettings hailed the American. "What ship is that?"

Paul Jones put his trumpet to his lips and replied: "The American Continental ship 'Ranger.' We have been waiting for you and it is time to begin."

Then he quietly ordered his helm up and poured in a well-delivered broadside. Burdon promptly responded. There was no wind, and therefore little chance for manœuvering. They drifted on squarely side by side, yard-arm to yard-arm, pouring in broadside after broadside. It was as fair a sea-fight as history can record. Jones was overmatched in the number of men and the number of guns, but at the end of an hour the enemy was a wreck. Captain Burdon was shot, and the call for quarter was heard forward and aft.

No wonder, therefore, that the name of Paul Jones became a synonym for terror, that England offered ten thousand guineas for his head, and that one who so successfully challenged British power upon the sea should be the victim of continued misrepresentation.



BY BRET HARTE.

BOOK I.

GOLLY COYLE was the only granddaughter of a vague and somewhat simple clergyman who existed, with an aunt, solely for Golly's epistolary purposes. There was, of course, intermediate ancestry—notably a dead mother who was French and therefore responsible for any later naughtiness in Golly—but they have no purpose here. They lived in the Isle of Man. Golly knew a good deal of Man, for even at the age of twelve she was in love with John Gale—only son of Lord Gale who was connected with the Tempests. Gales, however, were frequent and remarkable along the coast, so that it was not singular that one day she found John "coming on" on a headland where she was sitting. His dog had "pointed" her. "It's exceedingly impolite to point to anything you want," said Golly. Touched by this, and overcome by a strange emotion, John Gale turned away and went to Canada. Slight as the incident was, it showed that inborn chivalry to women, that desire for the Perfect Life, that intense eagerness to incarnate Christianity in modern society, which afterward distinguished him. Golly loved him! For all that, she still remained a "tomboy" as she was—robbing orchards, mimicking tramps and policemen, buttering the stairs and the steps of houses, tying kettles to dogs' tails and marching in a white jersey, with the curate's hat on, through the streets of the village. "Goddern my skin!" said the dear old clergyman, as he tried to emerge from a surplice which Golly had stitched together, "what spirits the child *do* have!" Yet everybody loved her! And when John Gale returned

from Canada, and looked into her big blue eyes one day at church, small wonder that he immediately went off again to Paris and an extended Continental sojourn, with a serious leaning to theology! Golly bore his absence meekly but characteristically; got a boat, disported like a duck in the water, attempted to elope with a boy appropriately named Drake, but encountered a half gale at sea and a whole Gale in John on a yacht, who rescued them both. Convinced now that there was but one way to escape from his Fate—Golly!—John Gale took holy orders and at once started for London. As he stood on the deck of the steamer, he heard an imbecile chuckle in his ear. It was the simple old clergyman: "You are going to London to join the church, John; Golly is going there, too, as hospital nurse. There's a pair of you! He! he! Look after her, John, and protect her Manx simplicity." Before John could recover himself, Golly was at his side executing the final steps of a "cellar-door flap jig" to the light-hearted refrain:

"We are a simple family—we are—we are—we are!"

And even as her pure young voice arose above the screams of the departure whistle, she threw a double back-somersault on the quarter-deck, cleverly alighting on the spikes of the wheel before the delighted captain.

"Jingle my electric bells," he said, looking at the bright young thing, "but you're a regular Minx——"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted John Gale, with a quick flush.

"I mean a regular *Manx*," said the captain, hurriedly.

A singular paleness crossed the deeply religious face of John. As the vessel rose

on the waves, he passed his hand hurriedly, first across his brows and then over his high-buttoned clerical waistcoat—that visible sign of a devoted ascetic life! Then murmuring in his low, deep voice, “Brandy, steward,” he disappeared below.

BOOK II.

Glorious as were Golly’s spirits, exquisitely simple her worldly ignorance, and irresistible her powers of mimicry, strangely enough they were considered out of place in St. Barabbas’ Hospital. A light-hearted disposition to mistake a blister for a poultice; that rare Manx conscientiousness which made her give double doses to the patients as a compensation when she had omitted to give them a single one, and the faculty of bursting into song at the bedside of a dying patient, produced some liveliness not unmingled with perplexity among the hospital staff. It is true, however, that her performance of clog-dancing during the night-watches drew a larger and more persistent attendance of students and young surgeons than ever was seen before. Yet everybody loved her! Even her patients! “If it amouses you, miss, to make me tyke the pills wot’s meant for the lydy in the next ward, I ain’t complying,” said an East End newsboy. “When ye tyke off the style of the doctor wot visits me, miss, and imitates his wyes, Lawd! it does me as much good as his mixtures,” said a consumptive charwoman. Even thus, old and young basked in the radiant youth of Golly. She found time to write to her family:

“Dear old Pals! I’m here. J’y suis! bet your boots! While you’re wondering what has become of the Bright Young Thing—the B. Y. T. is lookin’ out of the window of St. Barabbas Hospital—just taking in all of dear, roaring, dirty London in one gulp! Such a place—Lordy! I’ve been waiting three hours to see the crowd go by and they haven’t gone yet! Such crowds, such busses—all green and blue, only a penny fare, and you can ride on top if you want to! Think of that, you dear old Manx people! But there—the bell goes a ringing for Sarah!—they’re calling for ‘Nurse!’ That’s the worst of this job: they’re always a dyin’ just as you’re getting interested in something else! Ta, Ta!—Golly!”

Then her dear old grandfather wrote:

“I’m wondering where my diddleums, Golly, is! We all miss you so much, deary, though we don’t miss so many little things as when you were here. My dear, conscientious, unselfish little girl! You don’t say where John Gale is. Is he still protecting you—he-he!—you giddy, naughty thing! People wonder on the island why I let you go alone to London—they forget your dear mother was a Frenchwoman! If you see anything your dear old grandfather would like—send it on.—Granfer.”

Later, her aunt wrote:

“Have you seen the Queen yet, and does she wear her crown at breakfast? You might get over the area railing at Buckingham Palace—it would be nothing for a girl like you to do—and see if you can find out.”

To these letters Golly answered, in her own light-hearted way:

“Dear Grankins: I haven’t seen John much—but I think he’s like the Private Secretary at the play—he ‘don’t like London.’ Lordy! there—I’ve let it out! I’ve been to a theayter. Nurse Jinny Jones and me scrouged into the pit one night without paying—‘pertendin’, as we were in uniform, we had come to take out a ‘Lydy’ that had fainted. Such larks! and such a glorious theayter. I’ll tell you another time. Tell Aunty the Queen’s always out when I call. But that’s nothing, everybody else is so affable and polite in London. Gentlemen—real toffs,’ they call ‘em—whom you don’t know from Adam—think nothing of speaking to you in the street. Why Nurse Jinny says—but there another patient’s going off who, by rights, oughter to have died only to-morrow. ‘To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow,’ as that barnstormer actor said. But they’re always calling for that giddy young thing—your Golly.”

Meantime, John Gale, having abruptly left Golly at the door of St. Barabbas’ Hospital, tactfully avoiding an unseemly altercation with the cab-driver regarding her exact fare, pursued his way thoughtfully to the residence of his uncle, the First Lord of the Admiralty. He found his Lordship in his bath-room. He was leaning over the bath-tub, which was half full of water, contemplating with some

anxiety the model of a line-of-battle ship which was floating on it, bottom upward. "I don't think it can be quite right—do you?" he said, nervously grasping his nephew's hand as he pointed to the cap-sized vessel; "yet they always do it. Tell me!" he went on appealingly, "tell me, as a professing Christian and a Perfect Man—is it quite right?"

"I should think, sir," responded John Gale with uncompromising truthfulness, "that the average vessel of commerce is not built in that way."

"Yet," said the First Lord of the Admiralty, with a far-off look, "they all do it! And they don't steer! The larger they are and the more recent the model, the less they steer. Dear me—you ought to see 'em go round and round in that rub." Then, apparently recalling the probable purpose of John's visit, he led the way into his dressing-room. "So you are in London, dear boy. Is there any little thing you want? I have," he continued, absently fumbling in the drawers of his dressing-table, "a few curacies and a bishopric somewhere, but with these blessed models—I can't think where they are. Or what would you say to a nice chaplaincy in the navy, with a becoming uniform—on one of those thingummies?"—he pointed to the bath-room. "Stay," he continued, as he passed his hand over his perplexed brows, "now I think of it—you're quite unorthodox! Dear me! that wouldn't do. You see, Drake"—he paused as John Gale started; "I mean Sir Francis Drake—once suspended his chaplain for unorthodoxy, according to Froude's book. These admirals are dreadfully strict Churchmen. No matter! Come again some other time," he added, gently pushing his nephew downstairs and into the street, "and we'll see about it."

With a sinking heart, John turned his steps toward Westminster. He would go and see Golly—perhaps he had not looked after her as he ought. Suddenly a remembered voice, in mimicking accents, fell upon his ear with the quotation, "Do you know?" Then, in a hansom passing swiftly by him, Golly, in hospital dress with flying ribbons, appeared sitting between Lord Brownstone Ewer and Francis Horatio Nelson Drake completely grown

up. And from behind floated the inexpressibly sad refrain, "Hi tiddli hi!"

This is how it happened. One morning, Jinny Jones, another hospital nurse, had said to her, "Have you any objection, dear, to seeing a friend of another gent, a friend of mine?"

"None in the least, dear," said Golly. "I want to see all that can be seen and do all that can be done in London, and know the glory thereof. I only require that I shall be allowed to love John Gale whenever he permits it, which isn't often, and that I may be permitted to write simple letters to my dotting relations at the rate of twelve pages a day giving an account—*my own* account—of my doings. There! Go on now! Bring on your bears."

They had visited the chambers which Lord Brownstone and Drake occupied together, and in girlish innocence had put on the gentlemen's clothes and danced before them. Then they all went to the theater, where Golly's delightful simplicity and childish ignorance of the world had charmed them. Everything to her was new, strange and thrilling. She even leaned from the carriage windows to see the "wheels go round." She was surprised at the number of people in the theater, and insisted on knowing if it was church because they all sat there in their best clothes so quietly. She believed that the play was real, and frequently from a stage-box interrupted the acting with explanations. She informed the heroine of the design of the villain waiting at the wings. And when the aged mother of the heroine was dying of starvation in a hovel, and she threw a bag of bombons on the stage with the vociferous declaration that "Lord Brownstone had just given them to her—but—Lordy!—*she* didn't want them," they were obliged to lead her away, closely followed by an usher and a policeman. "To think," she wrote to John Gale, "that the audience only laughed and shouted and never offered to help! And yet look at the churches in London where they dare to preach the gospel!"

Fired by this simple letter, and alarmed by Golly's simplicity, John Gale went to his Clerical Chief, Archdeacon Luxury, and demanded permission to preach next Sun-



Drawn by C. M. Rogers.

"HER PERFORMANCE OF CLOG-DANCING DURING THE NIGHT-WATCHES DREW A LARGER AND MORE PERSISTENT ATTENDANCE OF STUDENTS AND YOUNG SURGEONS."

day. "Certainly," said the Archdeacon; "you shall take my curate's place. I shall inform the congregation that you are the son of Lord Gale. They are very particular churchmen—all society people—and of course will be satisfied with the work of the Lord, especially," he added with a polite smile, "when that work happens to be—the Lord Gale's son." Accordingly, the next Sunday John Gale occupied the pulpit of St. Swithin. But an unexpected event happened. His pent-up eagerness to denounce the present methods of Christianity—his fulness of utterance—defeated his purpose. He was overcome with a kind of pulpit fright. His ideas of time and place fled him. After beginning, "Mr. Chairman, in rising to propose the toast of our worthy Archdeacon—Fellow-Manxmen—the present moment—er—er the proudest in my er—life—Dearly beloved Golly—unaccustomed as I am to public speaking," he abruptly delivered the benediction and sat down. The incident, however, provoked little attention. The congregation, accustomed to sleep through the sermon, awoke at the usual time and went home. Only a single Scotchwoman said to him in passing: "Verra weel for a beginning, laddie. But give it hotter to 'em next time." Discomfited and bewildered, he communed with himself gloomily. "I can't marry Golly. I can't talk. I hate society. What's to be done? I have it! I'll go into a monastery."

He went into a monastery in Bishopsgate Street, reached by a three-penny 'bus. He gave out vaguely that he had got into "Something Good, in the City." Society was satisfied. Only Golly suspected the truth. She wrote to her grandfather:

"I saw John Gale the other day with a crowd following him in the Strand. He had on only a kind of brown serge dressing gown, tied around his waist by a rope and a hood on his head. I think his poor 'toe-toes' were in sandals, and I dare say his legs were cold, poor dear. However, if he calls *that* protection of Golly—I don't! I might be run off at any moment—for all he'd help. No matter! If this Court understands herself, and she thinks she do, Golly can take care of herself—you bet."

Nevertheless, Golly lost her place at the hospital through her heroic defense of her

friend Jinny Jones, who had been deceived by Lord Brownstone Ewer. "You would drive that poor girl into the street," she said furiously to the Chairman of the Board, throwing her cap and apron in their faces. "You're a lot of rotten old hypocrites, and I'm glad to get shut of you." Not content with that, she went to Drake and demanded that he should make his friend Lord Brownstone marry Jinny.

"Sorry—awfully sorry—my dear Golly, but he's engaged to a rich American girl who is to pay his debts—but I'll see that he does something handsome for Jinny. And *you*, my child, what are *you* going to do without a situation?" he added, with touching sympathy. "You see, I've some vague idea of marrying you myself," he concluded, meditatively.

"Thank you for nothing," interrupted Golly, gaily, "but I can take care of myself and follow out my mission like John Gale."

"There's a pair of you, certainly," said Drake, with a tinge of jealous bitterness.

"You bet it's 'a pair' that will take your 'two knaves'—you and your Lord Brownstone," returned Golly, dropping a mock courtesy. "Ta, ta—I'm going on the stage."

BOOK III.

She went first into a tobacconist's and sold cigarettes. Sometimes she suffered from actual want—and ate fried fish. "Do you know how nice fried fish tastes in London?—you on 'the Oilan'?" she wrote gaily. "I'm getting on splendidly; so's John Gale I suppose, though he's looking cadaverous from starving himself all round. Tell Auntie I haven't seen the Queen yet, though after all I really believe she has not seen me."

Then, after a severe struggle, she succeeded in getting on the stage as a Song and Dance Girl. She sang melodiously and danced divinely, so remarkably that the ignorant public, knowing her to be a Manx girl, and vaguely associating her with the symbol of the Isle of Man, supposed she had three legs. She was the success of the season—her cup of ambition was filled. It was slightly embittered by the news that her friend Jinny Jones had killed herself in the church at the wedding

of her recreant lover and the American heiress. But the affair was scarcely alluded to by the Society papers—who were naturally shocked at the bad taste of the deceased. And even Golly forgot it all—on the stage.

BOOK IV.

Meanwhile John Gale, or Brother Boreas, as he was known in the Monastery, was submitting—among other rigors—to an exceptionally severe winter in Bishopsgate Street, which seemed to have an Arctic climate of its own, possibly induced by the “freezing-out” process of certain stock companies in its vicinity. “You are miserable, and eager to get out in the wicked world again, my son,” said the delightful old Superior, as he sat by the only fire, sipping a glass of mulled port, when John came in from shoveling snow outside. “I therefore, merely to try you, shall make you gatekeeper. The keys of the Monastery front door are under the door-mat in my cell, but I am a sound sleeper.” He smiled seraphically, and winked casually as he sipped his port. “We will call it, if you please—a penance.”

John threw himself in an agony of remorse and shame at the feet of the Superior. “It isn’t of myself I’m thinking,” he confessed wildly, “but of that poor young man, Brother Bones, in the next cell to mine. He is a living skeleton, has got only one lung and an atrophied brain. A night out might do him good.”

The Father Superior frowned. “Do you know who he is?”

“No.”

“His real name is Jones. Why do you start? You have heard it before?”

John had started, thinking of Jinny Jones, Golly’s deserted and self-immolated friend.

“It is an uncommon name,” he stammered—“for a monastery, I mean.”

“He is or was an uncommon man!” said the Superior, gravely. “But,” he added resignedly, “we cannot pick and choose our company here. Most of us have done something and have our own reasons for this retreat. Brother Polygamus escaped here from the persecutions of his sixth wife. Even I,” continued the Superior with a gentle smile, putting his feet com-

fortably on the chimney, “have had my little fling, and the dear boys used to say—ahem!—but this is mere worldly vanity. You alone, my dear son,” he went on with slight severity, “seem to be wanting in some criminality, or—shall I say?—some appropriate besetting sin to qualify you for this holy retreat. An absolutely gratuitous and blameless idiocy appears to be your only peculiarity, and for this you must do penance. From this day henceforth, I make you doorkeeper! Go on with your shoveling at present, and shut the door behind you—there’s a terrible draft in these corridors.”

For three days John Gale underwent an agony of doubt and determination, and it still snowed in Bishopsgate Street.

On the fourth evening he went to Brother Bones.

“Would you like to have an evening out?”

“I would,” said Brother Bones.

“What would you do?”

“I would go to see my remaining sister.” His left eyelid trembled slowly in his cadaverous face.

“But if you should hear she was ruined like the other? What would you do?”

A shudder passed over the man. “I have not got my little knife,” he said vacantly.

True, he had not! The Brotherhood had no pockets—or rather only a corporate one which belonged to the Superior. John Gale lifted his eyes in sublime exaltation.

“You shall go out,” he said with decision. “Muffle up until you are well out of Bishopsgate Street, where it still snows.”

“But how did you get the keys?” said Brother Bones.

“From under the Father Superior’s door-mat.”

“But that was wrong, Brother.”

“The mat bore the inscription, ‘Salve,’ which you know in Latin means ‘Welcome,’” returned John Gale. “It was logically a permission.”

The two men gazed at each other silently. A shudder passed over the two left eyelids of their wan spiritual faces.

“But I have no money,” said Brother Bones.

“Nor have I. But here is a ’bus ticket and a free pass to the Gaiety. You will

probably find Golly somewhere about. Tell her," he said in a hollow voice, "that I'm getting on."

"I will," said Brother Bones, with a deep cough.

The gate opened and he disappeared in the falling snow. The bloodhound kept by the Monastery—one of the real Bishops-gate breed—bayed twice, and licked its huge jaws in ghastly anticipation. "I wonder," said John Gale as he resumed his shoveling, "if I have done exactly right? Candor compels me to admit that it is an open question."

BOOK V.

Early the next morning, Brother Bones was brought home by Policeman X, his hat crushed, his face haggard, his voice husky and unintelligible. He only said, vaguely, "Washertime?"

"It is," said John Gale, timidly, in explanation to Policeman X, "a case of spiritual exhaustion following a vigil."

"That warn't her name," said Policeman X, sternly. "But don't let this 'ereappen again."

John Gale turned to Brother Bones. "Then you saw her—Golly?"

"No," said Brother Bones.

"Why? What on earth have you been doing?"

"Dunno! Found myself in stashun—zis morning! Thashall!"

Then John Gale sought the Superior in an agony of remorse and confessed all. "I am unfit to remain doorkeeper. Remove me," he groaned bitterly.

The old man smiled gently. "On the contrary, I should have given you the keys myself. Hereafter you can keep them. The ways of our Brotherhood are mysterious—indeed, you may think idiotic—but we are not responsible for them. It's all Brother Caine's doing—it's 'all Caine!'"

BOOK VI.

Nevertheless, John Gale left the Monastery. "The Bishops-gate Street winter does not suit me," he briefly explained to the Superior. "I must go south or southwest."

But he did neither. He saw Golly, who was living west. He upbraided her for going on the stage. She retorted: "Whose life is the more artificial, yours or mine?"

It is true that we are both imperfectly clothed," she added, glancing at a photograph of herself in a short skirt, "and not always in our right mind—but you've caught nothing but a cold! Nevertheless, I love you and you love me."

Then he begged her to go with him to the South Seas and take the place of Father Damien among the Colony of Lepers. "It is a beautiful place, and inexpensive, for we shall live only a few weeks. What do you say, dearest? You know," he added, with a faint, sad smile, glancing at another photograph of her—executing the high kick—"you're quite a leaper yourself."

But that night she received an offer of a new engagement. She wrote to John Gale: "The South Seas is rather an expensive trip to take simply to die. Couldn't we do it as cheaply at home? Or couldn't you prevail on your Father Superior to set up his Monastery there? I'm afraid I'm not up to it. Why don't you try the old 'Oilan' nearer home? There's lots of measles and diphtheria about there lately."

When the heartbroken John Gale received this epistle, he also received a letter from his uncle, the First Lord of the Admiralty. "I don't fancy this Damien whim of yours. If you're really in earnest about killing yourself, why not take a brief trial trip in one of our latest ironclads? It's just as risky, although—as we are obliged to keep these things quiet in the Office—you will not of course get that publicity your noble soul craves."

Abandoned by all in his noble purposes, John Gale took the first steamer to the Isle of Man.

BOOK VII.

But he did not remain there long. Once back in that epistolary island, he wrote interminable letters to Golly. When they began to bore each other, he returned to London and entered the Salvation Army. Crowds flocked to hear him preach. He inveighed against Society and Wickedness as represented in his mind by Golly and her friends—and praised a perfect Christianity represented by himself and his friends. A panic of the same remarkable character as the Bishops-gate Street winter took possession of London. Old Moore, Zedekiel and Mother Shipton's prophecies were to



Drawn by C. M. Rejser

"WE'LL . . . GO AND GET MARRIED IN A NATURAL, SIMPLE WAY LIKE ANYBODY ELSE."

be fulfilled at an early and fixed date with no postponement on account of weather. Suddenly Society, John Drake, and Anti-christ generally, combined by ousting him from his Church and turning it into a music-hall for Golly! Then John Gale took his last and sublime resolve. His duty as a perfect Christian was to kill Golly! His logic was at once inscrutable, perfect and—John Galish!

With this sublime and lofty purpose, he called upon Golly. The heroic girl saw his purpose in his eye—an Eye at once black, murderous and Christianlike. For an instant she thought it was better to succumb at once and thus end this remarkable attachment. Suddenly through this chaos of Spiritual, Religious, Ecstatic, Super-Egotistic whirl of confused thought, darted a gleam of Common, Ordinary Horse Sense! John Gale saw it illumine her blue eyes and trembled. God in Mercy! If it came to *that*!

"Sit down, John," she said calmly. Then in her sweet, clear voice she said: "Did it ever occur to you, dearest, that a more ridiculous, unconvincing, purposeless, insane, God-forsaken idiot than you never existed? That you eclipse the wildest dreams of insanity? That you are a mental and moral 'what-is-it'?"

"It has occurred to me," he replied simply. "I began life with vast asinine possibilities which fall to the lot of few men; yet I cannot say that I have carried even *them* to a logical conclusion! But *you*, love! *you*, darling! conceived in extravagance, born to impossibility, a challenge to credulity—a problem to the intellect, a 'missing word' for all ages—are you aware of any one as utterly unsympathetic, unreal, and untrue to nature as you are, existing on the face of the earth, or in the waters under the earth?"

"You are right, dearest; there are none," she returned with the same calm, level voice. "It is true that I have at times tried to do something real and womanly, and not, you know, merely to complicate a—a"—her voice faltered—"theatrical situation—but I couldn't! Something impelled me otherwise. Now you know why I became an actress! But even there I fail! *They* are allowed reasoning power off the stage—I have none at any time! I laugh in the wrong place—I do

the unnecessary, extravagant thing. Endowed by some strange power with extraordinary attributes, I am supposed to make everybody love me, but I don't—I satisfy nobody; I convince none! I have no idea what will happen to me next. I am doomed to—I know not what."

"And I," he groaned bitterly, "I, in some rare and lucid moments, have had a glimpse of this too. We are in the hands of some inscrutable but awful power. Tell me, Golly, tell me, darling, who is it?"

Again that gleam of Common or Ordinary Horse Sense came in her eye.

"I have found out who," she whispered. "I have found out who has created us—and made us as puppets in his hands."

"Is it the Almighty?" he asked.

"No—it is," she said, with a burst of real laughter—"it is—The 'All Caine'!"

"What! our countryman the Manxman? The only great Novelist? The beloved of Gladstone?" he gasped.

"Yes—and he intends to kill *you*—and we're only to be married at your death-bed!"

John Gale arose with a look of stern determination. "I have suffered much and idiotically—but I draw a line at this. I shall kick!"

Golly clapped her hands joyfully. "We will!"

"And we'll chuck him."

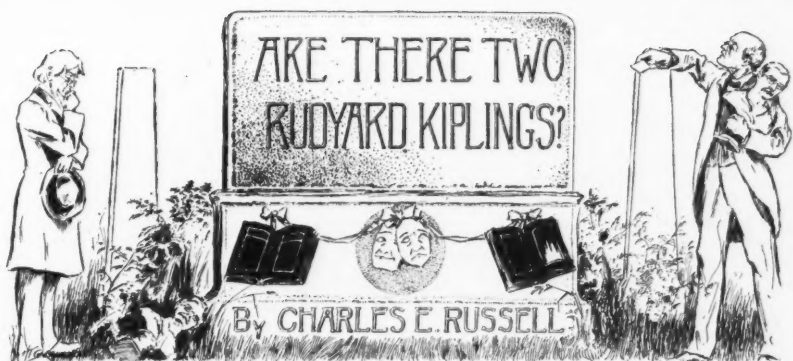
"We will."

They were choking with laughter.

"And go and get married in a natural, simple way like anybody else—and try—to do our duty—to God—to each other—and to our fellow-beings—and quit this—damned—nonsense—and in-fer-nal idiocy forever!"

"Amen!"

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.—"In that supreme work of my life, 'The Christian,' " said the gifted novelist to a reporter in speaking of his methods, "I had endowed the characters of Golly and John Gale with such superhuman vitality and absolute reality that—as is well known in the experience of great writers—they became thinking beings and actually criticized my work and even *interfered and rebelled* to the point of altering my climax and the end!" The present edition gives that ending which of course is the only real one.



OT on a single issue, or in one direction or twain.

But conclusively, comprehensively, and several times and again

Were all our most holy illusions knocked higher than Gilderoy's kite.

We have had a jolly good lesson, and it serves us jolly well right.

"This was not bestowed us under the trees, nor yet in the shade of a tent,

But swingingly over eleven degrees of a bare brown continent,

From Lambert's to Delagoa Bay, and from Pietersburgh to Sutherland,

Fell the phenomenal lesson we learned—with fulness accorded no other land.

"It was our fault, and our very great fault, and not the judgment of heaven.

We made an army in our image on an island nine by seven,

Which faithfully mirrored its makers' ideals, equipment and mental attitude.

And so we got our lesson and we ought to accept it with gratitude.

"We have spent some hundred million pounds to prove the fact once more

That horses are quicker than men afoot, since two and two make four;

And horses have four legs, and men have two legs, and two into four goes twice,

And nothing over except our lesson, and very cheap at that price."

These verses, which, if uninformed, we should probably take to be the hack-work of some mere balladmonger of the music-halls, are part of "The Lesson," the latest published poem of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. They are admitted by Mr. Kipling's most ardent admirers to be very bad poetry and very different from such previous work of their author as the world has elected to call characteristic. Technically they indicate a sad falling off from that

structural excellence that once distinguished the Kipling verse; otherwise they illuminate the world with a memorable example. For of such are the proper ripe fruits of the aims he has chosen for himself; to this low level of product and feeling he has come by the old road inevitable. "The Lesson," for its badness, has had a wider attention than "The Song of the White Men" and the verses for the monument at Kimberley; but it is no worse than they. It is no worse than all his other recent work; it is not essentially different from such work as any man, however brilliant, may be expected soon or late to do who flings from himself the influences that Mr. Kipling has resolutely turned aside.

Coincident with this fall from power, evidences multiply that the spell of his old



RUDYARD KIPLING.

magic is broken. The following that once he had may be restored; he may be only temporarily obscured. But in any event it seems clear that conditions have changed for him, that the first period of his career is at an end, and it may be worth while to inquire what has brought him to this pass—a question that conveniently involves some consideration of his literary product in both prose and verse and its probable significance to the world of men and women.

The human mind, it may well be supposed, has few employments less likely to be of enduring use than trying to determine in any dogmatic or final way what is to be the judgment of posterity about a contemporaneous author. So often the court of last resort overrules such verdicts! See, for instance, the scant praise given by their own times to almost all the men of the past whom we call great, and the long list of scorned or forgotten favorites. Quite possibly time to come may, in its wisdom, overlook in Mr. Kipling all that grates upon us; possibly it may hail him reverently as one of the elect. Moreover, in forming any such estimate there is the persistent personal

equation not to be neglected. No work ever appeals to any two minds in exactly the same way, and an appeal to one mind may be dumb to another. Those who like Mr. Kipling like him very much and no doubt sincerely, and between his still loyal followers and others (once headed by the late Robert Buchanan) who find nothing good in the Kipling product there may be difficult holding of the scales.

Nevertheless, we may reflect that in time past practically all literature that has endured for the admiration of mankind has possessed in common certain definite qualities. It is entirely pertinent, and it is not dogmatic, then, to ask two questions:

Is there anything in Kipling's works that, up to the present, has had more than a temporary vogue in literature? And is there anything in them that really comes home to the serious and enduring emotions of the men and women who read in our own day?

Take down the familiar volumes and run over the familiar titles, and see how these matters stand. Here is prose and here is verse, a wonderful collection, for this has been a life of tireless industry. What variety of themes, what marvelous vividness, what interest and subtlety, what inexhaustible invention! You recall with each story the keen pleasure with which you followed its strong, deliberate, sure unfolding. You recall the amusement with which you read each new song, the pleasure in its originality and broad, buoyant humor. It was all so new, these themes and treatments, this method and attitude, so frankly and humorously cynical, so different from the old way of looking at life. The men and women were of new types, the scene had all the charm of a new, strange landscape, the style had a certain new crispness and aptness most captivating.

Here was a man whose hand never went astray in the technique of his art; never a word was misplaced, all the parts were fitted together with the skill of the expert and perfect workman. If he desired to exhibit before you a soldier in his cups, you felt instinctively that every word the soldier uttered was veritable and in the true manner. Moreover, the economy of effort was above praise; here was not a word wasted, no insignificant ornament, every column supporting its just and true weight.

But consider for a moment the inner significance, the spirit and purport, of these stories. What shall a man carry from them besides a sense of the hard and



RUDYARD KIPLING AT WESTWARD HO IN 1881.
HE IS IN THE CENTER OF THE GROUP.

dazzling brilliancy of their technique? Consider the series of tales that twelve years ago began to carry their author so rapidly to the center of the world's attention, those marvelous tales of soldier and civilian life in India. Here come again Mulvaney, Ortheris and Learoyd, the mad, rollicking adventures, the breezy dialect and coarse vulgarity. Very amusing indubitably they are, even on rereading,

full of strange situations and a broad, hard wit, the strong inventions of a powerful imagination checked by accurate and skilled observation.

We read them with amusement, that is true, but from every one we turn with two certain impressions: first, of distaste, as of one that has stirred foul waters; and, second, of some great lack.

What is it, then, that is wanting? Take up with analytical

purpose any of the stories in those first volumes, "Black Jack," "The Phantom Rickshaw," "The Man Who Would Be King." Take "The Courting of Dinah Shadd," wherein Mulvaney, the chief of these three precious heroes, experiences what may be deemed the tenderest phases of his existence. What is here? He tells the story himself. It is all coarse, the brutal love-making of a drunken soldier. You laugh at the com-

ical, sprawling situations, but you have no human interest in Mulvaney nor in Dinah. An old woman is brought drunken in, and her billingsgate reproduced with phonetic exactness. The scene would be infinitely disgusting in real life; it would be infinitely disgusting here, but for the humorous touches of the telling. An hour after this hero has engaged himself to one girl, being in his cups, he has engaged himself to

another, and neither has any quality that one cares to know about. No doubt Mother Sheehy in real life would be as revolting and unpleasant as here she is shown, but in real life we would and certainly should avoid her; here she is thrust in upon us with inexorable determination and without the least profit, even as a terrible example. Why should we care for the love-makings and riotings

of uninteresting and be-

sotted beasts? As a matter of fact, we do not care for them. The narrative is wholly repulsive, carried by the sheer strength of the cleverness and art of the dialect.

The other adventures of these heroes, singly or together, are even less edifying. The men have two qualities that evidently appeal to Mr. Kipling as good: they are physically brave, and they have a certain facility in extricating themselves from difficulties into which, for the most part, they



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EDITORS OF "THE FRIEND," AN ENGLISH NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED AT THE FRONT EARLY IN THE BOER WAR. MR. KIPLING ON THE RIGHT.

are plunged by their own riotous manner of living. Their adventures are always vastly entertaining, their dialect and manner always fresh and diverting. But, for all the laughter they provoke, they remain three unredeemed ruffians, and in all that is told of them is not one human touch. You laugh at them, but at no moment would you care to know or shake hands with them.

It is not that these characters are chosen from the lower strata of society. Other authors have gone for their heroes to the like regions and the world has not complained, being, indeed, the better for it. This is true conspicuously and frequently, for instance, of Mr. Harte. But Mr. Kipling's bad eminence is that, choosing such heroes, he alone has shown them to us without one quality that can stir sympathy. The brutal, drunken soldiers are very real in a way, very lifelike, very laughable in their adventures in realism, but they remain brutal and drunken to the end; their coarse instincts are without the relief of the better side that the coarsest soldier in real life would sometimes exhibit. It can hardly be disputed that this is bad art. It is not even good realism. A real Mulvaney might easily be as drunken and revolting as this, but he would inevitably have in him some savor of the common humanity, he would have good as well as bad. To paint such a man all reprobate is as great an error as to paint him all angel. An artist may properly enough seek to create effects of pity, horror, sadness, pain; but to create effects merely depressing and disconcerting is new in recognized literature, and its permanence may be held open to doubt.

What is it that charms us so unflinchingly in such a work as "Tennessee's Partner"? The characters are rough men, their chief deeds are crimes of violence, they are superficially as little attractive as Mulvaney. The difference is that here is the human touch, here is an appeal to the sense of the universal brotherhood, here is a revelation under rough exteriors of the springs of feeling common to the race, here is something of heart as well as of brain. In all time past, succeeding generations of men have cherished only the literature that has had this appeal. Shall we suppose the

race to have undergone such changes that the old ganglia have perished?

What shall it profit a man to observe an acrobat? It may be the most wonderful of all acrobats; he may kick higher, jump harder, tie himself into stranger contortions, than any other acrobat. What possible relation do these feats bear to life? This man is the dazzling acrobat of narrative; from his far flights we come always with a sense of admiration for his skilled achievements, never with the slightest hope or strength for living. "After all, it is the serious emotions of mankind that endure." To be perpetually cynical and disparaging about everything but brute strength and the slaughter of natives and the triumph of the British arms—what is in all this that the great weary world should care for it?

It is momentarily interesting, no doubt; so are the feats of the acrobat of the ring. Take "Black Jack" as a typical example of Mr. Kipling's earlier manner. The power of the suspense is undeniable. The plot against Mulvaney's life is so strange and diabolical, the manner of its circumventing is so ingenious, that we feel a burning curiosity to know "how it comes out." But so we should feel in reading any exciting story; and at the end, what is left? Some drunken brutes have attempted a murder and failed. That is all, except a vague sense of soil and contamination and a feeling that we have been in bad company, a feeling that nearly all of these stories create. "Slimmy's Wife" and O'Hara's fate—are not these incidents added for the express purpose of disagreeable impression? Who shall say that they have normal cohesion with the course of the story, such as it is?

Or take "The Drums of the Fore and Aft" as one of the most famous types of these tales—the story of a drummer-boy who, with his comrade, saved the day when the British troops, demoralized and disheartened, were being cut to pieces by Afghans in a pass. The theme is something, yes, for the boy had left a little sweetheart behind him (the color-sergeant's daughter), and he was killed for his heroic pains. There is great power here, doubtless. The battle and blind struggle and retreat in the pass—how original in

treatment, how swift and vivid in interest! A kind of cynical humor in the midst of these alarms seems at first to add strength and novelty; here is a man who can jest while he unrolls the most frightful scenes. The combat is perfectly managed; the mind hangs upon the issue with as strong suspense as ever fiction created, and sinks back at last with the sigh of satiated curiosity—the day was saved.

Yet observe that if, instead of turning as of old we were tempted to turn to the next narrative, we stop for analysis, assuredly we shall find bitter dregs in this exhilarating cup.

First, it will seem strange and repellent. With what caressing delight the man lingers upon the most harrowing details of the battle! It is like a minute account of a day in a surgical clinic: the keen knives are slicing, men are dismembered or cloven to the middle, shrieking with pain, rolling over dead upon the ground. Other men are slaying with the sharp delight of crazed beasts. These things are no doubt veritable and war, but the ferocious relish of their telling—is that also necessary? We have the highest authority for thinking war infernal; but shall we have it put naked upon our tables and commended to our palates by one who is moved no whit by its sad and terrible aspects, who lauds its sickening passions, and lusts without disguise to be of those whose hands soak the earth with Afghans' blood?

Second, we shall inevitably notice that the boy who is the central figure in this riot of slaughter is set before us without

the slightest claim upon our sympathies. Evidently his creator is not sorry he was killed; shall we be? There is nothing that moves us in his farewell talk with his little sweetheart. She calls him a little liar, and says he can have as many kisses as he "dam pleases." He boasts and swaggers in the hideous manner and patois of the London slums, and is off. The picture may be true enough; what do you gain from it? You do not think of the sweetheart

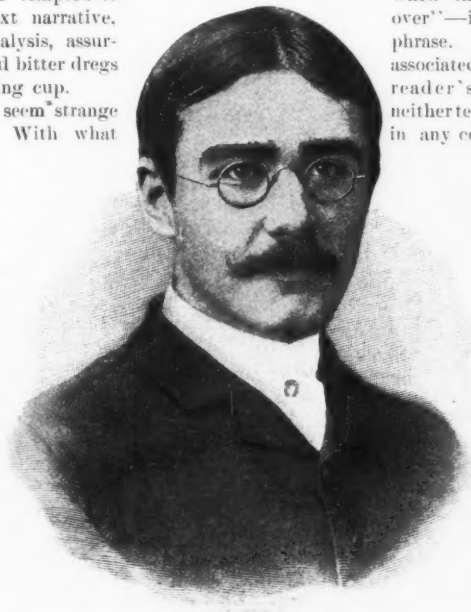
when the boy is "rolled over"—in the gentle Kipling phrase. She is not really associated with him in any reader's mind. There is neither tenderness nor concern in any conception of her—

nor of him.

He was drunk when he walked out from behind his rock to fife the broken regiment back to its business of killing; he fell before the first volley. Well—what shall we conclude? That it is well to be drunk? Not particularly. The main thing is that the reformed British troops got

their courage back, "wiped the Afghans off the earth" and redeemed their glorious reputation for slaughter.

It is for this reason that one invariably rises from the reading of Kipling with a bad taste in one's mouth. The writing is always immensely clever; often it is brilliant, never has it noticeable flaws in its technical workmanship. But its brilliancy is granite and its sparkle a mica glitter. One shall search in vain for warmth or light. Very likely English girls of the class of *Cris* are as uninteresting as she; very likely such a boy would have to be



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RUDYARD KIPLING AT TWENTY.

drunk for a deed of heroism. But the world has no more profit from such matters than from the particulars of a hanging.

To these objections it may be urged that hangings and coarse girls and drunken boys and battles and slaughters and dissection-tables are in the world and therefore by the theory of realistic art they are fit subjects to be set before us in this frank, unadorned manner. It is ill quarreling about taste. But the question is not whether readers can be found for the details of an abattoir, but whether the man who supplies such details (with whatever verbal splendors) adds to the world's treasures or enriches the race, and to that question there is only one answer.

Shall one be met here with the rejoinder that Zola deals in realism, in things as they are, and the world thanks and thinks well of him? Or that Thackeray often makes us extremely uncomfortable and yet is of the immortals? Ah, but Zola's realism is charged through and through with pity for the wretched beings he shows us; Thackeray discloses to us for our own good the meanness whereof we are capable. This man has no feeling of his own; he will sing at gravemaking or anything else.

Herein, I think, Mr. Kipling passes from such mere authorship as one may or may not like and becomes a positive force for evil. Consider the probable effect on a generation nourished upon a literature that disguises cruelty, brutality and indomitable cynicism under a form so alluring. We are accustomed to cry out against the sensational cheap novels that boys read, or used to read. Is it likely that a thousand tales of the impossible adventures of Indian-slayers or detectives work so much harm as this voice, so witty and able, steadily and insidiously teaching that nothing is worth while but material success, that suffering, pain and sorrow are of no moment, that the grace of life is a jest and its wisdom is to trample on toward the goal and let him fall that is stricken? Shall progress lie through reversion to primitive instincts?

It is not necessary that men and women or boys and girls should be good or well-bred or nice in manner and instincts or virtuous or sober to be proper subjects for literature. But on the other hand there is nothing remunerative in ruffians considered

merely as ruffians. What is interesting and valuable about them is that under the ruffianism they are still human, still men, still, with all their faults, of the vast family of earth's children. Mr. Kipling's offense is that he totally discards this human quality. Ruffianism with him is merely plain ruffianism, dealt in for its own sake.

In later years when he came from the Indian background, so novel and attractive, to landscapes more familiar to us, his work exhibited even greater technical ability, but no change in his spirit. The very high praise of turning to artistic account the great material activities of modern life is undoubtedly his, but his men are still of the Mulvaney type; their deeds are still devoid of true relation to life. The stories of engines and engineers are, from one point of view, replete with new and peculiar interest; they are valueless in any consideration of enduring worth. The callous blackguards that rebuild the wrecked steamship engines in "The Devil and the Deep Sea" excite a certain thirst to know the end of their strange venture; but we have no regret for their fate. The story of the shrewd old Scotchman in "Bread upon the Water" has no sympathetic significance. The intellectual acuteness that foresees the wreck of the rival steamer and successfully plans an advantage therefrom appeals to curiosity, but we do not care for McRimmon nor for McPhee, his engineer, and the heart is in no wise stirred by the good fortune of Janet the wife. Something sordid and repellent hangs over all these stories. No doubt modern life is sordid enough, but we are not helped from its indurations by having its very sordidness treated as a thing admirable and to be welcomed.

Some distinction may be admitted between the animating spirits of a man's prose and of his poetry, but a man's poetry must speak his soul if it is to be poetry at all. Mr. Kipling has been an industrious versifier. What shall we think of his product? On any impartial survey it seems worse than his prose. Not technically, for he has an admirable and rare rhythmical sense and until lately a singular gift of apt expression, but in its purpose and mission. Here are the same manner and matter that in his tales make us so dissatisfied and uneasy.

The themes are almost invariably such as make for no man's peace or for no man's stirring to nobler thoughts. "The Vampire," for instance. The subject artists have dealt with elsewhere; but never thus. Consider it as a fair example of his attitude. How coarse and pungent and hard is it! We know that a man has ruined himself for a woman, but there is no touch of the pity of his ruin, nor of the lesson of it, nor of compassion for the human weakness, nor of indignation at the heartlessness. He was a fool

"And he made his prayer

To a rag and a bone and a hawk of hair,"

and thus contemptuously to the end. He is dead, and he brought his fate upon himself; let him go for a fool. Really, is there any note in this that tends to satisfy any human thirst, feed any human hunger, quiet any human longing? How are we the better for such singing? Some men that are little moved by an expression of the beautiful are reached by an apt expression of a formula of truth; but no man is moved to aught worth while by flippancy and bitterness.

"A rag and a bone and a hawk of hair."

At least there is no other line in English poetry so brutal as this.

But, if I understand Mr. Kipling aright, he has small patience with the idea of a mission in the world to better it. He views the hardness of life as an irremediable fact to be endured stoically by every man, to be laughed at and jested about, but not to be pitied or relieved. Pity and the desire to relieve belong to the weaklings who do not love war, do not covet other men's or other nations' possessions, do not believe that the Anglo-Saxon is sent into the world to slay and seize, do not admire ferocity and drunkenness nor the conversation of intoxicated troopers, and are generally sentimental and foolish.

"Danny Deever" celebrates the hanging of "a sneakin', shootin' hound" of a

soldier. Is it possible that such a subject comes within the limits of poetry? In "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" a cockney soldier sings in the language of his class about some repulsive aspects of war. Shall we consider this an addition to literature? "McAndrews' Hymn" is an able study in psychology, but done without feeling.

The "Recessional" strikes a note different from the note of any other Kipling poem, and if I understand it truly, a deeper and more solemn note. It was well that a professedly Christian nation should be reminded at a time of jubilee and boasting that con-

quest is not the sum of life.

The poem reads like a sincere word and its supposed significance (traversing the trend of its author's previous utterances), with the charm of its method, carried it around the world. A poet's sincerity should never be open to suspicion. Yet the third year after the peace note of the "Recessional" saw the "Recessional's" author urging on the most unjust and infamous war of modern times, clamoring vociferously against mercy or lenity, arguing for extremest limits of barbarous severity, the self-constituted laureate of all the darkest deeds on

the veldt. When it is remembered that this war for sheer plunder was forced by a very strong upon a very weak people, it seems appropriate to inquire what it was we were invited in the "Recessional" not to forget. No part of the creed of Christ, certainly.

Therefore the world was quickly undeceived as to the real message of the "Recessional"; by word and deed, by the obvious teachings of all his earlier and all his later writings, it was undeceived. What had been welcomed as the long-expected gentler note, the sign of the broadened mind and kindling tenderness so long lacking, proved to be a mere tour de force, an experiment, an exploit, a sound and nothing more.

"The Lesson," "The Song of the White



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NICHOLSON'S PORTRAIT OF KIPLING.

Men," the other late singing that has fallen so far from the mark, are but the natural sequel of this tergiversation. What is the "lesson" to him of the struggle in South Africa, of the blood and ruin, the scattered families and wasted lands, the mourning in his own country, the saddening spectacles of brutal passions and inebriate mobs? Only that Great Britain should have larger and better armies, be better prepared to grasp and slay, be stronger in the policy that brought about this war. If on such a theme and with such a motive a man might sing otherwise than badly, poetry would lose all significance and message to men.

Summing up the product of these twelve or thirteen years, Mr. Kipling seems easily the foremost figure of their literature and easily the most sinister and malign. He is anomalous. He has the sense of laughter but not of tears. He writes about men but not to them. He is the apostle of the gospel of hard blows. He is the laureate of materialism and the champion of things as they are. Heretofore the poets and the prophets of literature have usually been in advance of their age; he has reversed precedent by reviving in the nineteenth century the spirit of the fourteenth.

This is why his audience has slipped away; this is why his hand has lost its

cunning. From even the lowest and most material point of view the profit of art is the human sympathy of it. He that has no care for other men cannot long command their attention. He cannot even maintain the natural excellence of his gifts. The democratic spirit that Mr. Kipling so heartily despises would have been his saving grace, would have made him preëminently great. The want of it has left him hard as stone and apparently as unfertile.

"The Voice of the Hooligan" he was called by a great soul now silent. The voice of all that retards and represses he assuredly is. If the creed he has taught is right, charity is an amiable weakness, hospitals are a lost expense, good-will among men is a myth, the beauty of the world is without lesson, the joy of life is physical strength, there is no courage but for physical combat, only that man lives worthily who elbows his way to the fore, and only that nation fulfils its mission that lays strong hands upon the weaker peoples.

The steadfast trend of the changes in the race contradicts and repudiates such a creed. What other generations may think of one whose face has been set so resolutely against the flood is no better than a guess, but it seems a reasonable surmise that if they think well of him it will be at times when the great tide flows backward.



Disappointment

By Florence Radcliffe

Fate smiles upon, then stabs the human heart,
 Piercing it through with his two-edged dart.
 Think you because no eye has seen
 The poisoned shaft, the wound's less keen?
 Ah, many a man plays his accustomed part
 While his breast conceals a deadly smart!

THE SHADOW OF HAPPINESS.

BY IRVING BACHELLER.

THAT little inn was somewhere on the road from New Amsterdam to New York—a half-way house between now and antiquity. A part was old and a part new, and it was all very shabby and simple and genuine. Its day began at dusk and its noon was midnight. Then the red door of Morcho was one of the gates of the city opening on a strange and merry way of life. They called it the Roost because it was inhabited chiefly by the night-folk. A tall man could almost touch its eaves and had to pay a toll of reverence at its door if he entered. Once in, he forgot all care save that of stepping lightly lest it fall upon him. The Roost had grown, wing by wing, until it covered half the short block, and now under its roof were unexpected caverns far back of the red door at the sidewalk. A big church flanked the little inn and buried it under fathoms of gloom as the sun came up. When it was nearing noon, of a bright day, a great lever of sunlight thrust itself in where the two buildings came close together behind Morcho's, and lifted on the bulk of shadow until it was gone.

Morcho himself was a man worth knowing. He was an item of expense in the moral economy of the world, but the lesson of his life, if one were able to make it clear, would have some profit in it. He was a brown little Spaniard who knew how to cook and loved eating and drinking and good companionship. One never sat under the bare beams of the Roost and felt his blood warming and the gloom going out of his soul, in the smile of Morcho, without some thankfulness for the like of him. But that was a pleasure, with all its accessories, full of peril. There was in it too much of the spice of life and the cuisine. If one were his friend, Morcho came and served him with his own hand or sat beside him and told stories and at the end of each lifted his glass and said, "Happy day!" Indeed, that was the conclusion of every tale he told and, I make no doubt, of every dream he dreamed. He came to misery in due time, as did many who sat with him there in the little inn, but he had to be merry, to give the warm heart to

every one, to eat when he had no hunger, to drink when he had no thirst. Otherwise he would not have been Morcho and some who came there would have sought a host more to their liking. It was as if he said: "Is your heart heavy, my friend? I have a merry little monkey of a soul here in this body and I'm going to show you some of its tricks." He had no thought of the evil in it all. He was born a Castilian peasant and had never heard any preaching about temperance, and thinking was out of his line. I knew he had a heart of lead some days, but even then the glad hand, the toast of "Happy day," the merry tale, were not withheld.

I had been out of New York a year and, returning one summer night, strolled to the little inn for supper. Mine host had grown thin and pale. He spoke in a rough whisper and trembled with weakness. I could see that the man was dying, but the inn was already dead. A lonely guest sat near me and Morcho was trying hard to keep his feet and tell a story. He sank into a chair at the end of it and soon fell nodding. The cozy rooms were empty. The tables were neatly spread, but where were the merry feasters, the song and laughter that rang to the roof in other days?

"Morcho," said the man who sat by him, lifting his glass, "where are the happy days?"

"Madre de Dios!" he whispered. "Here's happy day!" and then he took a sip out of a glass that had been waiting for him.

"You're sick, Morcho," said the man drinking. "You'd better go off somewhere and take a rest." Then he rose and paid the waiter and went away.

Morcho had not seemed to hear him and shortly came over to me, rubbing his hands. He was bracing himself for the task before him and his smile came hard. I was an old customer and he must do his best to please me.

"I not sick—no-o-o-o!" he whispered. "I be well purty quick."

He would have the waiter bring glasses and a bottle in spite of my refusal to drink. He'd a great need of good cheer—that was



"I HEARD MORCHO WHISPER A LITTLE. I HAVE NO MORE, NO MORE HAPPY DAY."

Drawn by E. Irving.

evident. His hand trembled as the ruby flood trickled into his glass. I turned a moment to give my order. When I looked again, his head had fallen on his hand and Morcho was sleeping. The little clock on the mantel ticked loudly, and the long hand was on its last quarter climbing to eleven. The canary that hung in the window had covered his head. The moment was long with loneliness.

A man came in, as I was waiting in the silence, and stood a moment looking down at Morcho.

"Going to die soon and he hasn't a friend in the world—they've all left him," he said. I couldn't bear the sight of him sleeping there beside me and so I touched his shoulder and said:

"Morcho, happy days!"

He started up and answered quickly, as the liquor touched his lips, "Happy day!"

"How are you to-night?" the man asked.

"I better; I get well purty quick," said Morcho.

"You'd better leave New York—it's a tough climate," said the other. "Just go off somewhere an' take a rest."

"Yes," I echoed, "you'd better go somewhere and take a long rest."

"I no leave my business," he said, and took another sip. Then he laid his head upon his hands, and coughed until I thought he was near his end. The waiter came to fan him. He got to his feet presently with an effort painful to witness. He held the half-empty glass and turned to me.

"He my old customaire," said Morcho; "he stay by me an' I try give him good dinner—everything what he wants." The glass seemed heavy in his hand; he could

not speak the toast. In a moment he sat nodding in his chair as he had done before, and he was a poor host. Then even I, his last customer, came away and left him. His "happy day" had gone too dark and there was no longer any pleasure in it. A gloomy business it is, trying to be merry in the shadow of death. I had seen enough of it.

"Why don't you go and see Morcho?" I inquired of an old habitu  of the inn.

"Because he will have me drink with him and talk with him and I can't bear to do it now. I don't get over it for a day."

The fact was, Morcho had come to a time when he needed a little of the good cheer he had freely given, but it was not to be had. For days I was the only man who went to wish him a happy day. The priest came, of a day that I was there, and tried to talk with him about his soul. He would have none of his own trouble, however, any more than his friends would have it. He asked the boy to bring glasses and the priest to drink him a "happy day." The good father said, "No."

"Then tell me good story, do tell me good story," said Morcho.

"No, no," was the answer, and as it came I left them together.

"My God!" I heard Morcho whisper, as if he were crying, "I have no more, no more happy day."

Now the inn is but an empty shell. The red door is barred; its rooms are silent as the grave and dust is on its windows. Morcho has taken the advice of his friends, when they could no longer bear the sight of him, and "gone off somewhere for a long rest."



HOW THE BUZZARDS WORKED A "SPELL."

By E. W. KEMBLE.

With illustrations by the author.



TUCKED away on the lower coast of Florida, amid the cocoanut-groves, lies a sleepy little settlement of some twenty-odd houses. The little freight-steamer that ties up to the landing twice a week occasionally drops a passenger or two who has come southward to escape the chilling blasts of the Northern winter, or maybe fish in the broad waters of the bay that spread out east of the mainland.

Among the "characters" in the settlement was an old darky by the name of Silas, an absolutely worthless piece of humanity, dirty, lazy and utterly devoid of morals; yet, withal, good-natured and happy, and thoroughly contented with everybody and everything. Time and again he was arrested and put in the little flimsy lock-up, but it mattered not to him; he was just as happy inside the jail as out, and as soon as he was released he repeated the offense, his only excuse being "'Mem-bah, kind folks, that po' ole Silas hain't nebbah had no bringin' up.'" His most persistent malady was his fondness for his neighbor's poultry. When a roost was plundered, the only explanation was "Silas," or if the cackling of a fowl was heard at night, the comment was "Silas."

Plead, punish, threaten, it was of no avail. When Silas needed a chicken—and his needs were frequent—he sallied forth in the still small hours and helped himself at the most convenient coop. Twice he had been fired at while he was committing his depredations, and, though he had carried off enough shot to bring down several partridges, he never dropped his chicken.

Though his morals were at the lowest ebb, the old negro was a firm believer in "ba'nts an' sperrits." Get him once started on the subject and he would

wander off into the most marvelous and harrowing details of supernatural visitants that took the shapes of cows and white mules, and troubled folks at night. Indeed, there were certain parts of the settlement where he could not be hired to go after dark. Unfortunately, the hen-roosts were not within these charmed circles.

Our excuse for sojourning in this place was fishing. Day after day we sailed over the bright waters of the bay, or took little journeys out into the ocean and lured the splendid kingfish from his briny home. But one day there was no breeze, the palm-trees drooped and sulked, the air was hot and stifling; the only moving objects within sight were the buzzards with their broad, powerful wings extended firm and motionless, as they floated over the sultry air. As they passed over the narrow walk in front of the inn, they stretched their long, bare necks and turned their barren heads from side to side; one by one they



SILAS.



"DOAN' HA'NT FO' OLE SILAS WHAT'S NEBBAR HAD NO BRINGIN' UP."

circled nearer to the earth, and one by one they dropped clumsily on the parched grass, where lay a tempting morsel of fish.

With my fishing-rod I had been making imaginary casts from the hotel porch. "I have it," suggested the bright and particular genius of our party. "Why not catch a buzzard?" The line was reeled out to a sufficient length, and the end formed in a noose about the fish. The buzzards again wheeled over the spot, and dropped on post and rail to see if their feast was still undisturbed. They were a little suspicious, but presently one old patriarch, more bold than his comrades, hobbled toward the fish. Once inside the noose, the line was gradually drawn taut, until a sudden, quick jerk, a few convulsive efforts, and the bird lay a motionless captive upon the grass. Now that we had him, what penalty should he pay for his greed? A council of war was held, and the royal decree went forth that a huge white tie should be placed about his bare neck. The tie was made and placed in position, the noose withdrawn, and after gazing stupidly about him he stretched his somber wings and rose into the ethereal blue. He soared away over the trees and was soon lost to view. Others came and were caught. On their naked heads we tied jaunty caps of gorgeous hues, and so the hours passed until our stock of haberdashery had become exhausted.

Toward sundown an old negro hobbled toward the inn. The long staff he grasped in his wrinkled hands smote the ground with uncommon vigor. He halted abruptly as he reached the walk, scratched his crinkled wool, started on a few steps, hesitated, then slowly shambled up the path. It was Silas. Removing his tattered hat, he fumbled it nervously, and from the expression of his dim old eyes it was evident that the old man was troubled. "Ain' seed nuffin' encommon 'bout heah dis ebenin', is yer, sah?" he addressed us. I answered that I had not. "Well, sah, dis ebenin', while my ole woman was washin' at de tub, jes' outen de cabin do', she done hab a vision what kem jes' befo' her eyes. She scream out to de top ob her voice, 'Good Lawd, hol' me fas', and wid dat she upstot de tub, kicked ober de wash-bench and done lippit into de house, slambangin' de do' behin' her. She's hid

herself in de corner behin' de bed; dar she is plum' fas' and dar she say she gwine to stay till Judgment Day. I done argify wif her de bes' I could, but hit ain' no use, so I come along ter see ef I kin git Parson Ebers ter come down to de house and 'vince her. Ain' seen Parson Ebers, is yer?" Before we could inquire concerning his wife's malady, he had hobbled off in the direction of Parson Ebers' cabin.

The sun had set, and that peculiar stillness that seems so intense in a tropical climate pervaded the whole surrounding. Suddenly a succession of unearthly yells pierced the air. They seemed to come from the "hummock" some two hundred yards away. We started down the path and plunged into the tangled woods. Nearer and nearer we hurried toward the now feeble and agonized groans. As we burst into a small clearing, we came upon a spectacle indeed. Kneeling upon the ground, with bared head, grasping his staff firmly in one hand, while with the other he held his tattered cap, was Silas. He looked not to the right nor to the left, but stared straight ahead. He mumbled in a terrified manner; his sentences were emphasized with a groan. "I knows yer," he murmured. "I knows yer all. Youse de sperrit ob Phebe Jackson what died las' spring, and you un what's got de colored bonnet is Phil Adams' woman what's been dead these seben yeahs. I knows de bonnet! Doan' ha'nt po' ole Silas what's nebbah had no bringin' up. I sw'ar befo' de good Lawd dat I won't go neah no moah hen-roosts. Turn you eyes off me an' let me go, let me go."

We crept softly toward the poor old wretch, and as we helped him to his feet he was trembling with fear. As we gazed ahead in the direction he had been looking, we beheld the object of his terror. Ranged side by side on a huge branch of a moss-covered live-oak sat the buzzards wearing their ties and bonnets with the same dainty grace they had exhibited earlier in the day.

We spoke not a word, but led him from the spot on through the hummock, out into the clearing, and thrust him trembling, yet thankful, inside his cabin door.

The little settlement sleeps on. The lock-up holds no tenant now, for old Silas has been cured of his trouble. The hen-roosts are all haunted now.



The Inefficiency of the British Officer

BY LIONEL STRACHEY

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD WOLSELEY, not long before he laid down the supreme baton of British military command, made the public boast that the British officer was "not only the finest specimen of humanity extant and the finest fighting-man, but a man unequaled in the armies of the world." No doubt also the commanders-in-chief of the forces of Costa Rica, Montenegro, Hayti, Oman, Monaco, San Marino and Luna are in the habit of similarly belauding their officers. For in the matter of martial prowess (and of beautiful women) any given nation believes itself superior to the rest of the world, and the solar system besides. Thus the armies (and the beauties) of France, Liberia and Venus have equal claims to primacy. As to their naval superexcellence the empires and republics of this tiny globule, flipp'd into space by chance, hold opinions less absolute—perhaps because water is a more evasive substance than earth. Andorra might therefore conceivably, though reluctantly, allow her fleet in a few respects not quite measurable with Russia's.

Leaving aside these playful imaginations, and looking to recent realities, did not Spain imagine she could sweep the Yankee shopkeepers off sea and land? Did not the pride and joy of Italy, her mustachio-curl'd darlings, turn tail before the blackamoors of Abyssinia? And the vast realm whose subject Lord Wolseley is, numbering one-quarter nearly of the world's population, how soon, and by what holocausts, and after what disgrace, did it subdue fifty thousand slouching volunteers, who smoked their pipes while they shot off their cannon?

Patriotism subsists, not on facts, but on fictions. Else Lord Wolseley had alluded to Estcourt, Stormberg and Magersfontein; had dwelt upon Colenso, Spion Kop, Koodoosberg; had explained what happened at the Tugela River, Slingersfontein and Ramutsa; had informed his audience who was

driven back from Colesberg, Railway Hill and Lobatsi; had counted up these—twelve of them in four months—and sundry other—hm—disasters, and—hm—errors in judgment, and—hm—insufficient precautions. But it did not really matter whether the noble lord spoke of British victories or British defeats. Himself and his audi-



A CAPTAIN OF THE SEVENTEENTH LANCERS.

ence had settled beforehand, in spite of evidence, that the British officer was the "finest fighting-man," et cetera. Surely they easily could perform this mental trick if they could swallow the paradox that a fighting-man is a fine specimen of humanity. Christ, Socrates, Buddha, Seneca and a few other persons not generally esteemed foolish would have declared a man who purposely killed or maimed his fellow-men an aggravated specimen of inhumanity. But patriotism has nothing to do with religion or morals. Pending the arrival of the millennium, however, let us turn, not the light of patriotic error, but that of cosmopolitan truth, on the statement that the British officer is a "man unequaled in the armies of the world."

The first and fundamental cause of the British officer's professional incapacity is the brevity of his technical training. England has no military schools, managed by officers, where boys, entering at an early age, are brought up in brass buttons, for years subjected to military discipline, instructed in military science and nourished upon military ideals. England has no Kadettenschulen, and the long, severe courses of Saint Cyr and West Point are also unknown in the British isles. Two years at the Royal Military Academy, at Woolwich, is judged sufficient total preparation for a lieutenant of artillery or engineers. But these two arms of the service are numerically inconspicuous beside the infantry and cavalry. Aspirants for epaulettes in those branches acquire their whole program of ignorance in nine actual months of study at the Royal Military College of Sandhurst, the course lasting nominally one year, but being abbreviated by vacation periods. Did one ever hear of a man's becoming a doctor, a lawyer, a clergyman, an organist, an accountant, a

watchmaker, a balloonist, or a floorwalker in a shop, in nine months? And why does it take years to reach the rank of sublieutenant in the British navy and only months to obtain a second lieutenant's commission in the British army? Old England, having discovered how to gain truly efficient naval officers, applies the opposite method to the production of army officers—with equal success in the reverse direction.

The dilettanti under whom England's little army could (according to patriotic opinion) rout the millions of Russia, Germany or France—led by real professionals and not by amateurs—are, then, chiefly graduates of the Royal Military College of Sandhurst, where youths are in nine months unprepared and uninstructed for the infantry and cavalry. By common experience, the soldier's prime essential is drill. Implicit obedience to a higher voice and perfect execution of its paramount command is the first of all principles in civil life or military, whether conscience give the order in the one case or the colonel in the other. This comes only after perpetual drill—drill at all seasons; drill in spite of everything; nothing but drill until it is no longer drill but habit. At Sandhurst drill cannot become a habit, since a dozen hours a week for nine months is the whole practice of it. But even this inadequate minimum is not utilized to the best advantage of the largest number of cadets. On parade the corps of Gentlemen Cadets—as the students are officially named—is drawn up in six companies. The officers, sergeants and corporals are represented by cadets chosen from each company. If different students were called out of the ranks on different days to perform



A LIEUTENANT OF CAVALRY.

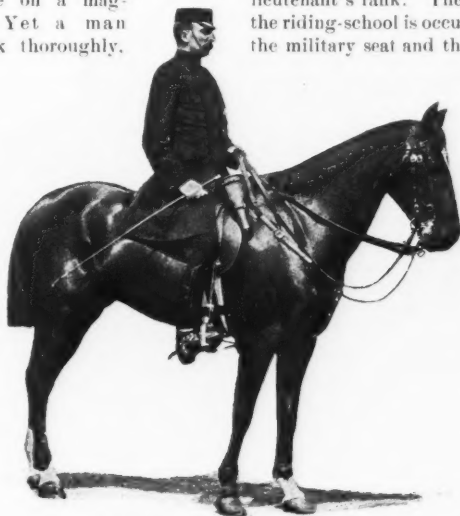
these duties, all would have at least some opportunity at playing officer or non-commissioned officer. But for the sake of convenience, or tradition, or heaven knows what abstract doctrine of perversity, cadets are selected for the said functions neither in rotation nor at haphazard, but are permanently appointed from among those who seem to give best promise of expertness. So that the average man, and especially the backward man, who needs this higher experience most, never gets it, because he is never given any rôle but that of a private in the ranks.

War is the international legitimization of murder, rape, arson, robbery, et cetera. It is simply crime on a magnificent scale. Yet a man must do his work thoroughly, whatever it be. Is your vocation that of a burglar, then rob competently, conscientiously, consummately. If you happen to be a warrior, regret that you are one, but execute the slaughter of your Christian or heathen brother with a dainty precision; rip him up neatly; plug him up nicely. Only do not go for instruction in shooting or fencing to Sandhurst. There the prospective officer is not obliged ever to point a rifle or revolver at a target or dummy. Neither does he learn to manipulate a real sword. The curriculum at the Royal Military College includes a few weeks of sword drill, carried out, not with swords, but with sticks. The positions, motions, cuts and thrusts are gone through in perfunctory fashion by the cadets in squads. No more than the bare elements are mastered. The finer strategy of fencing, with feints, impromptu attack and parrying,

dodging blows, is left untaught. Lucky the student who acquires a remote idea of how to behave in single combat. Into the existence of the *mêlée* he is not so much as initiated. As to firearms, readiness and rapidity with the revolver should be an imperative requirement in a commissioned officer. There should be revolver practice every day, from first to last of the whole short course. But no—His Majesty's Gentlemen Cadets shoot for amusement only. There is a rifle and revolver club at the college, membership in which is voluntary.

If the infantryman joins his regiment imperfect at drill and unable to fence or shoot, the cavalryman is still more unfit for lieutenant's rank. The time he spends in the riding-school is occupied with learning the military seat and the simplest parts of

cavalry drill. Into the evolutions of a regiment he gets no practical insight, much less of larger bodies: he is not taken out into the country, the natural features and obstacles of which he must imagine on a square of tanbark between four walls; he does not learn to



AN OFFICER OF THE LIFE GUARDS.

charge, make a hasty escape, ford a river or reconnoiter; he never fires off a carbine or revolver from the back of a horse at a target nor engages in bouts with saber or lance with his fellow-students. All he can hope to learn at Sandhurst is to sit straight in the saddle and stay there.

The Sandhurst curriculum does not include camping out; the cadets do not take part, either individually or as a body, in any sham fights or manoeuvres with regular troops; they make no marches, no expeditions; they do not know how to pitch tents, build fires or lay out a bivouac; they are not shown how to clean arms and ac-

couterments, how to tend a horse, how to make a bed. But after a mere nine months the Sandhurst cadet is alleged to know all about: The construction of earthworks, shelter-trenches, pontoon-bridges, rafts; the make and use of cannon, shells and fuses; surveying, road-map drawing, and putting a place into a state of defense; strategical movements of armies, modes of attack and retreat, the functions of the different arms of the service in a campaign; military law and the procedure of court-martial; barrack routine, accounts, rations, quarters, clothing, pay, pensions, and all other details of internal economy; French and German; swimming and gymnastics.

Prior to receiving his commission, the future Wellington rocks for a space on dreams, vague but delicious, of broad epaulets, clanking spurs, thin red lines (himself invariably in front of them), and all manner of dashing gallantry on the field of honor and in the ball-room. These visions bear the radiant superscription, summarizing the dreamer's emotions and ambitions: "The army's such an awfully jolly profession; it's such an awfully jolly life, you know!" Amusement, not work, is the ideal of the new-fledged subaltern, who sees in his accession to the martial calling the opportunity to indulge to the full his inclination for sports and games, and also to turn his existence into a perennial social carnival. Leisure he has plenty, and women cannot resist gold, particularly when embroidered on scarlet. Polo, lawn-tennis, billiards, cricket matches, loo (a game of cards), partridge-shooting, tiffin (lunch) parties, house parties, private hops, regimental balls, theatricals, flirtations, liaisons, "doing" London in mufti (citizen's clothes), swaggering down Piccadilly with top-hat and eyeglass—all this he adores, to the detrimental neglect of the military sciences. An "officer who loves his profession" is a cant

phrase often heard and read. It does not convey, is not supposed to convey, the idea that the officer in question is straining every string of his intellect to become a great strategist, like Frederick of Prussia; nor does it signify a consuming passion to emulate Vauban, the great engineer; neither is the indomitable purpose implied of eclipsing Krupp. None of that would be at all exciting or amusing. On the contrary, such aims would entail solitary sittings by the lamp of learning, far from the lounges and brandies-and-sodas of the ante-

room, and far from the sheen of lustrous eyes. And that wouldn't be a bit jolly, you know. An "officer who loves his profession" is he who takes delight in its outward show and glitter, in its most blatant displays. He likes to wear a very tightly fitting tunic; very red, with very broad epaulets, and with very shiny buttons; to wave his sword with elegant grace at the saluting point; to lead a rush against whooping savages; to get a medal for personal valor—the Victoria Cross above all—and to have it pinned on his breast by the reigning sovereign, to whom he kneels in the presence of a brilliant assembly; to see his name in the "Gazette" for promotion; to sit at mess telling tales of the campaign, and to march up the Strand



A CAPTAIN OF THE NEW SOUTH WALES LANCERS.

through triumphal arches of evergreen in the sunshine of beauty's smile.

If on the European continent the coat of Mars insures social glorification, in England it at least is awarded social distinction; it stamps its possessor "fashionable"; it makes him eligible for afternoon teas and a sempiternal tailor's bill. The officer's social prestige depends not on his age, rank, experience in arms, or professional attainments. He is not given a place on a ball program according to his merits—and no one on earth ever was—but in consideration of the regiment he belongs to. An officer in the Life Guards is supposed

to be "more the thing" than an officer of one of the lancer regiments. It is more "swagger" to be in the Horse Artillery than in the Garrison Artillery. The Horse Artillery wears gaudier clothes than the Garrison Artillery, dashes into action at a gallop, and gets higher pay—but is not more useful. A lieutenant of Foot Guards (comprising the Grenadier, Coldstream and Scots Guards) is "a greater swell" than one in the Rifle Brigade; who, in turn, is "thought more of" than one in the Marines. Beside the gorgeous, pelished, sabretashed, scintillating hussar, the sober army surgeon, whose generic nickname is "Sawbones," is "simply not in it." To be one of the Royal Engineers, whose sobriquet is "the Sappers," is less grand than to belong to a "crack" Highland regiment, but finer than to bear rank in an ordinary "line" (infantry) regiment. The non-combatant branches of the "service," such as the commissariat or transport department, are "really not up to much." Among army men, even officers of the fighting branches who happen to be temporarily employed as instructors at

Sandhurst or Woolwich are "looked down upon," and spoken of contemptuously as "schoolmasters."

Various causes determine these preferences. Prejudices, let us rather say, because preference springs from sentiment, and sentiment is an enemy to judgment. For instance: Patriotism=sentiment=preference=prejudice. On the other hand: Cosmopolitanism=unlocalism=universalism=a free spirit loving justice. So, the preference (or prejudice) for any given corps may be due to its ancient war rec-

ords, or its participation in recent battles, or its costume, or the tallness of its members, or the beauty of its horses, or its aristocratic exclusiveness, or its extravagant standard of living, or the hugeness of its conceit. At all events, the existence of these fantastic prepossessions—not one of which can possibly alter or affect a man's individual military worth one

job—leads the subaltern officer to a false view of his place and purpose in the world. He forgets that a profession is the synonym for serious, strenuous, lifelong labor. The flame of social ambition is fanned in his breast. He must do as "the other fellows" in his regiment do; he must "go the pace"; he must live "in good style"—all in order not to discredit the traditions of the Bunkumshire Buffs—"not a smarter regiment in the service, by Gad, sir!" Occupied with emulating the fox-hunting, theater-going, wine-drinking, card-playing "smartness" of his brother officers, and thus assisting them to vindicate the honor of the Bunkumshire Buffs, Lieuten-

ant Lovelace consigns tactics to the devil. Beyond performing the compulsory round of duties, he stirs no finger and no part of his brain to increase his value as a military factor. He, who ought to make the most of patriotism—weak as that cause may be—does nothing to develop himself into an effective defender of his country. Instead, he seeks the maximum of amusement in sports and social life, while actively discounting the impending demise of a rich uncle.

Small wonder if he run into debt. An English second lieutenant of infantry receives the splendid emolument of five hun-



A CAPTAIN OF MARINES.



A CAPTAIN OF THE NINETY-THIRD HIGHLANDERS.



A CAPTAIN OF THE NINTH BENGAL LANCERS.



AN AIDE-DE-CAMP TO
A COLONIAL GOV-
ERNOR.

dred dollars a year. In two years' time he is made first lieutenant, when his stipend is raised to six hundred dollars per annum. On this amount the victim is condemned to terrestrial existence for eight or ten years, when, promoted to a captaincy, he attains the income of one thousand dollars a year. With his mess-bills and regimental subscriptions, his club and his clothes, the demands of fashion upon him, and the general necessity of cutting a dash, the lieutenant's fifty dollars per month must confront him with either discomfort, debt or departure from the army. From these dilemmas the rescue is to take service in India. Here, where one-third of all the British regulars are stationed, the pay of officers is doubled. To get this advantage, a man asks to be attached to a regiment garrisoned in India for a term of years; or he exchanges with an officer desirous of returning from the fens of the Ganges to the fogs of the Thames; or he becomes, after qualifying himself in native languages, gazetted to some corps of the native standing army, which, one hundred and fifty thousand strong, is distributed all over the East Indian peninsula.

It is a convention universally accepted that an officer serving in the British isles must be in possession of a private income. Parents and guardians grant allowances as a matter of course. The sum varies according to the regiment. In the Foot Guards, who are stationed in, or close to, the metropolis, four or five thousand dollars a year is reckoned enough to maintain a guardsman's reputation as "the glass of fashion and the mold of form." A hussar or dragoon requires fully two to three thousand dollars over and above the government honorarium to show that a cavalry officer is a gentleman. To "do the thing properly, don't you know," in an average infantry regiment is estimated to need a thousand to fifteen hundred dollars in excess of the regular pay, five hundred being

considered the smallest annual allowance under any circumstances.

All this system of superficial training and amusement and sport and swagger and extravagance and social snobbery—is it businesslike? Not only is it unbusinesslike, but it tends to the elimination of a professional spirit and the enthronement of pleasure, frivolity, silliness. *Vive la bagatelle!*

The British army will not gain durable improvement through a reorganization of the War Office, or through giving the Intelligence Department a new head, or through any technical tinkering on the top. A forceps must be applied radically and old evils wrenched out from the foundation. First, the course at Sandhurst should be changed from nine months to three or four years. Second, the uniforms of officers should be of severe simplicity, dark gray or dark blue, with no more ornamentation than necessary to distinguish one grade from another. The abolition of scarlet cloth, gold frogs, shining cuirasses, massive epaulets, imposing collars, gigantic boots, handsome belts, heroic helmets and coquettish caps would diminish popular admiration—particularly the feminine—and therefore also personal vainglory. Third, adequate salaries should be paid, in order to encourage clever young men to look upon the vocation of arms as serious and businesslike.

It is so regarded in the United States. The curriculum at the West Point Military Academy covers four years of theoretical instruction and practice in military exercises. The training is arduous and the discipline severe, during which time the American cadet receives a salary about equalling that of the British lieutenant. Perhaps the American officer is not such a fine gentleman as the British; he may have less polish and fewer of the graces of cultivation. But the American officer takes a sounder view of his profession. It is not the question with him whether the army be fashionable, or amusing. For the army is his Place of Business.



A LIEUTENANT OF
THE NINETY-THIRD
HIGHLANDERS.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON.

BY LAVINIA HART.

TO the man who fails because he "never had a chance," the life of Thomas Johnstone Lipton, Baronet, is a lesson in raised letters.

No chance, no luck, no pull, no indulgent father, no start in life, helped this millionaire baronet to attain the pinnacle of success.

Out of an early environment that lacked even the comforts of life, he has risen and made for himself a monster fortune—not by the usual pyrotechnic methods of questionable deals and lucky gambling, but by shrewd and conscientious business which helped the community as it helped him.

Out of a home modest even to humbleness, and in a country where social progress is limited by obstacles unknown to America, he has risen to knighthood and will undoubtedly enter the peerage—not because he is the son of his father, but because he is a nobleman by nature, spending the millions honestly accumulated to lighten the burdens of the masses from whom they came.

And being a self-made man in a country where self-made men are rare, and being self-made to an extent which is rare in any country, Sir Thomas has accomplished the still greater feat of being able to entertain his friends without reference to his accomplishment. This happy and unprecedented consideration alone should entitle him to the highest decoration it is in England's power to bestow.

Thomas Lipton came of good stock. His parents were poor, eminently respectable, and religious, and handed down to their son a heritage of the quick wit, cheery good nature and innate sensitiveness and refinement that are characteristics of the north of Ireland people. Several years before the birth of their son, they moved to Glasgow, because thrifty Scotland seemed to hold out more promise for willing workers than dilapidated Ireland. But the only prosperity that ever came to the Liptons came in the form of the son, whom they named Thomas Johnstone. The only luxury that fell to Thomas John-

stone's lot was the luxury of longing. He played wish until he was fifteen years old. He wished he had a million dollars, so they might have all the good things other folks had, and so his papa could stop being sad, and his mama could stop making believe she wasn't. He wished he was a peer of the realm, so he could wear a ribbon that would show folks that some one in his family, at some time, had done something better than any one else could do it; and so he could have a prefix to his name and folks would have to stop calling him just "Tommy." And he wished—and this was the best wish he ever did wish—that some day he would have a boat all his own, bigger and cleaner than the ones he saved up to hire by the hour on the Clyde, and with such big sails it would shoot past everything those Scotsmen had even seen. And often when he had saved up enough to indulge his only vice, he hired a Clyde catboat for a whole afternoon; and when her nose got well up in the wind and the cockpit rail well under water, he would stretch himself flat on deck and gaze up into the blue sky, and wish and wish till the catboat grew to a giant yacht too big for the Clyde and sailed out into the ocean, and the ribbon on his breast was so wide it covered the front of his jacket, and the millions in the bank multiplied so fast they became a weight of responsibility that almost marred his care-free holiday.

When he reached the age of fifteen, he came to the conclusion his wishes never would come true in Scotland. He had been employed in several small capacities, but these held no promise for the future. Yet out of his small and precarious earnings he had saved a little, and he set to work, with an object in view, to save more. In three months he had sufficient to purchase steerage passage to America. He had not yet outgrown knickerbockers nor the boyish leaning toward parental affection that goes with them. He was very inexperienced, and very homesick, and very much disappointed, when he reached his new land of

promise. There seemed to be nothing for a small boy to do. It was the year of '65, just after the war, and things didn't look promising, even for grown folks. For a while the little immigrant tried his luck in New York, gaining experience, if nothing more. Then he worked his way down to South Carolina, and for two years worked in the rice-fields, doing the maximum of work for the minimum of pay, yet sending half of those meager earnings every month to two lonely old people on the banks of the Clyde. At the close of two years Thomas Lipton decided there was no future for him in a business which took all his working energy, and gave him in return no penny to save, after the barest necessities of life had been provided. From the earliest days of his career he never wasted mental activity in solving problems which he did not put into practice. Having resolved there was no future in South Carolina, he embarked on a steamer from Charleston and worked his way North. He spent several years in New York and the Northern cities, earning little, but saving a part of it, yearning to go back to his native land, yet resolutely turning his face from temptation until he should have something to show for the years of work.

When he had accumulated five hundred dollars, young Lipton turned toward home. It was the first wholly happy moment he had known since his last holiday on the Clyde. He was not carrying home a fortune, but it was the foundation for one. He had not failed. Thomas Lipton was not made of the stuff that makes failures. Even if he had been born a peer, instead of acquiring that dignity, it is doubtful if the incident would have proved a serious impediment to his progress. His American experience would have crushed the hope and embittered the temper of a weaker lad. He had known every kind of hard work, every kind of privation, disappointment, setback, loneliness. He had been in a strange land, without home or kindred, unskilled in any line, yet he had conquered. His wit had won friends for him; his willingness had won work for him; his Scotch instincts had taught him the only way to have money is to save it. He had not had even the capital of a finished

education, but his power of observation and application supplied the want as text-books never could. He was not familiar with the philosophies of the ancients to help him in solving life's problems, but in their stead he had a better, a natural philosophy of his own that resulted from a commingling of his early training with the character that grew out of his subsequent American experience. This philosophy was founded on the practical application of the Golden Rule, and he added thereto this axiom: "What is, is right"—an axiom that brought him content through all the various phases of his varied lot, that taught him to believe in the ultimate success of every honest effort, that gave him strength over the rough places and courage through the dark ways.

On the high street of Glasgow, his native town, young Lipton began the upgrade of his career. It was a modest beginning—all his beginnings were—but a nest-egg is a nest-egg, and its size has little to do with ultimate results. Everything in the little provision store he opened was paid for in cash. When the five hundred dollars was exhausted, he waited for returns before purchasing more stock. One of the first principles of this commercial genius was to keep out of debt. There were no funds to devote to clerk hire—he became his own clerk. This man who saw each broadening step of his future before he got to it, because it came by his own planning and building, and not by chance; who saw everything on a gigantic scale and aimed for all things big, swept out his own store, measured his own provisions for his customers, slept in a bed beneath his counter, and rose from it at daybreak to get his shop and his wares in readiness for the day's business.

Day-dreams—big day-dreams—are a godsend to the ambitious, provided they are not allowed to encroach upon the time for action in all those meaner, practical details that constitute the cornerstone of every great success.

Lipton's business grew as must every business which is conducted carefully and judiciously by a man who is determined to succeed, and backs that determination by a desire to please the public and by a strict attention to business during business hours.

The secret of Sir Thomas Lipton's success to-day was the secret of his success then: "One thing at a time." He did not try the combination which makes success impossible to half the young men of to-day: a workman by day and a sport at night. When his store was closed, he sought physical rest, to prepare him for the next day's labors; and his recreation was the hour before retiring, spent in planning for the next step onward.

This unique form of recreation resulted in solving the problem which made his millions: the doing away with the middleman. When, at the close of several years, "Lipton's" was the most flourishing store in Glasgow, its owner opened several branch stores and his business assumed very large proportions. To reach the masses, however—and it is these who make millions for the retail trader—it is necessary to sell cheap goods or to get the cost of high-class goods down to a minimum. Thomas Lipton proceeded along the latter course, and to do it became his own wholesale agent. He went over to Ireland and cornered the whole supply of bacon and eggs for his stores; and when those stores had multiplied throughout the kingdom so that the Irish supply of bacon was inadequate, he traveled to America and made arrangements with a Chicago packing company, of which he subsequently became owner—a concern which disposes of three thousand hogs per diem.

Next Thomas Lipton turned his attention to jams and canned fruits. These articles, in fit-to-eat grades, had been wholly out of reach of the poor. Too many agents handled them before they got to the retail buyer. There were the growers, the wholesale marketmen, the canning factories, the wholesale and retail grocerymen. Hence the Lipton fruit-farms in Kent and elsewhere, the Lipton canning factories in England and Scotland, and the Lipton canned fruits on the shelves of the four hundred and twenty Lipton stores throughout the United Kingdom.

Tea came next. It is the national English beverage. If good tea could be supplied at moderate cost, it meant untold millions. Thomas Lipton watched his chance and bought land until he was the largest individual landowner in Ceylon, and

started coffee and cocoa plantations also.

When, on his return to England, he was offered two million pounds for his tea business, this man who a few years before had regarded a shilling as no mean fortune, announced that his tea business was still in its infancy, and declined.

At this stage, with a gigantic and ever-increasing revenue coming in, most men—particularly Englishmen—would have slackened their pace. They would have gradually receded from the actual cares and worries of business, intrusting these to underlings and indulging themselves in the sports they loved, in country homes and congenial friends. But Thomas Lipton knew no half-way measures then, as he knows none now. In all he thinks and all he does he is big. His enterprises, his charities, his entertainments, his views, his friendships, and even his dislikes, are on a broad scale. His head, his heart and his hand work in a radius without compass.

Though his unique advertisements had made the name of Lipton a household word in Great Britain, his personality and the power he represented in the commercial world were comparatively unknown, until he decided to float his interests in a stock company under the title of "Lipton, Limited."

There never was such a response from the investing public, not even to the famous houses of Barings or Rothschild, as flooded the National Bank of Scotland for shares in the concern of "Lipton, Limited"; the total application amounting to forty million pounds sterling.

Then, at the head of the greatest commercial concern in Great Britain, the concern that pays over in duties to the throne more than any other in the kingdom and carries ten thousand men and women on its pay-rolls, Thomas Lipton took his first long breath, and felt that he was nearing the goal.

Long before his knighthood, Sir Thomas had begun to make his money felt—not only in commercial circles, but among the needy.

It was not merely for the gift of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars to the Jubilee Dinner Fund, or the five hundred thousand dollars to the Alexandra Trust for supplying good, cheap dinners to

the working-people, that Thomas Lipton was made a baronet, but rather because he had proved his claim to honorable recognition by the continuous, unstinted outpouring of his charity into ways and places where it made no noise as it fell.

The donation to the Jubilee Dinner Fund was a sample of the way his generous impulse works.

Sir Thomas was taking a cup of tea with the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, and the Poor Fund was mentioned.

"How is it getting on?" asked Sir Thomas.

"Very slowly," answered his hostess; "the project will require thirty thousand pounds and we have but five thousand."

"It is a pity," replied Sir Thomas. "There could be no better way to celebrate her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee than by feeding the hungry in her kingdom."

Whereupon he took out his check-book and drew upon it for the balance of twenty-five thousand pounds.

At Osidge, his beautiful home in Southgate, surrounded by parks of giant cedars and pollard oaks, and filled with the memories of the Royal Chase of Enfield, of Lord Newhaven, the Duke of Chandos and the immortal Lamb, Sharon Turner and Thomas Hood, the most conspicuous works of art in the mansion are the portraits of his mother and father. And though the wide corridors are carpeted and hung with rugs and tapestries that are priceless treasures, with paintings by the old masters and the best of the modern school, with sculpture and art treasures, the host of that palatial home takes his keenest pride and pleasure in pointing to the portraits of the old folks who lived and died on the banks of the Clyde, before his great success was realized.

Yet with all the grandeur of Osidge and its surroundings, there is something lacking. It is only "bachelor's quarters," after all. In the hothouses, where the Lipton orchids are fast becoming the finest in England, the blossoms bloom, and wither, and "cast their sweetness on the desert air" for the gardener to sniff. Not any of them are gathered by soft hands that enhance their value by arrangement throughout the rooms of the mansion. The pianos are automatic. There is no ripple of laughter in the corridors, no rustle of silk on the

stairs. By no chance does a carelessly discarded glove spoil the contour of a silk-upholstered chair, or a lacy parasol hide its head beneath the sofa's cushions. The atmosphere at Osidge lacks the palpitating stir which denotes the presence feminine; and one wonders how splendid might be the entertainments in this masculine mansion if such a one as Sir Thomas would choose should supply the touch that is missing.

Two years ago I said to him, "Sir Thomas, why don't you marry?" And Sir Thomas replied with mock seriousness, "Because I can't break my golden rule, and that is, 'One thing at a time.'"

The Hon. Charles Russell, son of England's Lord Chief-Justice, who is one of the Baronet's intimates, denies the prevalent opinion that he is waiting for a girl of high degree.

"When he marries," said Mr. Russell, "he will marry a woman who is genuine and wholesome and womanly."

With the standard thus fixed, the myriads of girls who storm the Lipton citadel find it garrisoned by one who is courtier to all and suitor to none.

"I am wedded to my boats," says Sir Thomas, and no one doubts it.

During the yacht races of '99, not a business message was shown to him, and social invitations were declined. He came with a boat to win a cup, and he was all boat and cup, from the time he landed till that eventful day when he stood on the bridge of the "Erin" and saw the last of his three boyish day-dreams beaten into shreds by the "Columbia's" sails as they sped faster and faster from the losing challenger.

For a moment it seemed as though a weak spot in this gigantic character were about to show itself.

There was stillness everywhere on deck.

Was Sir Thomas a poor loser?

For answer he raised his head and said, "Three cheers for Columbia—she was the better boat."

Before the echo of the cheers had died away, "Three cheers for Sir Thomas" broke over the deck with the force of a high sea; and three more, and three more again, brought this quick response from the bridge: "Irish hearts are as stout as American boats. Britain will try again."

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By

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From Dr. Solis

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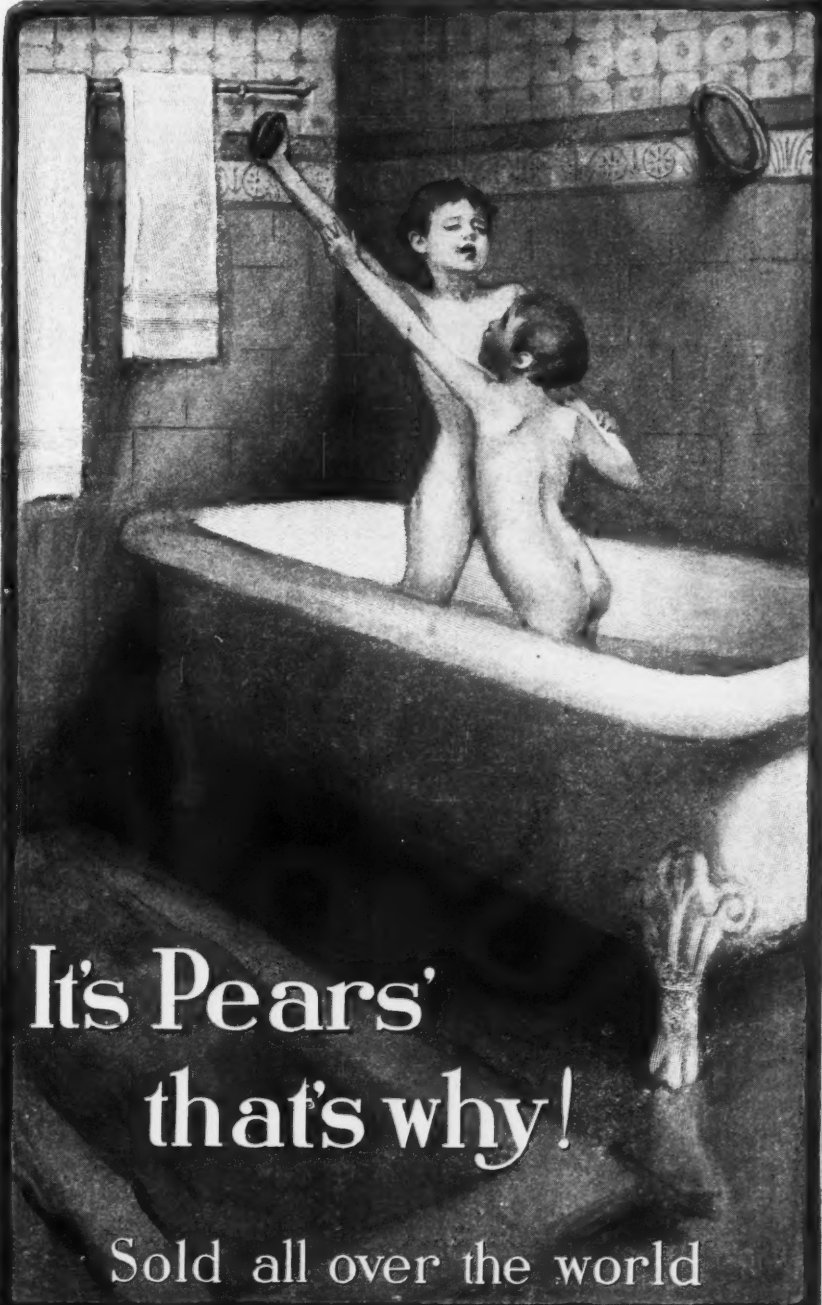
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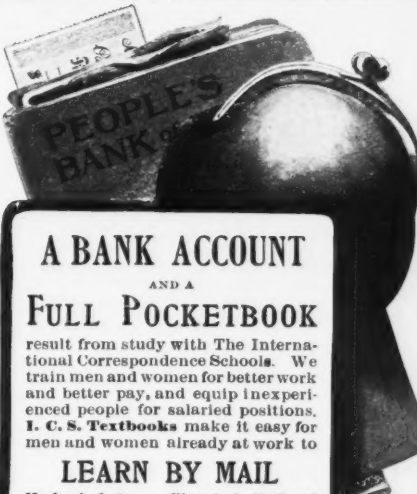
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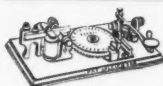
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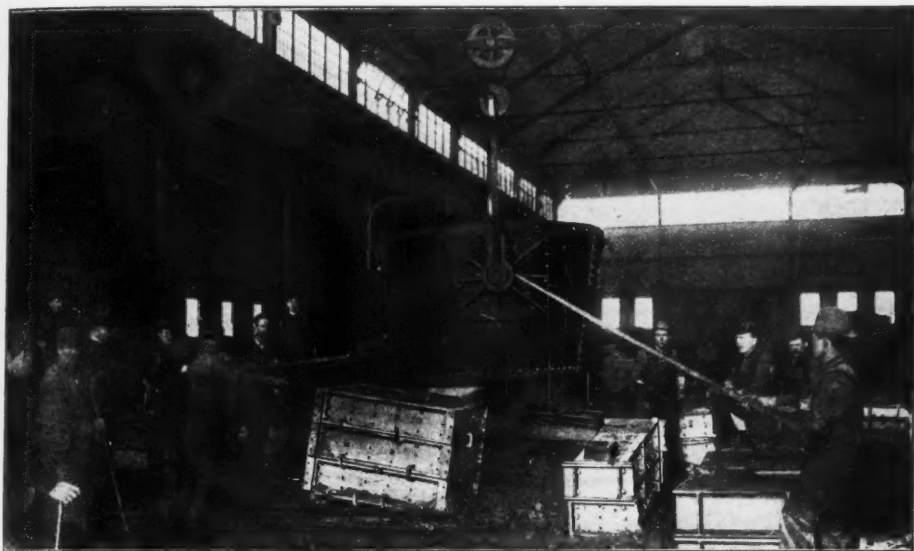
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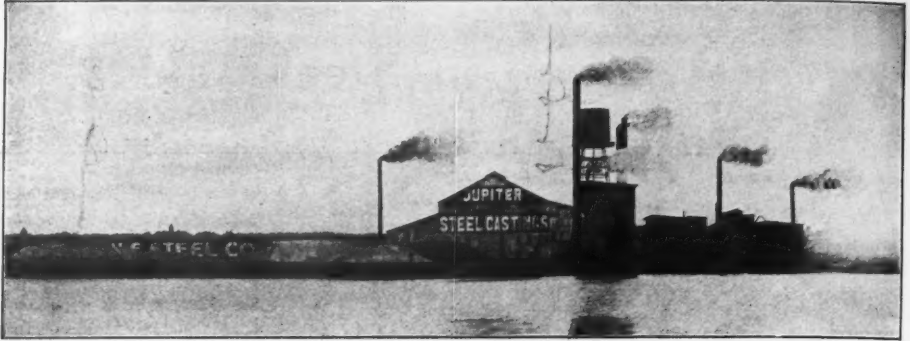
MAKING STEEL CASTINGS FROM SCRAP STEEL.

EVEN "Harnessing the Sun," as described in a recent magazine, is not more marvelous and certainly not nearly so potent in present industrial application as is the discovery of a process of steel-making which cuts the cost of production over one-half. For this is preëminently the Steel Age, in distinction to those old prehistoric Stone and Bronze Ages, of which the scientists tell us, and the Iron Age, which is even now disappearing before the triumphal progress of its successor. One might almost suppose that modern civilization, like the tall buildings, is created around a steel frame. As a recent writer says, "steel has now come to be the basis of all material progress," and this is no exaggeration of a material which is all the time entering so many fields of usefulness. Already we depend on it for thousands of articles of daily use, ranging from a pressed steel freight car to the gossamer-like hair spring of a watch; and the United States alone produces some fifteen million

tons a year, worth probably four hundred millions of dollars! It does not take much penetration to see the possibilities of an industrial process which cuts in half the cost of steel production.

This new marvel yields from steel "scrap" a product so strong that it will stand a strain of 73,000 pounds to the square inch before breaking, and so hard that it will take the sharp edge of the cold chisel or the hatchet without forging. And it comes to this state of great industrial efficiency, not by the expensive process that gives to American tool steel a cost of nine cents a pound and to Jessup's English bar a cost of fourteen cents, but by the direct and simple process of melting and casting which reduces the cost to three and one-half cents a pound.

The name given to the product of this new process is Jupiter steel. The process is now in operation at the large plant of the United States Steel Company, at Everett, Mass. A few weeks ago the writer saw all sorts of steel scrap,



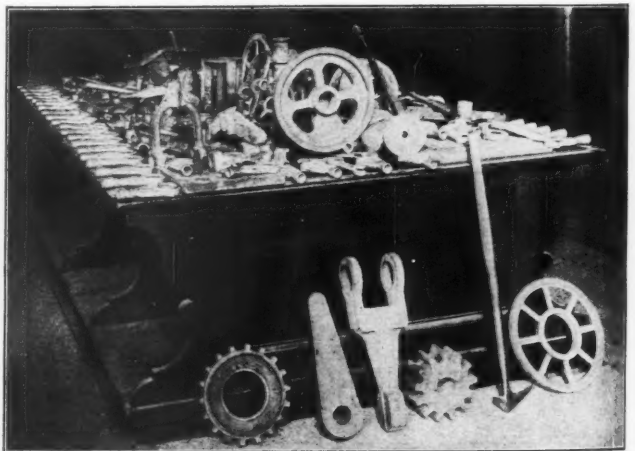
THE WATER FRONT OF THE PLANT AT EVERETT.

borings from a gun factory, clippings from boiler plate, broken wheels and crank shafts, in fact, all kinds of waste and junk—if that can be applied to old steel—turned into bright new tools in a few hours with only the furnace and the mold as intermediaries. Worthless scrap made into useful tools by direct casting—that is the net result of this process. As one saw the change actually being wrought, it seemed as if an ingenious Yankee had at last been let into some of the secrets for which the old alchemists sought. How Tubal-cain would raise his thewy arm in amazement could he know that the ploughshare he hammered into shape could now be cast in a mold without tampering or forging and all ready for its work, save the sharpening!

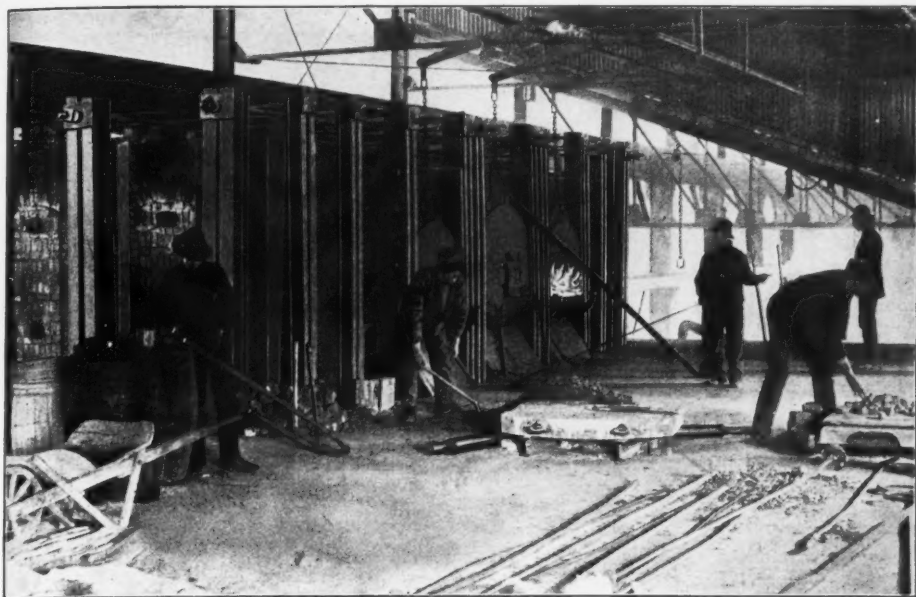
This Jupiter steel is a composition after a formula that is covered by patents, both in the United States and in most foreign countries. The process was worked out by H. B. Whall, of Boston, and A. G. Lundin, a Swedish worker in steel. These men discovered that by adding certain ingredients, at a fixed point in the melting of scrap steel, a product resulted which had every quality of the best steel. It was homogeneous; it would weld perfectly; it could be made hard or soft as desired; it had a tensile strength of 73,000

pounds, Government test; it could be produced in two hours; it took a fine tool edge. Put to one of the severest steel tests in the shape of a cold chisel, it repeatedly excelled the quality of all other bar steel and without any tempering whatever. It seemed to be a product, in short, that would have a large part in the future of steel-making.

In September, 1899, the United States Steel Company was formed to acquire the patents and put Jupiter steel on the market. A tract of land in Everett, having a frontage of a half-mile on the Malden River and stretching back from the river nearly a quarter-mile to the Boston and Maine Railroad, was bought, and a large modern steel plant erected after plans by E. G. Spilsbury, of New York, long President of the



TOOLS AND CASTINGS MADE FROM JUPITER STEEL.



ONE OF THE GREAT OPEN HEARTH FURNACES IN THE EVERETT PLANT.

American Institute of Engineers. The strategic value of this location is at once apparent, for the thousands of factories in New England are both mine and market. From them the steel scrap comes in abundance, and to them Jupiter steel goes back in tools and machinery. Over 700 manufacturers have become customers of the plant. If any part of their machinery breaks, the pattern for it is hastened to Everett and a steel casting of it soon returns. Not long ago in the great Amoskeag Mills, at Manchester, N. H., a cross head on a large engine broke. Had an order gone to Pennsylvania mills to have it replaced, three weeks or a month would have been required, and time means money and a great deal of it in a concern with over 3,000 employees. The pattern maker went down to Everett, had a change or two made in the pattern, and in a few days a new steel casting was back in Manchester to replace the broken one.

This wonderful process is in one sense a "secondary" one; it cannot entirely replace the old method of steel production, for it requires old steel as its raw material. But it is in just such ways that some of the most astonishing edi-

fices of modern industrialism have been built up! Some man has discovered how to utilize "waste" products, and these formerly neglected materials have often proved more valuable than the original production. Moreover, there is a beautiful sort of "endless chain" about it; there is almost an unlimited quantity of old steel in the world, and it is necessarily added to each year. Converted into Jupiter steel, it becomes renewed, rejuvenated, transmuted into new forms, and enters upon a fresh career of usefulness. It comes perilously near an immortalization, this! Not perpetual motion, but to all intents and purposes perpetual value and efficiency.

As showing the wide range of the work being done at the great plant in Everett, when the writer of this article was there recently, castings were being made of gears and other parts for the Carnegie Rolling Mills, of driving wheels for the Manchester Locomotive Works and for the Boston and Maine Railroad Company, of a stern bracket weighing five tons for the ocean-going steamship *Prince George*, of gun pivots for the cruiser *Olympia*, repairing at Charlestown Navy Yard, of various parts for the new plant now

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May 16th, 1901.

U. S. Steel Company,
West Everett, Mass.

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Very truly yours,

Thomas A. Watson
President.

being built by the Fore River Ship and Engine Company, of Quincy, Mass., which has the contract for building the new battleships *New Jersey* and *Rhode Island* and of an endless variety of things, small and great, for factories throughout the East.

The facsimile order on this page is for over one million pounds of Jupiter steel castings for these battleships, which is the very highest possible endorsement for Jupiter steel because it has to pass the Government inspection.

Jupiter steel is also being cast into a large line of tools and dies, for which a strong demand has been created.

But the specific thing at present which the company is chiefly devoting itself to making is the Neal-Duplex brake. It is now in daily passenger service on the cars of the Boston Elevated Railroad Company, the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, the Worcester Consolidated Street Railway Company, the Lynn and Boston Street Railway Company, and the Fitchburg Street Railway Company. This brake requires no power except that generated by the axle. It will stop a car quicker than any other brake and do it without perceptible jar or jerk. It weighs less than 500 pounds and can be attached to any form of truck. All parts of this Neal-Duplex brake are made from Jupiter steel castings. As the United States Steel Company owns the patents on the brake and also the patents on Jupiter steel, it is in a position to make the two-fold profit on both raw material and finished product. To make this profit, which awaits only the manufacture of the brakes in quantity, the Company must at once increase its productive capacity.

The Directors, therefore, have ordered the sale of a block of treasury stock at its par value of \$5

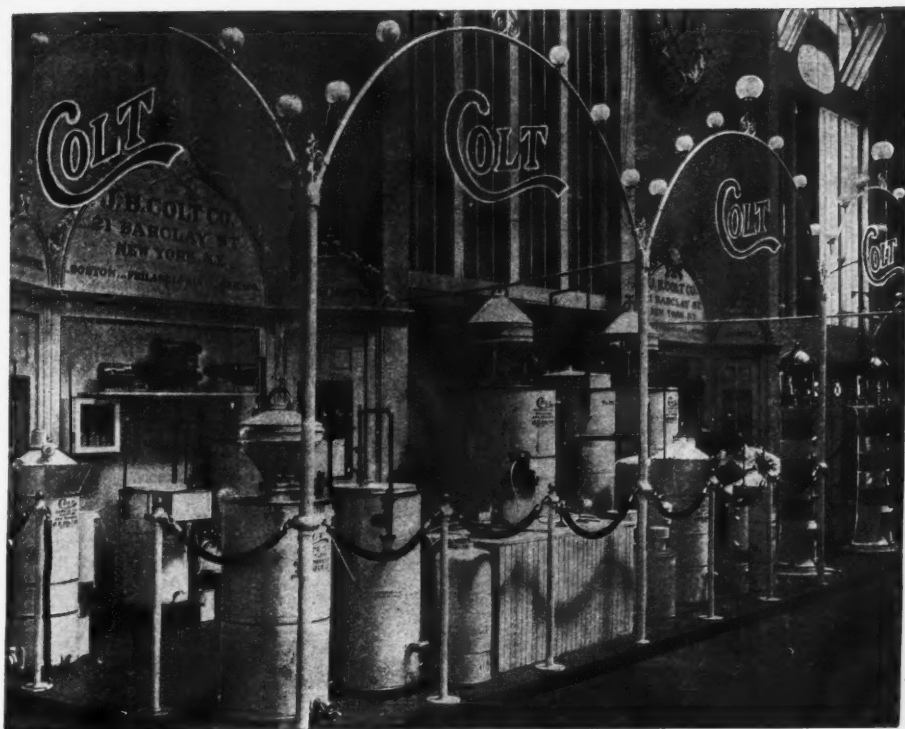
per share, to provide the working capital for the manufacture of the brakes. In this connection it should be stated that the Company has paid quarterly dividends at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum on its stock since December, 1899. With the facilities provided for the manufacture of the Duplex brakes we confidently expect to be able to increase our dividend rate. The Company's stock capitalization is 600,000 shares of a par value of \$5 per share. Of these 252,671 remain in the treasury to be sold as occasion requires.

It is interesting to note the significance of stock purchases, for they nearly always have been, in quantity, in direct ratio to the knowledge acquired by the purchaser of the Company's affairs. An investor who will write about the purchase of twenty or thirty shares will buy 200 or 300 shares after an inspection of the Company's plant, its patents, and its growing business.

At Everett the Company owns 3,200,000 square feet of land and has both rail and water transportation. On this land a modern plant 200 by 130 feet has been built, with powerful electric cranes, furnaces, drying ovens, gas producers, boiler and power house with dynamos, sand blast, crucible plant, finishing machines, office buildings, etc.

A cordial invitation to inspect the plant at Everett is extended to all who are looking for safe and legitimate investments. Those who cannot do this will have any information desired sent to them promptly upon application to the Boston office of the United States Steel Company, 149 Oliver Street, Boston. The United States Steel Company, organized in September, 1899, has no connection with the United States Steel Corporation which was incorporated in February, 1901.

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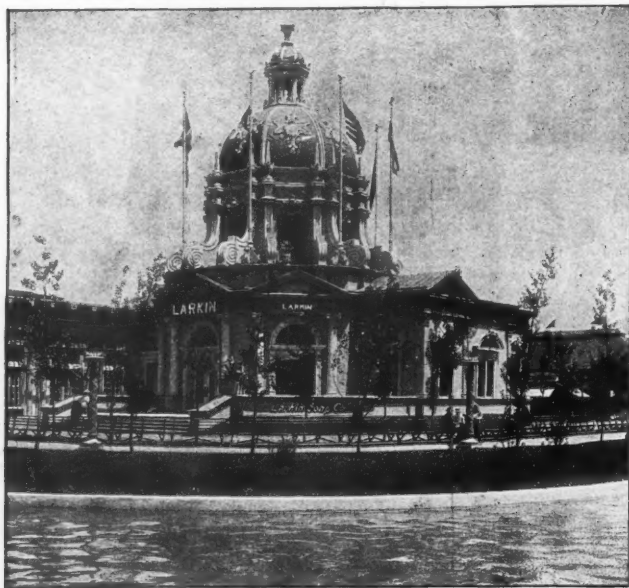
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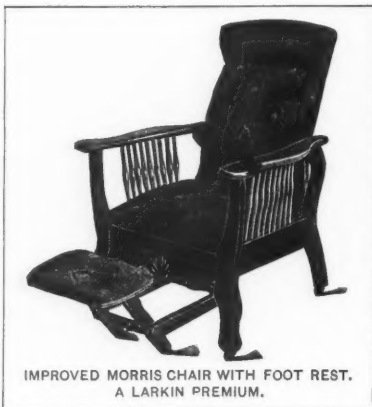


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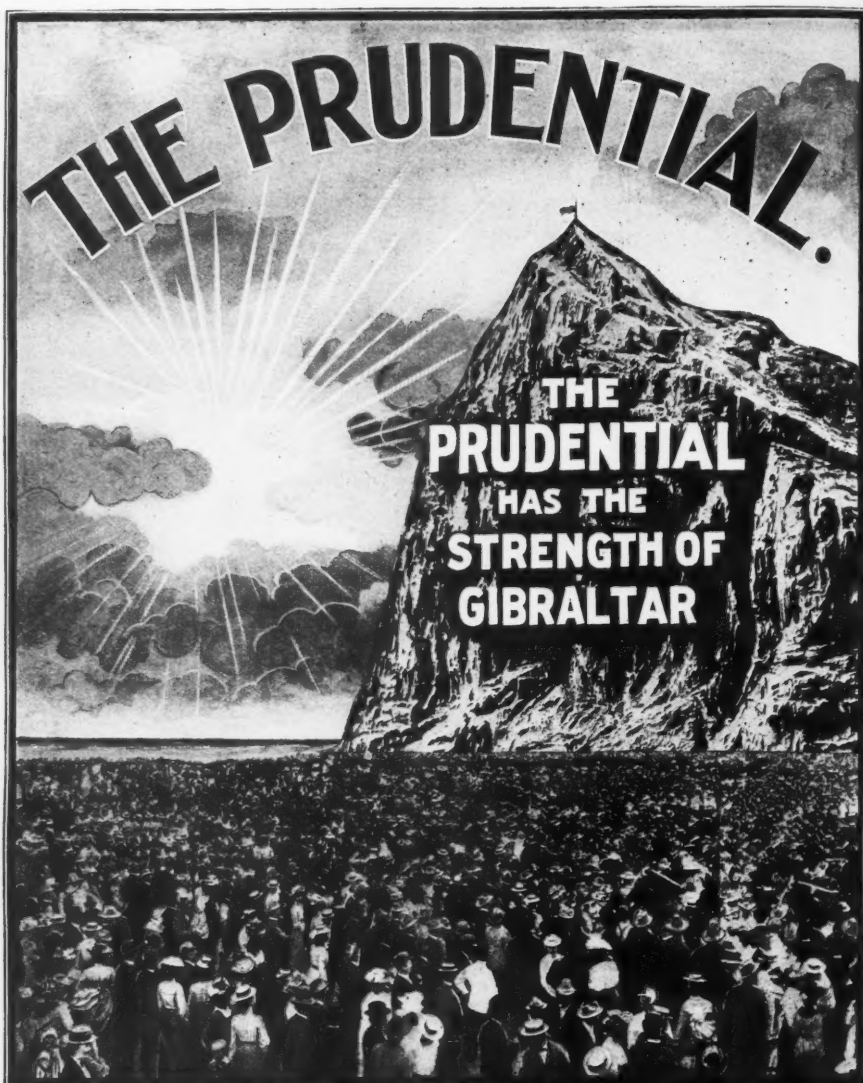
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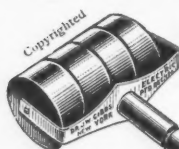
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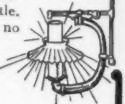
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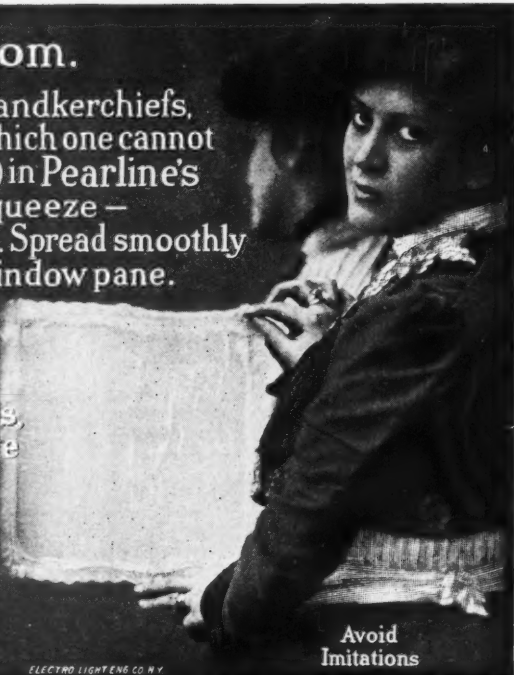
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Prices for Varsity Suits
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cover the entire body like an additional skin. Fitting like a glove, but softly and without pressure. **No buttons down the front.** Made for men, women, and young people. Most convenient to put on, being entered at the top and drawn on like trousers. With no other kind of underwear can ladies obtain such a perfect fit for dresses or wear comfortably so small a corset. **Made in great variety of fabrics and weights.**

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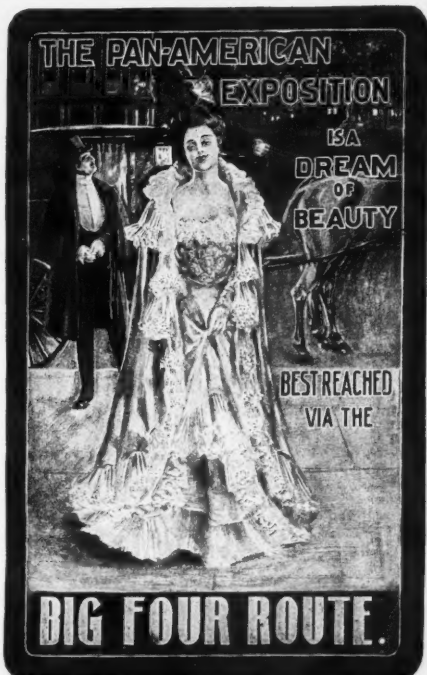
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At birth *At 14 mos.*

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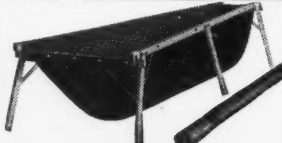
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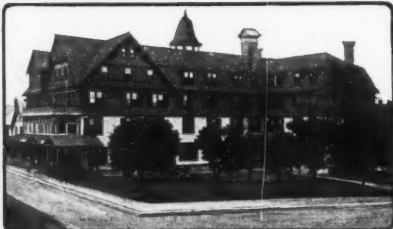
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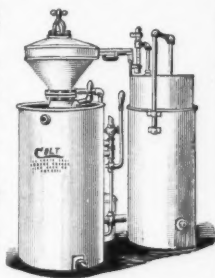
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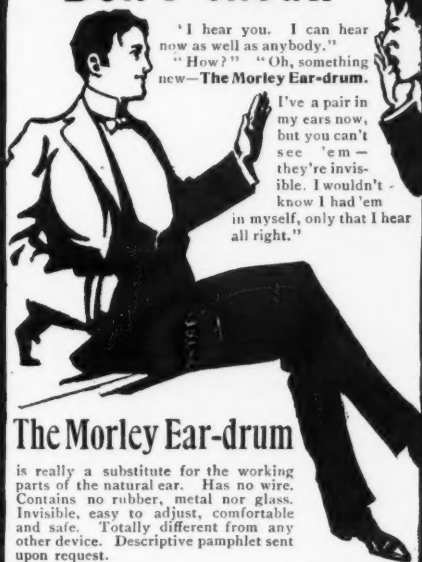
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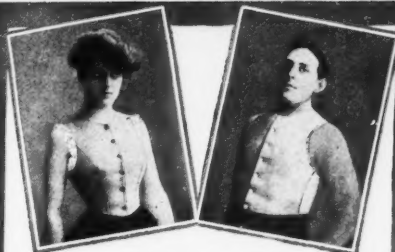
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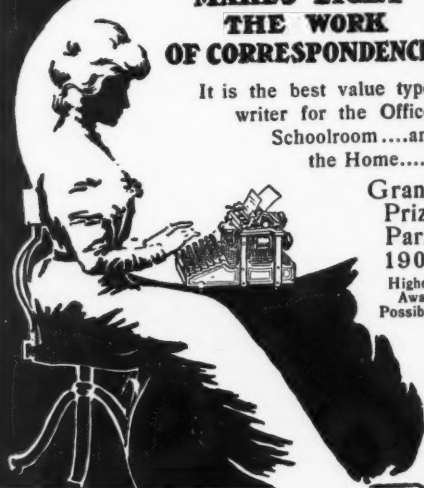
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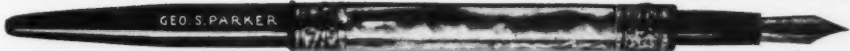
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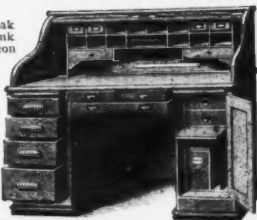
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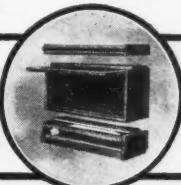
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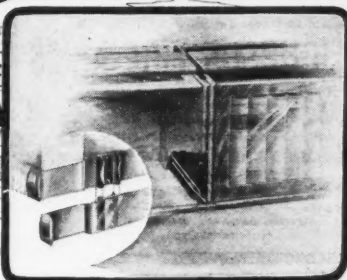
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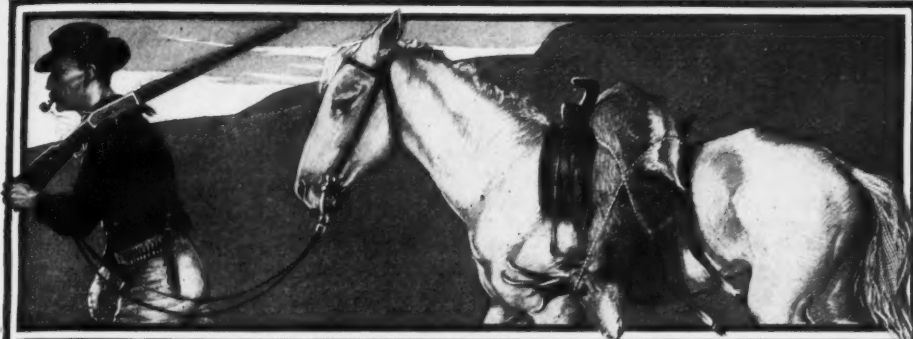
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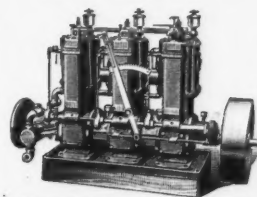
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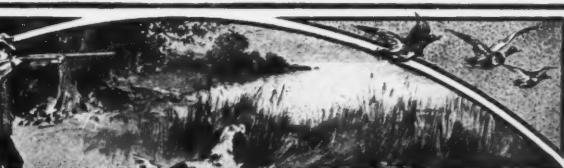
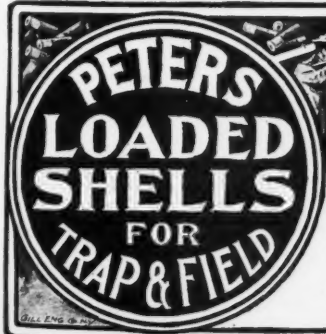
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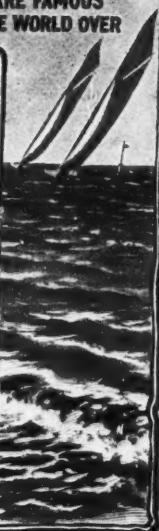


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of the CAPTURE of AGUINALDO

in the September Number of

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

The public has long awaited the picturesque Kansas's own narrative of his audacious exploit. Now we have the full and authoritative account from his own pen; profusely illustrated from photographs taken by Lieutenant Mitchell, a member of the expedition.

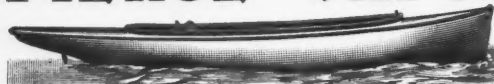
Price, 10 Cents

Besides Funston's Story the September Number contains a Dozen other bright and timely articles and stories.

JOHN WANAMAKER

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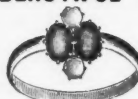
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To the Rescue of the overworked book-keeper who has wasted his energy and impaired his health by working far into the night trying to trace accounts through the intricate maze of books used in the old system. \$18.85 for complete outfit consisting of Ledger, Transfer Ledger, two index sets and 500 best quality leaves.

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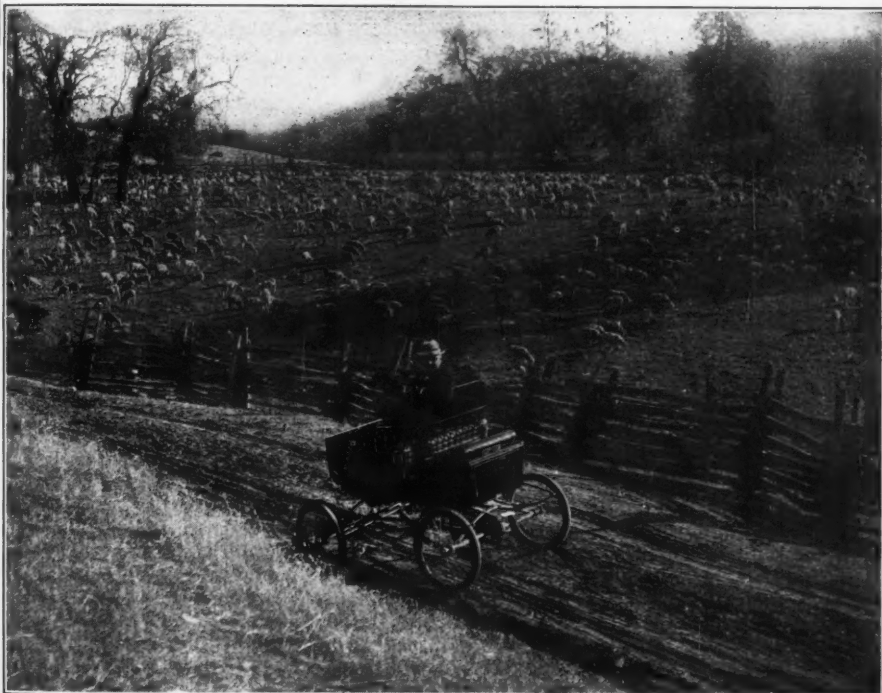
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THE LOCOMOBILE AS USED BY THE UP-TO-DATE RANCH OWNER. FLOCK OF 1100 SHEEP IN THE BACKGROUND.

Write for information about new and improved Locomobile. Send for "Locomobile Illustrated No. 2," "Opinions and Tests" and Locomobile price list.

Address your inquiry to

THE *Locomobile* COMPANY OF AMERICA
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“Mobile” Rapid Transit Route through Wall Street

**RUNNING FROM WALL STREET FERRY AND HANOVER SQUARE THROUGH
WALL STREET TO RECTOR TO NEW JERSEY CENTRAL FERRY,
WITH TERMINAL AT PENNSYLVANIA RAILWAY FERRY.**

The “Mobile” Rapid Transit Wagonettes used on this route are built by the “Mobile” Company of America, at Philipse-Manor-on-the-Hudson.

They can be operated at from fifteen to twenty miles per hour or at any rate of speed to suit the most crowded street.

The cost of power for operating is but one-quarter of a cent per passenger per mile—cheaper even than the power for the average street-car line. There is no outlay for tracks or power-houses. They can be put into any country town at a cost of but \$1,600 each.

**THREE RAPID TRANSIT “MOBILES” COSTING \$4,800 WILL, IN
SMALL TOWNS, DO THE WORK OF AN ELECTRICAL STREET-CAR PLANT
WHICH WOULD COST \$20,000 TO \$50,000.**

To tear up Wall Street and provide a street-car plant to the route now being covered by the “Mobile” Rapid Transit Wagonettes would cost from half to a million dollars. Three Wagonettes costing but \$4,800 will give a service of one wagon every five minutes. Twenty Rapid Transit “Mobiles” costing \$32,000 would give a continuous service of a wagon passing each way at intervals of less than a minute.

This has regard to the question of original outlay. When the matter of comfort is considered, the results are still more striking. Leaving out of question the long months during which the public would be incommoded while the streets would be impassable from construction work, at the end of that time there would be two street-car tracks practically blocking the entire street, endangering life at every turn.



A "MOBILE" RAPID TRANSIT WAGONETTE.

The smooth-running Rapid Transit "Mobile" glides noiselessly through the street—no jolt, no jar—endangering no lives, because it is so perfectly under control—going in to the curb to take its passengers directly from the sidewalk, and leaving the street just as free as it was formerly.

With the fixed charges at so low a rate it is needless to say that the profits of

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operating "Mobile" Rapid Transit services are large. Requiring only good organization, a "Mobile" stable offers to the man now engaged in livery in the smaller cities opportunities for building up a business of the most profitable character.

"Mobile" Rapid Transit and the *Problem of the Brooklyn Bridge.*

To illustrate the carrying capacity of these small, swift-moving Wagonettes, the problem of the Brooklyn Bridge, now exciting so much interest, may be considered.

The number of people carried to Brooklyn during "rush" hours is stated in the daily papers at 23,000 per hour. Even at these figures the question of over-tasking the Bridge with cars and rails is being seriously studied. Yet, with the four bridgeways now given up to street-car and cable tracks free for "Mobiles," it would be possible to move safely and comfortably more than double the number of people now handled. Even with this number doubled, the weight on the Bridge would be less than at present.

BUT MORE THAN THIS, THERE WOULD BE ABSOLUTELY NO JAR AND NO VIBRATION. THE PNEUMATIC TIRES, COMBINED WITH THE WAGONETTE SPRINGS, WOULD RENDER MOTION ENTIRELY SMOOTH.

A "Mobile" containing no less than fourteen passengers could be quickly loaded and quickly despatched.

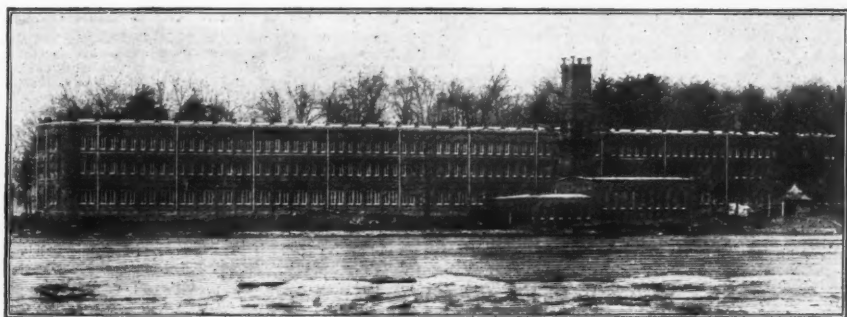
An experimental trip of four "Mobile" Rapid Transit Wagonettes across the Bridge was recently made in five minutes. Six minutes would be an entirely practicable and safe operating time. Assigning thirty feet roomway per carriage—more than sufficient—the four truckways, measuring six thousand five hundred feet each, would allow for a sufficient number of vehicles to move over fifty thousand people per hour one way.

On the central two thousand feet of the Bridge there would be a weight at one time of less than three hundred tons of wagons, at that hour when fifty thousand people would be on the Bridge going one way, or a hundred thousand both ways.

The "Mobile" Company of America has been the first either in Europe or America to produce a practicable Wagonette, solving the problem of rapid transit. After long experimental work it has placed on the market a perfect Rapid Transit Carriage. Every requisite is complete. Entirely safe, noiseless, easier in motion than the finest private carriage, luxuriously upholstered and finished in every detail in the best style known to the carriage-maker's art, the "Mobile" Rapid Transit Wagonette is offered to the public at sixteen hundred dollars, a price that brings it within the reach of every town for street-car purposes, of every liveryman for touring and pleasure parties, of every country house for depot wagons, and, still more important, for city use in cross-town lines or depot and hotel services.

There are still six thousand horses employed in the street-car service of New York City. There is not one of these routes where the "Mobile" Rapid Transit Wagonette could not be substituted—not only saving the tens of millions required to convert the horse track into an electric service, and also saving to the companies in operating expenses from twenty to thirty per cent., but furnishing a new service, which would be up to date in every particular—elegant, speedy, comfortable and convenient from every point of view; saving to life in that it lands its passengers on the sidewalk—a service as much ahead of even the electric street-car as that class of carriage is beyond the old-fashioned horse-car.

The "Mobile" Rapid Transit Wagonette is the most important development yet made in the evolution of transportation, and is destined to become immediately an important adjunct to the street-car lines of the large cities.



The "Mobile" Company of America,

PHILIPSE-MANOR-ON-THE-HUDSON, N. Y.

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SEND description and cash price of your property, and I will outline, free of charge, a complete, practical plan for quickly finding a cash buyer.

I will also send, free, my handsome illustrated booklet which explains my methods in detail, and a sample copy of **OSTRANDER'S MONTHLY**, a unique journal of rare interest to those who **DESIRE TO SELL OR BUY REAL ESTATE**. Be sure to send description and price, as the booklet goes only with the plan, **AND THE PLAN MUST NECESSARILY BE BASED UPON THE CHARACTER, VALUE AND LOCATION OF THE PROPERTY**.

It does not matter whether your property is worth \$500 or \$500,000, or in what state or territory it is located, or whether it is a farm, residence, business, timber, mineral or other property—I can outline a plan to convert it into cash.

If you want to buy any kind of a property in any part of the country, write to me about it. I either have or can secure your ideal. I am a specialist in long-range sales. I can bring cash buyers and sellers together, no matter how far apart they may be. I am a specialist in real estate advertising. I know just where, when, and how to advertise any kind of a property. I am spending more money for general advertising than any other real estate man in the country. I am in touch with more prospective buyers than any other man. I can surely be of great service to you if you want to buy or sell. You certainly want the advice of one who has had years of practical experience in doing just what you want to do. And the advice costs nothing. Write to-day. Give full particulars and save time.

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This very picturesque and homelike place, in Flemington, Hunterdon Co., N. J., on the Pennsylvania R.R., includes about 8 1/2 acres of land and is a very good bargain at \$9,250. It is half-way between New York and Philadelphia. An abundance of shade trees, large garden, etc. Ground slopes in all directions from house, which stands 250 feet from street. An ideal gentleman's country home, or a very suitable place for a small sanitarium. Write for full description. I have other excellent country places in various states. Tell me just what you want and I can probably tell you just where it is.

A MONEY-MAKING STORE IN NORWOOD, MASS.

This property consists of the double store as shown in the illustration (8 rooms and attic, large enough and properly arranged for two families above), and a 90 by 128 foot lot. The location is on the main street, in the centre of the town, 4 minutes' walk to R. R. station, one block from post-office, and an electric road to Boston passes the door. The business is on a cash basis, and was established many years ago. Price, \$10,500—easy terms. I have other desirable business properties to sell. Tell me what you want.



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This property, at Greenwich, Fairfield Co., Conn., is beautifully located on Long Island Sound, and possesses many exceptional advantages. The 15-room house is on a 3-16 acre lot, within 100 feet of the shore, and sufficiently elevated to afford a view of twenty miles down the Sound. The porch is 10 feet wide by 90 feet long, and the house is comparatively new, in first-class repair, and built to afford solid comfort in every way. Price, \$30,000, easy terms. Write for full description.



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In Costilla Co., Colorado, I offer a one hundred and sixty acre farm, 156 acres of which are under plow, for \$3,000 and on easy terms. The buildings are inexpensive, but in good repair. Two miles from Hooper, the nearest post-office and R. R. station. The land is well irrigated and a valuable water-right is included.

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This property is 15 miles from San Diego, 6 miles from R. R. station, 2 1/2 miles from a post-office, and 8 miles from the Pacific Ocean. The buildings are inexpensive but good. Price, \$1,500—one third cash down. Write for description.

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Cancer or Tumor (internal or external).

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SALTED SHELLED PEANUTS
Will pay a Net Profit of
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OUR NEW AUTOMATIC PACKAGE VENDING MACHINE may be used for either Salted Peanuts or Confections. Agents wanted.

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\$100 PER SECTION (WITHOUT DOORS), and upward, according to style and finish, buys the

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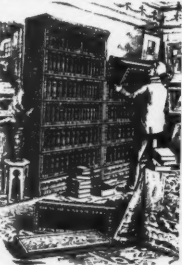
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Pan-American Exposition Exhibit, Section 00, Manufacturers' Bldg.





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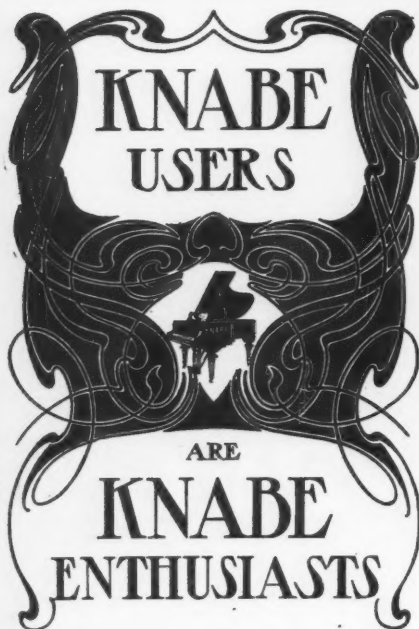
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120 Broadway, New York.

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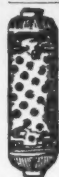
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WILL DO IT. COST \$2.00 AND UP.

Money refunded if not satisfactory.
Write for booklet on economy in heating homes.

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Official Sculptural Souvenir Pan-American Exposition. Send us \$1 and we will express you prepaid a perfect miniature reproduction in genuine alabaster, a work of art, size 8 1/2 x 5 inches, as per cut of Electric Tower or Temple of Music, Triumphal Bridge or Horticulture Building, having transparent film showing image of Maid of the Mist, these comprising the four most beautiful features of the exposition. An ornament to every home. An article that would ordinarily retail for \$5.00, thousands being sold on the grounds daily. Address **LOEB & JOSEPH, North Am. Bldg., Chicago**

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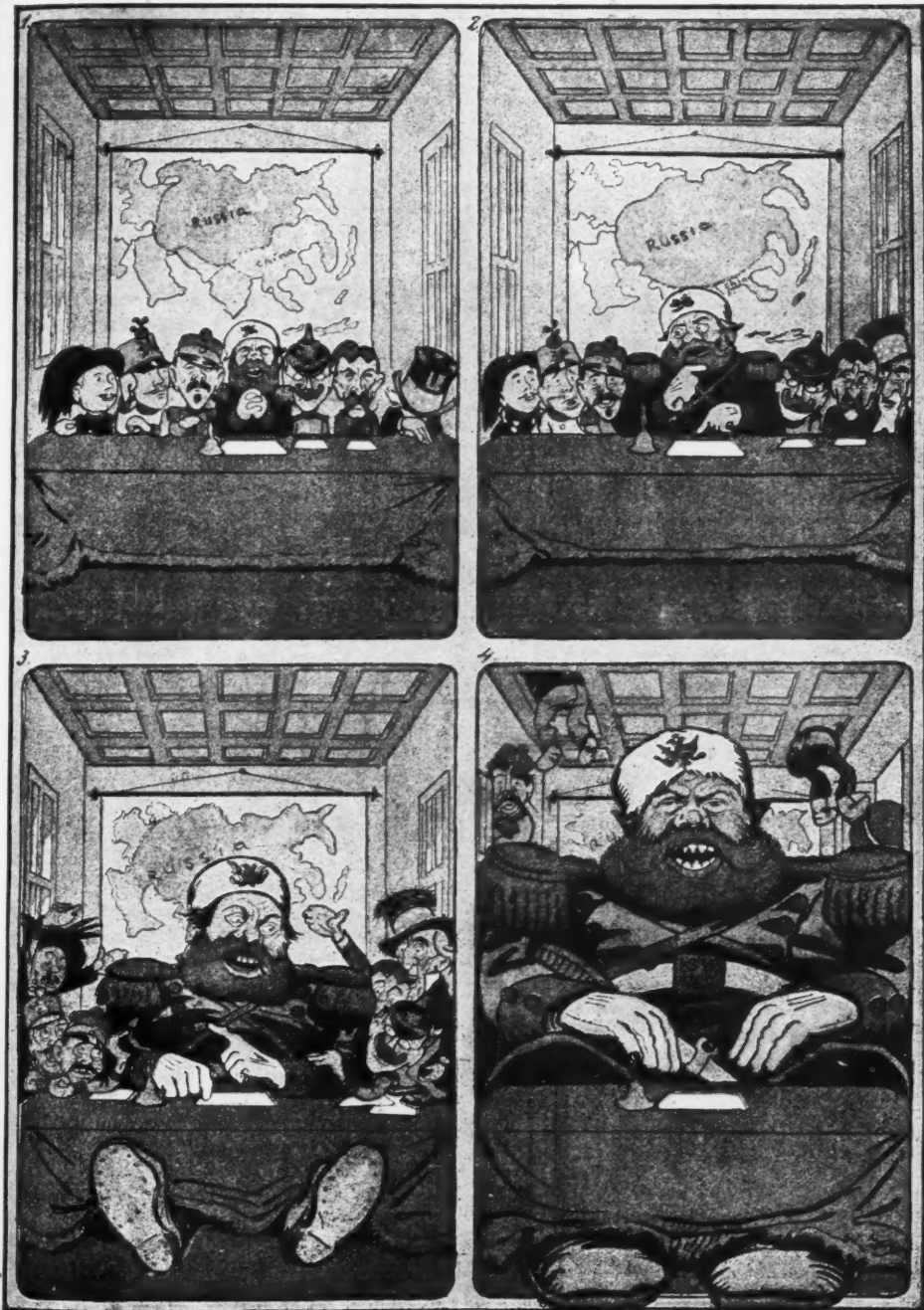
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From the New York Journal.



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THE HALL OF MIRRORS.
Uncle Sam as others see him.
From Judge, of New York.

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In primitive times pleasure-loving kings devoted themselves to playing the flute and watching the flocks.

Later this became the standard of true sport.

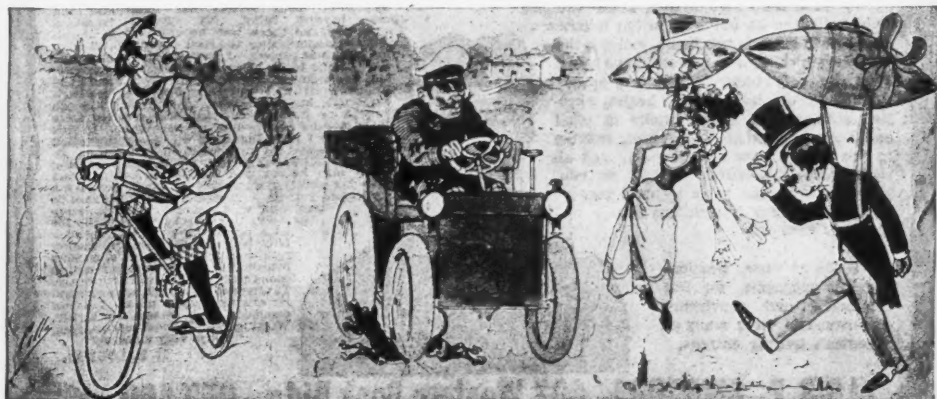
Soon this honorable and humane sport found vogue.



Next England invented this elevating pastime.

Then men proved their superiority over the animals in this pleasurable way.

Horsemanship, too, is considered delightful.



Happy pleasure-seekers next devoted themselves to the bicycle.

The automobile is now the correct sport.

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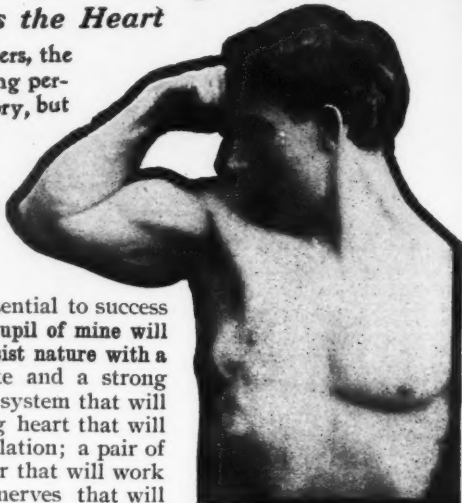
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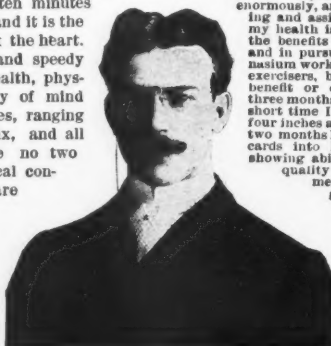


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St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 31, 1900.

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From the Cleveland Leader.



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From Kikeriki, of Vienna.



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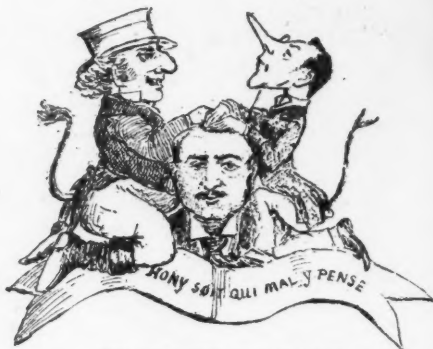


THE WORLD'S TICKER.
From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



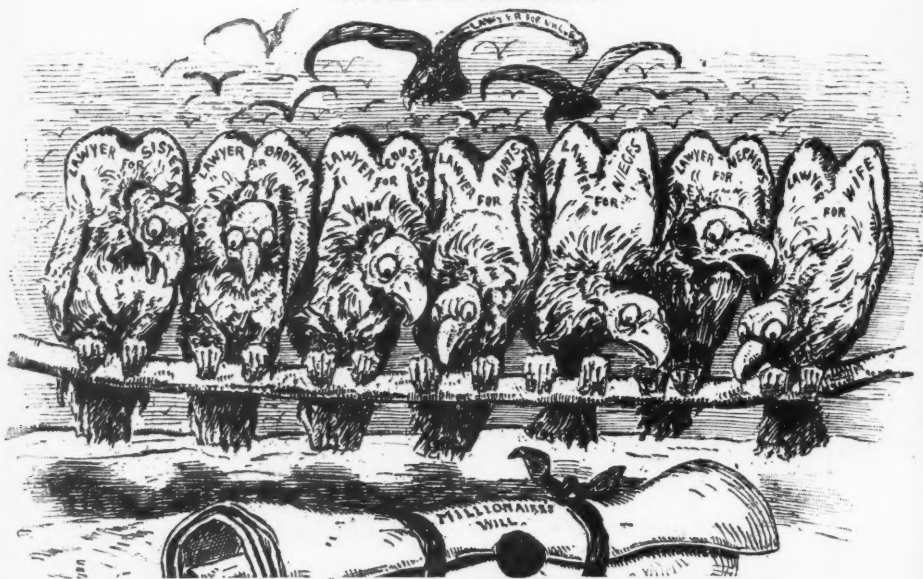
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JOHN BULL: "Certainly not. Wait till I can find time and I'll take 'em away from you by force."
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From the New York World.



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Cleans the scalp and positively cures dandruff. It is today the best, has for decades been the best, and will continue to be at the head of all meritorious hair and scalp preparations. Millions of packages have been used with pronounced success. Letters of highest praise from four generations.

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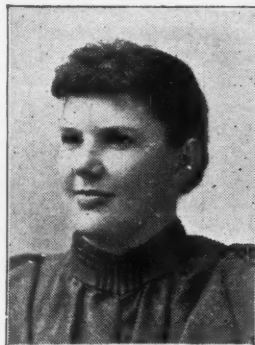
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Varicocele is in itself a symptom of grave nervous disorders and may foreshadow paralysis, because it is occasioned by the paralysis of delicate nerve filaments controlling the pelvic circulation.

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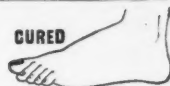
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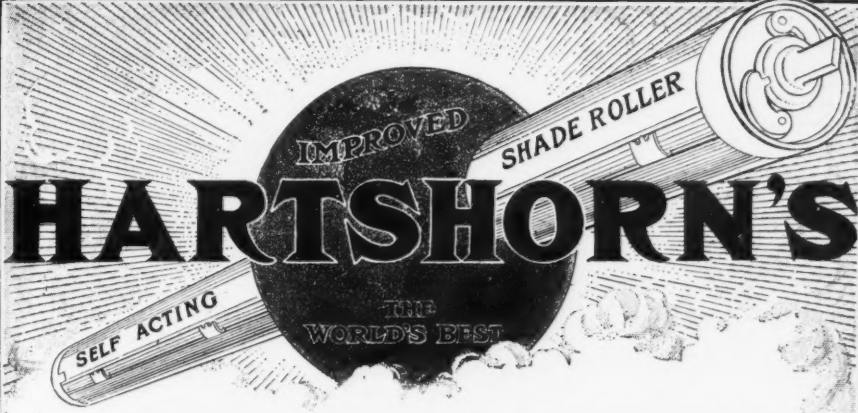
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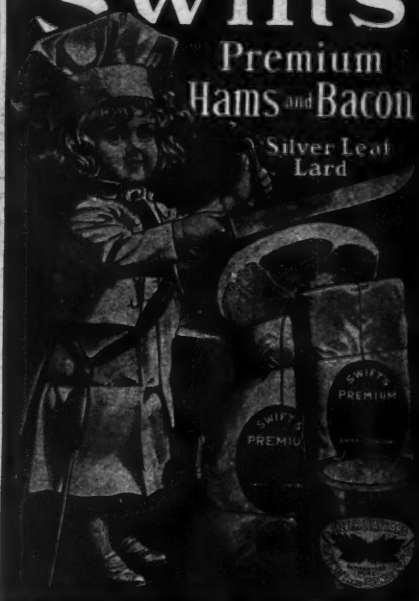


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